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THE GENERAL STAFFS OF THE REORGANIZED PO- LITICAL ARMIES

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN

FASHIONS change in politics, as in head-gear. This year, for instance, the campaign funds are likely to wear hobble skirts; perhaps they will even

be so restricted as to suggest fashionable bathing-suits.

It's a far cry from the full effect, with flounces and plaiting, that campaign funds



THOMAS J. PENCE, MANAGER OF PUBLICITY TO GOVERNOR WILSON'S CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE

From a photograph by Brown, New York

presented in the good old days of William C. Whitney and Mark Hanna, when a campaign chest wore bustles of greenbacks and was embroidered in old gold.

We're reduced to the hobble and bathing-suit styles because of lack of materials. The coin isn't so easy as it used to be. Some folks are less willing to give, others are afraid to, and the managers have a wholesome regard for the prejudices of a public that has become embarrassingly interested to know just who is financing the department of Advice on How to Vote.

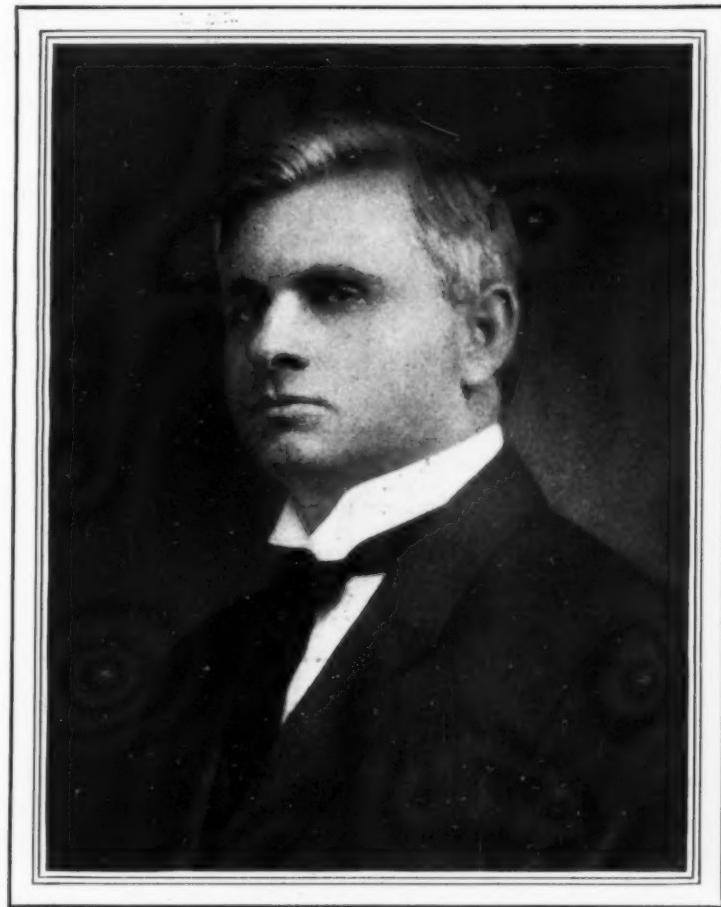
Unseemly suspicion has planted the thought in many minds that campaign funds are grindstones, and that gentlemen providing motive power may be the owners of axes.

We are wont to think of the old-time campaign director as a combination of necromancer and bonanza king. He was supposed to be made of money, and he spent it like a prince, on spellbinders at one hundred dollars to—they say—one thousand dollars a night; on literature for prices which would make Kipling's look beggarly, if some of the old stories of 1896



JOSEPH M. DIXON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MONTANA, HEAD OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE

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THOMAS P. GORE, THE BLIND SENATOR FROM OKLAHOMA, WHO DID MUCH TO
SECURE GOVERNOR WILSON'S NOMINATION

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

are half true; and on organization work of an awesome, mysterious character that was supposed to produce the same effect on the public that hypnotism works on a willing subject.

NEW IDEAS IN CAMPAIGNING

Alas, how changed! To-day the first duty of a campaign chairman is to convince everybody that he is so poor that Lazarus, in comparison, would be able to play the rôle of Dives and get the full meed of execration that supersolvency always attracts. An obese treasure-chest has become a liability, where once it was an asset; affluence is an affliction, and cold cash a capital crime.

Of course, this is all part of the play.

The campaign manager must still have money to pay for postage-stamps, literature, automobiles, halls, speakers, and what not. His real business is to have it without seeming to have it. He must avoid the appearance of prosperity. Time was when the next thing to having plenty of money was to make the public think you had it; nowadays, the first thing to do, after getting it, is to establish the sturdy conviction that you haven't got it.

In getting the money that you must have but not seem to have, you will, if you are an efficient, up-to-date manager, make it a rule not to accept any money from anybody who notoriously has any. The easier it is for a citizen to give, the wickeder it is

to take from him. To let a mere common or garden millionaire give you a hundred dollars, and be caught at it, is very bad; but to permit a billionaire to give a hundred thousand dollars—that is treason!

In olden days, when you wanted to touch the billion-dollar person, you went up a blind alley, under a stairway, and took the check. But now the statute-books are all cluttered up with laws that require you, before or after election, or both, to make out a list of the folks who extended patriotic charity to the cause, to swear to it, and to publish it.

These are troublesome enactments which, being reenforced by an apprehensive public sentiment, make the man with the comfortable bank-balance want to keep out of your favorite blind alley, and cause the public to esteem it moral obliquity if you affect the society of persons with the price. You must brag incessantly about the number of "dollar subscriptions" from working men and servant girls that are coming in, and be discreetly reticent about funds from people who can afford to give.

These various restrictions have induced new and more economical styles in campaigning. The national chairman is likely to run his job from an oak desk planted on an ingrain carpet; it used to take mahogany furniture and Bokhara rugs. Gaudy fees for spellbinders' performances are out of fashion. The man who goes a stumping, latterly, is much more apt to tell his hearers what he thinks, not what the paymaster thought he ought to think.

Conforming to these new-fangled prejudices of both the public and the lawmakers, there isn't a campaign manager this year of the old-fashioned, Whitney-Hanna kind. The gentlemen in charge are not chosen with reference to their forgettery equipments. It isn't going to be necessary, this season, for a successful political general to have total paralysis of the memory. The old-style manager was expected to dig up a fine, large swag, to spend it where it would do the most good, and then, when an ill-mannered investigating committee asked where he got it and what he did with it, suddenly to lapse into complete ignorance as to whether he had four million or four thousand dollars, or whether he gave it to a Pullman porter or a "blocks of five" organizer.

It's different now. They'll keep books at all the national committee headquarters

this year; and that's a testimony that old Vox Populi has been getting audience. The books may be a bit eccentric, and there may be some forced balances at times. Blind entries will be found in the ledgers, and people not heretofore suspected of large wealth or abounding generosity will appear as dummy "donors." But, on the whole, publicity, even if incomplete and ineffectual, will do a vast deal toward the betterment of political sanitation.

Two of the reorganized political armies are in the hands of general staffs of a new type. These are the Progressive and the Democratic. At Republican headquarters, politicians of the old school are in command, and they will play the game, so nearly as changed conditions permit, under the old rules. But the tendency to innovation is such that even these orthodox regulars are compelled to modify greatly their methods and procedures. Laws and public sentiment alike make it necessary.

MCCOMBS, CHIEF WILSON CAMPAIGNER

Democracy's political commander-in-chief is William F. McCombs, native of Arkansas, graduate of both Princeton and Harvard, lawyer in New York, and chairman of his party's national committee at thirty-seven years of age. How he came to be chairman is a characteristic political story—the story of how half the political careers begin.

At Princeton, as a student, McCombs was intimate with the Woodrow Wilson family, and was drawn closely to Dr. Wilson. One day, something like a year ago, he ran down to Princeton to see Governor Wilson, who was the subject just then of much Presidential converse.

"How are you getting on with it all?" demanded McCombs.

"Not very well; I'm swamped with letters. They come faster than I can possibly get them answered."

"Let me see a stack of them," McCombs suggested.

He saw; and when he went back to his New York office, he carried a bagful of them to answer.

The correspondence bureau expanded. Mr. McCombs decided that it was time for Wilson to have "headquarters" and a "manager," and so he calmly announced that he was manager, and his establishment headquarters. That was the beginning.

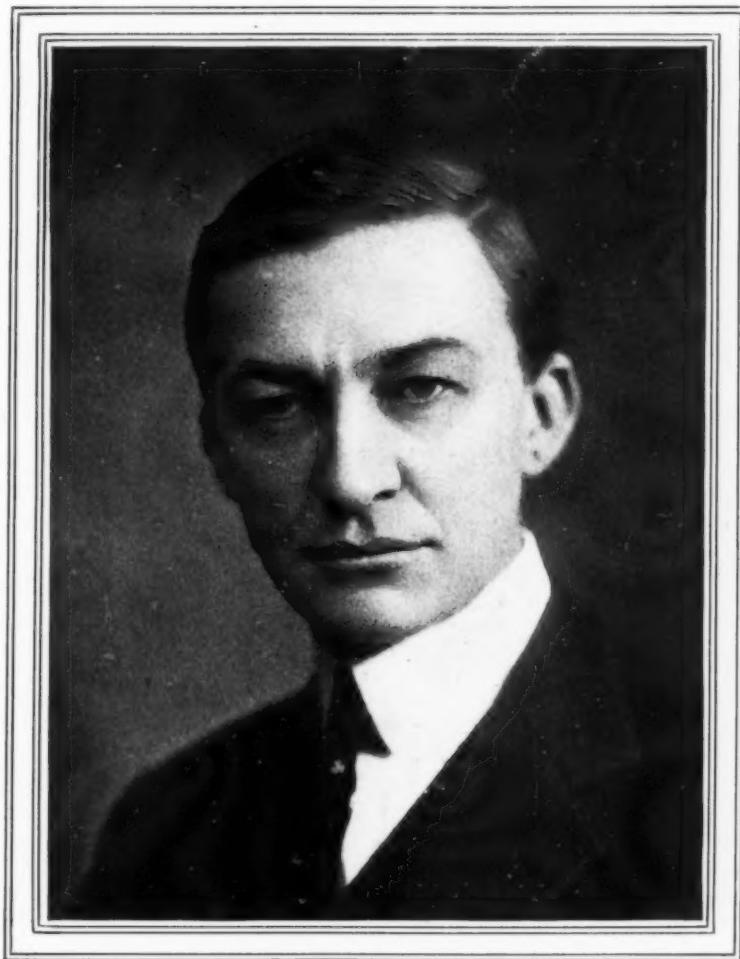
McCombs gathered advisers around him,

hustled for cash among Princeton grads and others interested, and presently had a real fight for delegates in progress. It isn't necessary to tell of that fight here.

When the Baltimore convention approached, McCombs moved his establishment to the Monumental City, and organ-

was right there that young Mr. McCombs rose to the occasion.

Wilson was at Sea Girt; the convention was in the climactic tensity of its remarkable fight—a fight quite without precedent in convention history. Clark and Wilson had both been gaining, but Clark had at



WILLIAM F. MCCOMBS, THE YOUNG LAWYER WHO IS HEAD OF GOVERNOR WILSON'S CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE

From a copyrighted photograph by Sarony, New York

ized for the last fight, in the convention itself. There were times when, to outsiders, Wilson looked to be defeated. Even the Governor himself decided, after the convention had balloted a day or two, and Champ Clark had accumulated an actual majority of the delegates, that it was all over. It

last secured a clear majority. It took two-thirds to nominate. Wilson, convinced that it would be Clark, decided to do the graceful and generous thing. He wired McCombs something like this:

Speaker Clark having secured a majority, I feel that persistence in my candidacy may em-

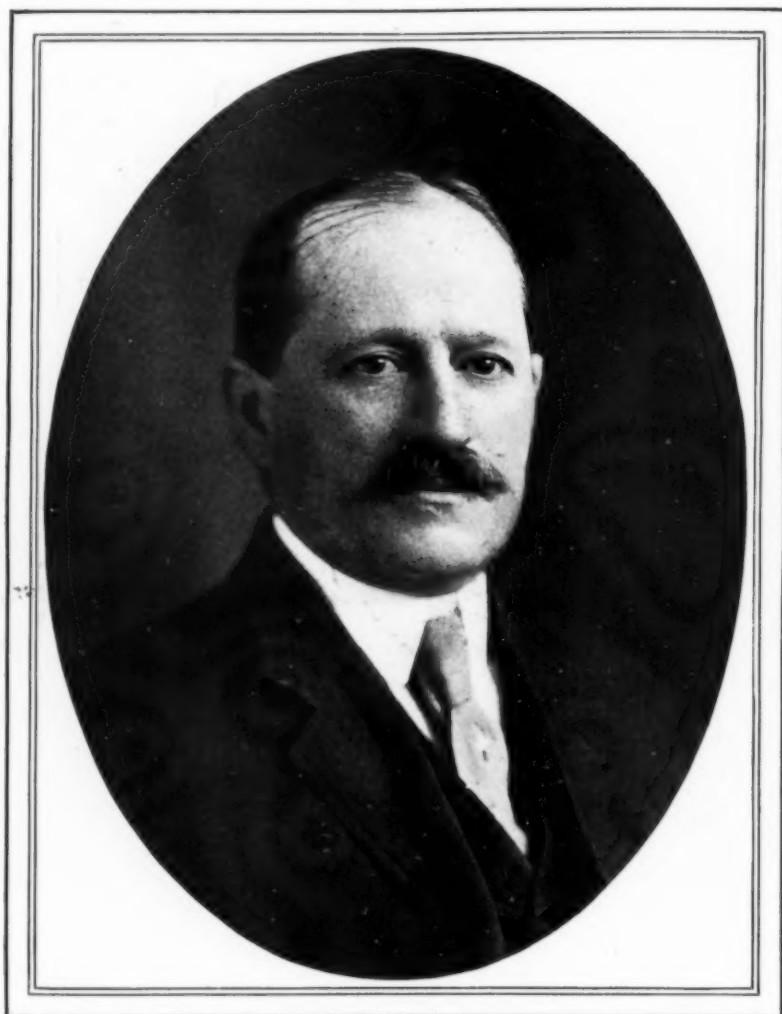
barrass the good friends who have supported me, while offering little hope of success. You may therefore release all delegates who have supported me, with my earnest thanks for their support.

McCombs ripped open the telegram while sitting in a conference with a group of his lieutenants. He didn't wince. He

such a telegram had gone to McCombs, except Wilson and his manager, until the story leaked out from one of them.

OTHERS WHO BATTLE FOR WILSON

In that fight for the nomination, McCombs had the help of two men who didn't



DAVID S. BARRY, MANAGER OF PUBLICITY TO THE TAFT CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

read the message with mild interest, tore it to bits in a reflective way, tossed the pieces into his waste-basket, and resumed the conference. Two days afterward Wilson was nominated; and nobody knew that

get much glory or recognition. One was the most far-sighted blind man that ever figured out a political situation, Senator Thomas Pryor Gore of Oklahoma; the other, Thomas J. Pence, manager of pub-

licity, first for the Wilson nomination bureau, and now for the Democratic national committee.

The boys used always to refer to Gore as "Old Man Wisdom," and it was his function, during the pre-convention contest, to answer all questions, decide all policies, and dictate moves, when nobody else had the wisdom or the nerve to do it. The truth is that this man, Gore is just about the biggest political personality the current campaign has developed. He is only forty-two years old, and, though totally blind since he was eleven years old, he accomplished the wonderful feat of fighting his way into the United States Senate before he was thirty-seven. He became a Wilson supporter early, staked all his political capital on his judgment, never hesitated or wavered, never doubted that success would come—and contributed more to winning the fight, I suppose, than any other one man save Wilson himself and William J. Bryan.

It was Gore, more than anybody else, who convinced Bryan that he ought to take up the Wilson cause and make those wonderful assaults which at regular intervals stood the Baltimore convention on its head, and each time shook down a new bunch of delegates for Wilson, till at last the nomination had been shaken down.

With McCombs, as chairman of the national committee, stands William G. McAdoo as vice-chairman. He's a Georgian-New Yorker; builder of the famous tunnels under the Hudson from Manhattan to Jersey; a Princetonian, and an old personal friend of Wilson. He helped to hustle cash in the earlier fight, and provided a large share of practical political wisdom, especially in application to the task of handling the South.

The treasurership of the Democratic committee has been turned over to Rolla



CHARLES DEWEY HILLES, FORMERLY SECRETARY TO PRESIDENT TAFT, AND NOW CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

Wells, of St. Louis—a Princeton man, of course, former mayor of his home city, and one of the important figures in its business and financial affairs.

The secretary is Joseph E. Davies, of Wisconsin—a young lawyer of the McCombs type, who, being for Wilson, and seeing nobody attending to the business of carrying Wisconsin for him, grabbed the job, got busy with it, and snatched the delegation away from the Clark people. The Democrats threatened to nominate Davies—who, by the way, is not yet thirty-seven years old—for Governor; but he kept out of it, and was impressed for secretary of the national committee. He has been chairman of the Wisconsin State committee,

and knows quite some thoroughly practical politics, despite being of the new and—as I believe they call it—idealistic school.

The inner circle of Wilson advisers includes a group of seasoned politicians, such

Mississippi; Congressman Burleson of Texas, and various personal and political friends of Governor Wilson.

Another organization distinguishable for the predominance of young men in it is that



WILLIAM BARNES, NATIONAL COMMITTEEMAN FROM NEW YORK, AND HEAD OF THE
REPUBLICAN ADVISORY COMMITTEE

From a photograph by Prince, New York

as Robert S. Hudspeth, of New Jersey; Edward F. Goltra, of St. Louis; Willard Saulsbury, of Delaware; Josephus Daniels, of North Carolina; Congressman Palmer of Pennsylvania; Senators Culberson of Texas, Owen of Oklahoma, Williams of

of the Progressive party. Its head is Senator Joseph M. Dixon, of Montana, one of the most confirmed winners of elections now extant. Dixon broke into the State Legislature, was prosecuting attorney, member of Congress twice, and a Senator before he

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was forty. Roosevelt picked him to manage the Roosevelt candidacy for the Presidential nomination, and he has been the head of the organization, first for that particular contest, and later of the Progressive party, ever since. He is a born crusader, full of zeal, fire, enthusiasm, and one of the greatest producers of red-hot "statements" that ever mixed in a political campaign. He knows politics, of course, for he has been at it ever since he was a boy. Down in North Carolina, where he was born, they really think he invented politics.

Oscar King Davis, secretary of the Progressive committee, is a newspaper man, a war correspondent in China, the Philippines, and elsewhere, and latterly head of the *New York Times* Washington bureau. He is quite a personage for the superheated literary stuff himself, when campaigning exigencies demand it. When the Roosevelt organization asked him, last winter, to be secretary, he asked his paper for leave of absence, and was refused; whereupon he resigned by telegraph and accepted the political job.

The Progressive campaign has its main offices at New York, in charge of Senator Dixon; in Chicago, under Medill McCormick; in Boston, under Charles H. Thompson, of Vermont; in New Orleans, under Colonel John M. Parker, a former Democrat; and in San Francisco, Henry F. Cochems, of Wisconsin, first famed as a football-player with the University of Wisconsin, and latterly as a lieutenant of LaFollette, is in general charge of the speakers' bureau. William Allen White, of Kansas, who has been writing insurgent and progressive pieces since long before most people knew what progressivism was about, serves as director of publicity. The organization is under a general executive committee that includes George W. Perkins, national committeeman for New York, as chairman; Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Colorado; Miss Jane Addams, of Illinois; George Priestley, of Oklahoma; Chauncey Dewey, of Illinois; James R. Garfield, of Ohio; William Flinn, of Pennsylvania; and Julian Harris, of Georgia.

Elon H. Hooker, of Buffalo, has been chosen treasurer of the Progressive organization. He is a manufacturer and civil engineer; was one of the engineering commission that investigated the Nicaragua canal route for the government, and was assistant commissioner of public works of

New York when Roosevelt was Governor of the Empire State.

HILLES, THE REPUBLICAN CHIEF

It is over at the Republican headquarters, at the Times Building, that you'll see the greatest aggregation of real, dyed-in-the-wool politicians; in fact, the only one operating in this campaign.

Now you run into thoroughly familiar names; no amateurs here, unless perhaps you might place Charles Dewey Hilles, chairman of the national committee, in a sort of semiprofessional class. Not to break the rule, Hilles is likewise a young man for the position—forty-five last June. He came from Ohio, which ought to testify to some instinct for politics, even if he had but little training till very recently.

As an executive, Mr. Hilles began at the Boys' Industrial School of Ohio, at Lancaster, in that State, and thence went to a like position with the New York Juvenile Asylum, at Dobbs Ferry. He handled an aggregate of five millions of public funds in this latter position, with an ability which was chiefly responsible for the fact that he was called to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and thence to be secretary to the President. That position naturally brought him closely into touch with the Taft renomination campaign, and the President dictated his selection as chairman of the national committee.

Whatever Mr. Hilles may not know about details of practical politics will be balanced up by the executive and advisory committees that have been named.

William Barnes, national committeeman from New York, "boss" of Albany, chairman of the State committee, and head of the coterie of trained political gladiators that pulled the nomination of President Taft out of the fire at Chicago in June, is head of the advisory committee. At the old-fashioned game, Barnes is one of the most skilful performers. If he doesn't win, it will be because a new sort of game, which he doesn't so thoroughly understand, is coming into vogue. Plenty of people diagnose it that way. We shall know—after November 5.

OTHERS WHO FIGHT FOR TAFT

Other members, under Barnes, of this advisory committee, are Senator Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio; Austin Colgate, of New Jersey; Thomas H. Devine, of Colorado,

who was chairman of the credentials committee which made up the pro-Taft roll of the Chicago convention; Governor Phillips Lee Goldsborough, of Maryland; John Hays Hammond, millionaire mining engineer, and world figure in financial and industrial-political activities; Joseph B. Kealing, of Indiana, one of the big factors in very practical Hoosier politics; Adolph Lewisohn, of New York; Senator Henry F. Lippitt, of Rhode Island, once the chief backer of Aldrich, and now his successor in the Senate; David W. Mulvane, of Kansas, long the head of old-line Republicanism there; Colonel Harry S. New, of Indiana, who represents the second generation of his family in the leadership of Hoosier Republicanism; Herbert Parsons, of New York; Samuel L. Powers, of Massachusetts; Elihu Root, Senator and chairman of the convention that nominated Mr. Taft; John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia; George R. Sheldon, of New York; Otto F. Stifel, of Missouri; and Fred W. Upham, of Chicago. Messrs. Sheldon and Upham have been long associated with the financing of Republican campaigns, and are experts in that particular line.

The secretary of the national committee is James B. Reynolds, of Massachusetts—a long-time lieutenant of Senator Lodge, late Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, then a member of the unlucky Tariff Board that was put out of business by the cheerless Congressional process of shutting off pro-

vision for salaries. Mr. Taft had found Reynolds a good and useful person, so he picked him for secretary of the national committee, of which he will provide the amiability and the "jolly."

Publicity—the manufacture of literature, buying of advertising space, and so forth—will be in charge of David S. Barry, for many years a Washington correspondent and political writer.

Like the Progressives, the Republicans will divide their forces, and maintain headquarters in New York, in Chicago, and on the Pacific coast. New York headquarters will be in charge of national committeemen F. W. Estabrook, of New Hampshire; James P. Goodrich, of Indiana; Alvah H. Martin, of Virginia; and Charles F. Brooker, of Connecticut—every one a thorough and experienced politician.

At Chicago, the headquarters will be under Dave Mulvane, of Kansas; John T. Adams, of Iowa; Charles B. Warren, of Michigan; Roy O. West, of Illinois; and Charles H. Niedringhaus, of Missouri. That's just as well-seasoned a bunch of politicians as the other, too.

The Pacific coast division will be in charge of Ralph Williams, of Oregon, and S. A. Perkins, of Washington.

From all this it may be observed that politicians of several different schools are going to work out their respective systems this autumn, and that variety will spice the Presidential campaign of 1912.

A TWILIGHT PLEA

HUSH thy music, wind of evening;
Lay thy silver harp aside;
Let the golden notes, long lingering,
Drift to peace at eventide.

Song is sweet, but rest is sweeter,
When the heart is full with dreams,
And the thoughts on still paths wander
Down to immemorial streams.

Touch the murmuring strings no longer,
Lest the mellow tones awake
Ghosts of vanished sighs and laughter,
Bring once more some old heart-ache.

Hush thy music, wind of evening!
Let thy thrumming fingers cease;
Twilight comes, our hearts are weary—
Nothing would we ask save peace.

Arthur Wallace Peach

THE NEW ERA AND THE NEW IDEAS

BY JUDSON C. WELLIVER

WHOM will be the next President? That question lies at the bottom of about half the conversation that is going on in these United States just now, so it ought to be a fair starting-point for a consideration of political issues and tendencies.

This article is written just on the eve of the adjournment of Congress. By the time it reaches the reader, Vermont will have held its September election, all parties will have found in its result their usual justification for confident predictions of victory in November, the public will have digested and discounted all of them, and the campaign will have got fairly under way.

With three full-fledged, first-magnitude parties in the field, it is a campaign with whose like this political generation has had no experience. Forecasts of possible results are as varied as the possible combinations which peculiarly complicated conditions make possible.

Mr. Lincoln, in 1860, received a decided minority of the popular vote, but was elected by a large majority in the electoral college because the opposition to him was divided. That election resulted thus:

	Popular Vote	Electoral Vote
Lincoln, Republican...	1,866,352	180
Douglas, Democrat....	1,375,157	12
Breckenridge, Democrat	845,763	72
Bell, Union.....	589,581	39

A comparatively small shifting of votes would have given the combined opposition sufficient electoral strength to make a choice in the electoral college impossible, and would have compelled the choice of a President by the House of Representatives. That happened in 1860. The possibility of its happening again this year is widely

considered. And if it should happen—if Roosevelt, Wilson, and Taft should so divide the electoral vote that neither would have a majority, then what?

Here we enter the realm of really remarkable possibilities. The House of Representatives which would in that case choose the President would not be the one to be elected in November, but the one now in existence. The present House would be required to choose a President from the three candidates having the highest votes in the electoral college.

THE HOUSE WOULD FAIL TO ELECT

In making that choice, each State has a single vote; there would be forty-eight votes, and twenty-five would be necessary to a choice. The House delegation of each State would support the candidate dictated by a majority of its members. Thus Ohio, with five Republicans and sixteen Democrats, would cast one vote for Governor Wilson.

Casting up the House delegations, the first thing that presents itself is the striking fact that the present House couldn't elect, unless there was quite an extensive breaking away from party affiliations, which is hardly conceivable in such a situation. Four States—Connecticut, Arizona, Nebraska, and Rhode Island—have their House delegations exactly tied, and could therefore cast no vote. Twenty-two States have a majority of Republicans, and twenty-two a majority of Democrats. There would be a tie, and a minority of States for any one candidate.

It is true that a very few changes in the personnel of the House might break this deadlock; but the probability of the necessary number of members resigning or dying, in just the States where the changes would affect the complexion of delegations,

and of successors being chosen of the opposite political persuasion, and of enough of these changes giving gains to the same party to make it control a majority, is almost inconceivable. The very decided probability is that the present House could not elect a President.

Then what? The Constitution—and that venerable document, by the way, has been getting careful rereading by many experts, these times, with reference to its provisions for the election of President and Vice-President—next provides that if no candidate for Vice-President receives a majority in the electoral college, then the Senate shall by ballot choose a Vice-President from the two candidates receiving the largest number of votes in the electoral college.

WHAT WOULD THE SENATE DO?

Here we plunge into speculation again. There are three candidates for Vice-President who are commonly calculated as having a prospect of securing electoral votes—Johnson, Marshall, and Sherman. Of course, the possibility of a deadlock arising depends on a division of the electoral college among three or more candidates. It is not outside of the possibilities, however, as they have appeared since the Vermont polling on September 3, that Taft and Sherman may come out with no electoral votes at all. Forty per cent of the Republican vote in Vermont appears to have gone over to the Progressive candidate. Suppose the other States do that well or better for the new party? There isn't another State in the Union in which the Republican majority is big enough to stand such a drain.

But that is not all. Roosevelt and Johnson will be a good deal stronger, even in Vermont, in November, than the Republican State ticket was in September. All the political diagnosticians agree on this. Nobody knows it so well as the experts in Vermont politics. They will sit down and name you the names of people, scores of them, hundreds of them, who voted the Republican ticket on September 3, but who have announced that they will vote for Roosevelt in November.

There are various reasons for this. One is that Mr. Fletcher, the Republican candidate for Governor, is stronger than President Taft; or rather, to state it more accurately, that Taft is weaker than Fletcher.

The Fletcher candidacy was a part of the general scheme of Vermont politics. Its inception dates back several years. State politics, in the amiable, neighborly way they have in Vermont, has been projected, deals have been made, pledges given, trades arranged, on the basis of this assumption.

Fletcher, though a weak candidate, nevertheless had a great many progressive Republicans pledged to him who felt that they could not violate their promises. Some of them had already received their *quid pro quo*, in political favor or support; others had given their words, and would not break them. Finally, there was no such incentive to break party lines in the State as in the national election.

On the whole, then, it is agreed that the Republicans will not be so strong in Vermont in November as they were in September. What does that signify? It has been plain from the beginning of the campaign that the only aggressive, growing, gaining fight was that of the Progressive party. It will be stronger, taking the country generally, in November, than in October; stronger in October than in September.

If, less than a month after the new party was organized by its initial national convention, it can poll forty per cent of the Republican strength of rock-ribbed Vermont, what may be expected in States whose Republicanism has traditionally been far less uncompromising, and where influences tending to the dissolution of old party affiliations have notoriously worked more effectively? The truth is that Vermont has been made a doubtful State, as a result of the September polling; and Vermont has been from the beginning set down as the State in which Mr. Taft had his best chance.

There is no State that can in fairness be claimed as a "sure" Taft State. Ever since last winter, cynical politicians, when asked to give the list of sure Taft States, have been wont to reply, "Vermont and Utah," and then throw up their hands. They didn't know the third.

Well, Vermont is doubtful; Utah never was so confidently claimed for Taft as Vermont was; therefore there isn't a certain Taft electoral vote left. It is entirely within the possibilities, as they are discussed day by day in the confidence of private conversation among the best-informed public men, that Taft and Sherman may emerge without a single electoral supporter.

But to continue the consideration of possibilities in case of such a tripartite division of the electoral college as would make a majority for any candidate impossible. Let it be assumed that such a situation arises, and that, as already pointed out, no President can be elected by the House of Representatives.

The Senate is directed to choose a Vice-President, in that contingency, by ballot. There are ninety-six Senators when the body has its full membership sitting; necessary to a choice, forty-nine.

The Senate at present has a majority of eight in favor of the Republicans. At first blush, it would appear, then, that James S. Sherman should be elected. As a matter of fact, it is hardly conceivable that he would get a single vote, or even that his name could legally be considered. For, as has been said, the Constitution provides that, when the Senate chooses a Vice-President, it must make its choice from the *two candidates* who received the highest number of votes in the electoral college. That would pretty certainly confine the choice to Johnson and Marshall.

Thus would be presented the further anomaly of a Senate controlled by Republicans, compelled to elect a Vice-President who was destined to become President, and actually barred from voting for any Republican for the position! You may search the records of impossibilities coming to pass, and not find one in the realm of politics more striking than this.

The thing is not remote, intangible, or fantastic. It is quite within the range of possibilities in this campaign of unprecedented developments.

Even if the Republican candidate for President should be one of the two receiving most votes in the electoral college, it is entirely unlikely that he could command his party's strength in the Senate. As has been pointed out, the Senate now has a Republican majority of eight; but these are divided into two factions, almost as sharply defined as if the line of party allegiance ran between them. They are the "regular" or standpat Republicans, and the progressive group.

It is almost certain that the Progressives would never vote for Sherman for Vice-President, knowing that if he were elected to that post he would become President. They would not vote for Marshall, if he were the other candidate entitled to be con-

sidered; they would probably sit silent in their seats and permit the election to fail.

For two years past this very division of the Senate into three groups, neither holding a majority, has made the election of a president *pro tempore* impossible. Senator Frye of Maine was president *pro tempore* for many years, down to his death. When he died, the standpat Republicans agreed to support Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire for the position. The insurgent Republicans would not give Gallinger their votes. The Democrats nominated Senator Bacon of Georgia. The votes always showed that the schism in their ranks had deprived the Republicans of control; no one of the three could get the necessary majority, and the Senate has been struggling along without a president *pro tempore*.

What chance is there that the progressive group would be any more friendly toward Mr. Sherman, if confronted with the necessity of voting or refusing to vote for him? Very little. In all probability, they would refuse to support him; and on the other side, if Hiram Johnson, instead of James S. Sherman, were before the Senate to be voted on, it is just as certain that the standpat element would refuse to support him.

In fine, then, the Senate couldn't elect a Vice-President, any more than the House could choose a President!

A CHANCE FOR SECRETARY KNOX

Now comes the next step in the procedure. President Taft's term will expire March 4 next. That is unquestioned. Even if there is no President or Vice-President elected to take his place, he must go out unless he is elected again this autumn. The country would face the fact of having no President, and of having failed to elect either President or Vice-President to take his place.

In that situation, the Presidential succession law which was passed after Mr. McKinley's death comes into operation. The Secretary of State actually in office on March 4 would succeed to the Presidency—or, rather, to the *acting* Presidency. As soon as he had taken the oath he would be required—this is the Constitution's mandate—to issue a call for a special session of Congress, at which legislation must be passed providing for a *special election* to choose a President and Vice-President.

Thus Secretary of State Knox would become acting President *ad interim*, and the

autumn of 1913 would probably see an extraordinary election of a President, the first ever held—something which nobody ever before seriously believed to be among the possible contingencies.

A SPECIAL ELECTION IN 1913

But under what sort of laws would the extraordinary election of 1913 be held?

The whole matter would be in the hands of Congress. It could reorganize the whole scheme of Presidential election laws, so long as it did not contravene any provision of the Constitution. It would, without doubt or uncertainty, be very deliberate in making its new laws, for the opportunity to work some reforms in election methods would appeal strongly to the country, and especially to the Progressives in Congress.

For instance, there are at least two Presidential primary bills now pending in Congress—one, by Senator Cummins, in the upper house; the other, by Representative Norris, in the lower. With the horrible example of this year's fluke staring them in the face, would Congress be willing again to trust the old, corrupt, vicious, broken-down, and discredited convention system of nominating a President?

Would the standpat, reactionary Republican element be strong enough to stand out against the demand for safer, surer, more decent methods? It seems highly improbable. There would be at least a long and determined fight to free the nation from the incubus and the menace of the old system that completely collapsed in a saturnalia of corruption and bossism at the Chicago convention of last June.

It is perfectly safe to assume, then, that Congress would get itself beautifully entangled with the business of providing for a special Presidential election.

Let it be remembered, further, that the new Senate and the new House, chosen in November of 1912, would meanwhile have come into office. A long list of new Senators will assume their togas on March 4, with strong probability that the changes will make the party division of the upper chamber even closer than it is now. The new House will probably be Democratic, or will be controlled by the Democrats and Progressives combined. This new Congress will have to wrestle with the problem of providing a special election, if that problem shall arise.

Let us leave Congress, then, worrying

along with the effort to provide for a new election, and see what the country will meanwhile be doing about it.

While it will not be constitutionally possible for the old Congress to pass the legislation looking to a special election, the country will know long before the new Congress comes into office that it has that task awaiting it. In a great majority of the States, the Legislatures will hold sessions during the coming winter. Most of them beginning their sittings in January.

These Legislatures will have their attention riveted on the national situation. It will be known that Federal primary bills are to be urged at Washington. Naturally, the Progressives in the State Legislatures will be giving consideration to that same subject. There are a dozen Northern and nearly as many Southern States, even now, that provide primary methods of designating the popular choice for Presidential nominations. Last winter Massachusetts, Maryland, Illinois, and Michigan passed laws of this kind. It is absolutely certain that several other States will join the list during the coming winter; and that, whether the November election provides a President in the old-fashioned way or not.

FINAL BLOWS AT BOSS CONTROL

These Presidential preference primaries will have the effect of smashing the power of the corrupt old machines that stole the Chicago nomination last June. In the event of a special Presidential election in the fall of 1913, the nominations would be removed from the possibility of boss control such as we saw exercised at Chicago, and attempted at Baltimore, this past summer. It is reasonable to assume that the failure to elect a President this fall would arouse a popular interest in all these propositions, which would be certain to bring reforms in short order.

There is what seems a fair analysis of the extreme possibilities in this three-cornered contest. It would seem to need no further elucidation to impress the fact that this Presidential campaign involves elements of uncertainty never before dreamed of. The most serious-minded and earnest men in all parties have been turning the matter over in their minds for many weeks, studying the possible avenues of escape from a deadlock.

About the only thing on which there is substantial agreement is that the course of

events has brought up one more complication that the wisdom of the fathers didn't contemplate when they made the Constitution. Of course not. How could it?

And still—parenthetically, very parenthetically, this—there are lots of people who insist that the fathers knew better how to make a constitution than we, and that, above all, it mustn't be changed in any respect!

THE NEW POLITICAL ERA

A situation involving such extraordinary possibilities as these is one more evidence of the undoubted fact that a new political era is being ushered in. The Republican party is literally making a fight for its life. Coming into the national field less than sixty years ago, its appearance marked a new era. If now it is to give way in turn to another organization, just as it displaced the old Democracy from national control, can it be doubted that the new party's birth into place and power will be the milestone of a new era's beginning?

Consider, then, first, the question whether the Republican party can survive. The old Democracy did survive the disaster of 1860—in name; but before it secured another mandate from the nation, it was substantially reorganized. The old issues had passed, and the Republican party had tried too long to live by them. Democracy came back, but only to discover to the nation that it was inherently weak, lacking in cohesion, incapable of holding together and of handling firmly the new issues that demanded solution. So Democracy split on both tariff and money, and was retired in 1896.

The events of 1860, of 1884, and of 1896 all point the one lesson—that a party cannot live by dead issues, and cannot succeed without a constructive program for dealing with new ones.

Both the old parties have traditions which tie them to dead issues, both have displayed incapacity to understand the new issues and timidity about dealing with them. If these new issues, then, are real, not fancied; substantial, not phantasmagoric, it seems that the lessons of the past point to the probability that the new party, born this year, cutting itself loose from tradition, looking to the future, concerning itself with the problems of that future, inviting to its fellowship all who believe that these problems demand radical treatment, must be permanent and must grow

as the nation grows into appreciation of their gravity and imminence.

How grave, then, are these issues? How imminent is the necessity for radical handling of them?

No man may answer that with confidence, because the expected commonly doesn't happen. The grim old prophets of abolition who predicted disunion or war unless the slavery question were settled rightly, got a less generous and sympathetic audience in their time than the street-corner orators of to-day who tell us that we shall have revolution if we do not attack the social and economic evils of our time. Men were mobbed, tarred, and feathered, for daring to predict the possibility of civil war, less than a decade before war's mighty armaments were making a continent vibrate to their tread.

We are not so blind, to-day, to our dangers. We listen with tolerance to the revolutionary declamations of the soap-box socialist and the barrel-head anarchist; indeed, we are making it fashionable to invite the agitator from the soap-box into the salon, to illumine our politest circles with his notions of the future's dangers.

NOT AN ERA OF REVOLUTION

We shall have neither civil war nor revolution, simply because the broader, keener, more tolerant intelligence of these socially conscious times will hear, understand, and heed warnings. Phillips and Garrison preached to a vastly less understanding audience, in their day, than Roosevelt and David Lloyd George are addressing to-day.

By the way, the cable despatches persist in conveying reports that Mr. Lloyd George may withdraw from the British government and undertake the establishment of a new political party—a British progressive party. Does that, along with the republicanization of China and Portugal, the revolutions in Turkey and Persia, the growing radicalism of all the European countries—does that suggest an answer to the question whether a new era has dawned, not merely for this nation, but for the civilized world?

The new era is the era of quickened social consciousness and awakened economic intelligence. It has begun, not merely here, but substantially everywhere. Its forces are reorganizing governments in one country, parties in another, to make them more effective instruments. With these new instruments, new ideas are to be executed.

These new ideas may be summarized, for New Zealand and China, for South Africa and Portugal, for Britain and Turkey, for India and America, as representing greater social justice and larger economic efficiency.

It will be the era of opportunity for the average man. The aggregated power of millions of average men is going to find governmental mechanism through which it may match the great forces controlled by the favored few, and bring conditions into harmony with the broad ideal of getting the greatest good for the greatest number.

The time is past when such altruistic and platitudinous promises as these may be sniffed at and dismissed by "practical" men. The man who cannot see that a new era and a new ideal are here, is the least practical of all. He is getting himself into a position to be run over by the course of moving events. The practical man, to-day, is he who recognizes what is coming and gets himself into harmony with it.

GOVERNMENT MUST SERVE THE PEOPLE

The bottom purpose, more or less definitely formulated in the national mind, is to make the government, and the huge industrial aggregates which modern conditions have developed, serve the people in the most effective way. It is proposed to secure for the average person—for the small man, if you please—a larger share of the aggregate benefit that modern methods of production and organization make possible.

That sophistry which has long made grievous inequalities between man and man seem to rest on a firm moral foundation, has about finished its usefulness as a protector of privilege. It is no arraying of class against class to point out that these inequalities bring no good to either their beneficiaries or their victims. One man works twelve hours a day for seven days a week, at a barely living wage; another lives in boresome idleness and gilded ostentation; and it is difficult to say which of the unfortunate twain is the more injured by the extremes of his condition in life. It is not good for either, and it is not good for the rest of the community.

The community is coming to understand that such things are not inevitable; that they are not inherent in nature or in human nature. They result, in part—not in whole, of course—from the imposition of unsocial conditions under which men must live.

It is in the social mind to-day, as it

never was before, to try to find out how far these inequalities may be overcome; how far they are inherent and how far they are caused by man-made institutions, laws, customs, methods. The new era sees man giving devout answer to the question of Cain, and admitting that "I am my brother's keeper."

With this sense of responsibility of men, through social organization, for man, the new era seeks to cure evils, to reduce disorders, to better conditions, with the least possible friction and disturbance. Nobody claims to be very wise, nobody cares to indulge much in dogma, about the precise steps that should be taken, or in what order. It is recognized that progress must be made by experiment, by groping forward; by study and comparison of all the social and economic experiments; by adjusting, adapting, assimilating.

There used to be a more or less popular theory among a certain class of socialists that a social convulsion, a great upheaval from the very foundations of society, a wrecking of all established structures, and a beginning anew from the bottom, was necessary. That idea is no longer entertained even by extremists. Rather, the thought is to rebuild, reform, reorganize, sanely, persistently.

THE MUCK-RAKER'S WORK IS DONE

The business of government has ceased in large part to be representative of the people who are governed. This is true of national, State, and local governments. The generation of the muck-raker was devoted to proving this to the satisfaction of the public. That work has been done. The community has been convinced. The idea that special, privileged, powerful interests have been too largely dominant, and that the common interest has been too little considered, has been fixed in mind.

There is no use piling Pelion on Ossa of demonstration; folks have made up their minds, and they don't want more evidence in this direction. What they want is to have pointed for them the way out, the constructive measures necessary to remedy affairs.

This year's political events have given the public an inside view of the methods by which special interests and corrupt bosses have held control of parties, and through them of government. That was the thing particularly needed to give the last crush-

ing blow to the tottering institution of old-time partizanship.

The political parties of the old order had long been under suspicion. A great many people knew the truth about them; knew they misrepresented the country's best interests; knew they were dominated by cynical, sinister, vicious, selfish forces. But not nearly all the people knew this. There were yet a vast majority who, while suspecting more or less of the truth, were unable to realize what was being done out of their sight.

The invisible has this year been made visible, the occult has been revealed. That is wherein the 1912 fight for nominations, within the old parties, served a splendidly useful purpose. The crookedness of the game was made obvious to even the most casual observer. The country was convinced; and, being convinced, it needed no more than an invitation to join in the great work of cleaning out the old order and instituting a new and decent one.

RECASTING OUR POLITICAL MACHINERY

At the foundation and beginning of such a task, of course, lies the reform of the machinery of parties and political management. The making of nominations will be taken out of the power of the bosses. Nominations will be made by primaries; primaries which will be held under the rules of law, their expenses paid from the public treasury, strictly limited to legitimate needs. Bribery, direct and indirect, will be made as nearly impossible as may be.

Political committees and organizations must come under proper regulative statutes. Conventions will largely be done away with; the trading, the trimming, and the jobbery that have grown up under this system will be ended, because nominations will be made at the primaries, in orderly, law-governed fashion—made by the people, not by the jobsters and bosses.

Public business is going to be done, in the new era, in the light of publicity. Legislatures and councils will be emancipated from the control that has been exercised in the privacy of committee-rooms. Everybody vaguely knows that the real business of legislation, whether it be in the town council or the national Congress, is transacted in committees. The jobs are put over there, in private sessions—"executive sessions," we call them, by way of dignity.

The closed session must go. The spec-

tacle of a great committee of Congress locking itself up with the representatives of a particular interest, framing legislation vitally important to that interest, will not be seen much longer.

These things may all be classified as the new epoch's reforms in the machinery. They are necessary, in order to get the machinery to grind out a grist that shall represent the real public interest.

THE STATES AND THE NATION

The new era brings a new conception of the relative duties and responsibilities of the States and the nation. There is plenty of work for them all; but they must not tread on one another's toes, if they are to do their work efficiently.

The States must not persist in holding to powers which they cannot successfully exercise. Those things which can better be done by one sovereignty than by forty-eight, should be turned over to the general government.

Commerce, ready transmission of intelligence, quick transportation, have wiped out State lines. Government can no longer cling arbitrarily to these archaic divisions. Great industrial, commercial organizations, whose affairs know no State lines, must be regarded from the national view-point. Unity and singleness of policy, bringing the most efficient operation, can only be secured in this way.

There will be left an ample sphere of activity for the State governments in dealing with matters which concern them exclusively. Some conception of the bigness and dignity of these State problems has been impressed recently by the accomplishments of California and Wisconsin, along progressive lines.

The truth is that there is not to be a surrender of authority or jurisdiction by the States, but rather a stricter living up to their duties and obligations. There will not be less, but rather more and better local self-government.

The restoration of control to the people will from the very beginning have a marked effect in bettering all political matters. There will be an end to favors and favoritism. Daylight will be let into the processes of legislation. Secret committee-meetings and caucuses, which in the past have been the means of perpetrating jobs so wretched that they could not see the light, will stop.

Things will speedily cease growing worse. The process of undoing the harm already done will be slower. Vicious provisions that have been inserted in the laws will be sought out and eliminated as fast as possible. Progressive measures will be enacted as fast as they can be worked out into safe, constructive legislation.

SOCIAL AND ECONOMICAL IDEALS

Guiding and directing the course of this new development of program and policy will be the twin considerations of social justice and sane economic evolution. Manhood is coming into its own. It will be placed above every other consideration.

It will be our ideal to give every man, woman, or child as nearly as may be an even start and a fair chance in life. It will be the era of consideration for the workers, of protection for the weak and the down-trodden. Larger and better ideals will be set up. Education will be brought within the reach of all the newer generation, and conditions that interpose to prevent a fair development of the intellectual side of the working masses will be reformed.

On the economic side, it will be recognized that society cannot consume more than it produces; therefore the effort will be toward conserving, stimulating, increasing, the product of all that the community needs.

Here come the problems of reducing the cost of living, adding to the output of industry, conserving natural resources, developing and increasing the productivity of the soil, and in general making the most of every unit of human energy and natural wealth. In all these fields of activity, organized society will be found working for the common good; no longer will the special, narrow, selfish interest control.

Regulation of industry, of transportation, of great commercial organization, there will be—definite and effective regulation. It will be aimed at the extension of production and the more just and social distribution of products. It will look to building up, not tearing down; to strengthening, not weakening, the fabric of business; to imposing honest methods and fair dealing; to making this a better, stronger, happier country and a more desirable place in which to live.

A MOTHER

SON, throned upon my knee—

Son, ruling in my heart!

I am fulfilled in thee,

Knowing no life apart.

If on the rocking wave

Thy little bark must drown,

There must I find a grave—

There must my soul go down.

Into thy being tossed,

With thee I fail or win;

Saved in thy strife, or lost,

Mine is thy very sin.

Thy nobleness, thy power,

Shall lift me to their grace;

My life is but thy dower,

And thine my dwelling-place.

Son, throned upon my knee,

Thine am I to destroy;

Oh, be thou great for me—

Build me a deathless joy!

Marion Couthouy Smith.

EDITORIAL

WHY SHOULDN'T THE ELECTORS ELECT?

THE electoral college, in theory intended to choose our President, has never met. Some people think it may have an excuse to do so this year, for the first time.

Let us suppose that with three Presidential candidates dividing the electoral vote, no one receives a majority in the college. Thereupon, the election being thrown into the House of Representatives, and that body being so divided politically—twenty-two Republican States, twenty-two Democratic States, and four States with equally divided House delegations—it may prove impossible for any candidate to secure the majority that the Constitution demands.

What then? Various things might happen. The Senate might elect a Vice-President, who would become President in case the House failed to choose a chief magistrate.

But why shouldn't the electors get together, caucus, and agree to elect their own President? Of course, it would mean the smashing of a revered tradition, if the electors should undertake to do something of their own volition. Plainly enough, however, they have the power.

Pretty certainly, they could never agree on a "caucus nominee," and carry out a plan to elect him under the legal forms; but isn't it possible that their effort would result quite as well as the struggle of House and Senate, in the present status of party politics, to fill the vacancies?

ONE WOMAN AND POLITICS

JANE ADDAMS has given to her own sex—and particularly that section of it which seems to be disposed to sacrifice law and order in the attempt to establish franchise equality—an inspiring example of constructive leadership. With courage and conviction she has rallied to the cause of real popular government. There are many who believe that the whole Progressive party movement has no finer or more appealing single asset than the active support of this brilliant and remarkable woman.

Miss Addams did not need her active participation in the Progressive convention at Chicago to give her a place in the history of our time. By her distinctive effort in behalf of humanity she has won a position peculiarly her own. It is doubtful if any woman in the United States has been more useful. She has made Hull House a model for settlement workers in all lands. She has had the good sense and the tact to conduct a great altruistic movement without silly sentimentality.

Her gospel for the down-trodden, the needy, and the mentally and morally defective, has been in the main the training of the hand—for with proper physical breadwinning equipment comes the higher moral and spiritual qualification. Her whole life has been a lesson in right living, right teaching, and

right thinking. She is, therefore, the proper kind of recruit for the big battle of national politics. The campaign gets added dignity and distinction because of her cooperation.

AN EXAMPLE TO ALL THE STATES

OHIO'S recent constitutional convention offered an amendment providing that the State debt might never exceed three-quarters of a million dollars; except that a debt of fifty million dollars might be incurred to build a State-wide system of intercounty highways. Not more than ten millions should be incurred in one year. Payment of interest, amortization of the principal, and maintenance of the roads are also provided for.

This is a peculiarly proper function for the State government. National aid in such work may be justifiable; but if the States are to shirk such obvious local duties, it will be difficult to find anything that they should not turn over to the Federal administration.

Ohio had, in 1910, a little more than five per cent of the population of the country. If all the States would make like provision, a round billion dollars would go into permanent country roads in the next few years. It would mean the actual creation of a big industry, and one whose profits would be assured from the beginning. It would increase the demand for labor, improve rural conditions, facilitate commerce, and make farm products worth more to the producer and less to the consumer.

As this magazine goes to press, it is announced that the amendment carried. Ohio, therefore, may take a place at the head of the good-roads class. Here's hoping that about forty-seven other States will go and do likewise!

A GREAT SPIRITUAL WARRIOR

WHEN the late William Booth laid down his spiritual sword, one of the most remarkable figures of our day passed from the stage of strenuous endeavor. He was the very incarnation of a picturesque autocracy. No ancient despot ever wielded a more complete authority than did this militant soldier of Christ. Behind his iron will was a force which created, through kindness, one of the great social reform institutions of modern times.

General Booth personified courage of the highest type, because he met ridicule, jest, and satire unwaveringly—particularly in that precarious day when, amid the slums of Whitechapel, he set up the first outpost of the army whose world-wide slogan is "Soap, soup, and salvation." That cry has rung out on practically every field of battle against sin, misery, and degradation.

It may be said that General Booth commercialized uplift in the sense that he worked out a great humanitarian program on genuine business lines. No altruistic campaign of any kind has been better organized than the Salvation Army. Its activities range from naval homes to maternity retreats; they include schools, farms, factories, emigration agencies, employment offices, anti-suicide bureaus, and hospitals. In fact, the whole range of human need and human suffering is touched in some way by this extraordinary activity which bears at every quarter the impress of its masterful founder.

Behind General Booth's work were certain fundamental principles, which are well worth repeating, and which will bear application to almost any kind of work. He used to say:

" You must go to the people with a message of salvation, instead of expecting them to come to you."

Another characteristic maxim was:

" You must employ the people, for there is no way of keeping saved except by being busily engaged in saving others."

When questioners asked him to interpret religious beliefs, he would impatiently declare, with a pound of the fist:

" What's the use of wanting to explain everything, and worrying about interpretations? That's how work is stopped!"

It seems scarcely possible, by the present measure of men, that we shall look upon the like of General Booth again. He was a heroic figure born out of the past. He was a consecrated crusader—a spiritual cross between Peter the Hermit, Martin Luther, and John Wesley. The world will do well to honor his memory and respect the enginery for good that he set in motion.

EDUCATION, EXPERIENCE, AND DIVORCE

O LIVER WENDELL HOLMES once advised that to get a proper start in life, one should begin by selecting the right sort of great-grandparents, grandparents, and so on all the way down. Now comes a jurist with large experience of the divorce-courts, observing that if you would avoid his tribunal, you should begin your married life either as a widower, a widow, or a graduate of a women's college.

One college-bred woman out of fifty-seven, he says, gets into the divorce-court, while one out of eleven or twelve non-college women arrives there. Widows and widowers, remarrying, are equally successful in keeping out of divorce troubles. He guesses that the college girls do so well because training and intelligence develop tolerance; the widowed, because experience has taught them that absolute compatibility is impossible, and it is necessary patiently to make the best of human conditions.

Women, says this authority, magnify mole-hills of domestic difficulty into mountains, and commonly seek divorces on trivial grounds. Men do most of the big, bad, moral offending against marriage; women do the little, nagging, petty offending. Women have better morals and worse dispositions than men.

As it isn't possible for everybody to start as widow, widower, or girl graduate, it would seem desirable to emulate the tolerance, patience, and forbearance that these fortunate classes seem to bring to their matrimonial ventures.

FARM-RENTING, LIVING COSTS, AND EDUCATION

N OT long ago, a speaker at the National Educational Association said that fifty per cent of the farms of Illinois, and thirty-eight per cent in Iowa, are rented. Both owner and tenant must live by the rented farm's products, so their price goes up. The tenant, regarding his status as temporary, will not improve the place as he would if he owned it. The tendency is to " skin " it, and let it run down. The speaker declared that because of these conditions, thirty-four typical counties in Ohio actually show less agricultural productivity than during the Civil War.

Go a step further. A community of tenant farmers will not vote money

to build good schoolhouses and maintain good schools, because they may be forced to leave the community at any time; so rural schools deteriorate. Then farmers who can afford it send their boys and girls to town for schooling, and most of them never get back to the farm. The country thus loses the best intelligence it produces. The poorly educated residuum of the population remains, to do still worse farming in the next generation, to make the land still less productive and the cost of living still higher.

That sounds as if we had discovered the endless chain that is dragging us up to the crisis when our national food-supply will become so limited or so expensive as to impose impossible conditions. Ferrero has graphically shown how Rome declined from the time when it lost its ability to feed itself. Historians have diagramed a very similar situation in France before the revolution. Many people think that England's present economic and political condition gives a yet more modern instance.

If, with these warnings, we do not mend our methods and avoid the consequences, we shall deserve whatever may befall.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION IN AGRICULTURE

IF you owned a great business, employing many thousands of hands and producing a vast amount of goods;

And if your business depended for success on constantly keeping step with progress in inventions, ideas, processes, and methods;

Then you would be likely to maintain laboratories, experimental works, and the like, wouldn't you? The great business organizations all do that.

If your scientists discovered a new process or formula of great value, you would introduce it into your business without delay, wouldn't you?

Well, Uncle Sam runs the greatest agricultural producing business on earth. He maintains, in the Department of Agriculture, in the experiment stations, and in the agricultural colleges to whose support he contributes, an experiment plant and laboratory that is superior to any other in the world. But he has no effective system for getting the results of his researches and inventions carried to the people who are running his farms. That's where Uncle Sam is behind the business procession.

There are now pending in Congress several bills—of which the Smith-Lever and Page measures are the best-known—looking to the establishment of a sort of university extension department, through which to carry to the farmers and planters the useful discoveries of the scientific agriculturists. It is urged that there is small use discovering a way to make hogs live or boll-weevils die, unless the people who raise pigs and cotton learn about and use the process. To carry the aid of science to the farmer in the field, to instruct him, to induce him to use the new inventions—that is the purpose of these bills.

The measures all propose that the Federal government shall assist the States, putting a dollar into this work for every dollar the States will invest. That assures local control and the immediate interest of the State government in getting value for the money spent.

It is difficult to conceive a more practical, useful project. One sure way to reduce the cost of living is to increase the produce of the average man and the average acre. The government has learned how to do this; the people will not know it till the government somehow finds a way to get the information to them.

If Congress isn't willing to try this plan on a national scale at first, why not experiment, as was done with rural free delivery? Let it be tested in some State that wants the experiment and will pay its share. It looks like a most feasible proposal for doubling the number of blades of grass and ears of corn; and present prices of farm products strongly suggest that such a procedure would be of universal public benefit.

THE JOURNALIST AS ADVISER

THE recent appointment of Dr. G. E. Morrison, the well-known English newspaper correspondent, as adviser to the new Chinese government, is an exception which emphasizes the fact that the day is almost gone when the journalist is the confidant of rulers. Of course, one reason is the passing of master journalists of the type of Delane, Blowitz, or Greeley. It is probable that none of those men could flourish to-day as they did in their time, for the reason that journalism itself has undergone a tremendous change.

When Henri de Blowitz got his famous "beat" on the Berlin Treaty of 1878, it was the result of years of intimate contact and service to statesmanship. There were "leaks" in those days that spelled fame and fortune for the man who caught the leakage.

Such a relationship is well-nigh impossible now. To-day, and especially in our own country, the whole machinery of government is press-agented, so to speak. Every great department of our national life has a man whose function is to disseminate to the public, and through the press, a knowledge of its activities. Rarely, indeed, does a great piece of exclusive news come out of Washington—or, for that matter, from the European capitals.

All which simply goes to show that news, like everything else, has come to be a matter of system.

A TEST OF PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY

PHILADELPHIA is going to find out whether its Christianity is "on straight," and whether its stock of charity and justice is sufficient to overcome an unfortunate tradition—the tradition that a man once sentenced to the penitentiary can never hope to regain a self-respecting status.

City Councilman Burke recently confessed that he had been for years a professional criminal; had been in penitentiaries; finally, had reformed, established himself as a good citizen, and secured an election to the council. A former "pal" recognized and threatened to expose him. Burke permitted himself to be blackmailed till he could stand it no longer; then he publicly told his whole story and fled the town. After a nine days' wonder, and endless discussion, it was decided that he should go back and start all over again. A great testimonial of sympathy has gone out to him; the town, apparently, is insistent on standing by and helping him to "make good."

But will it? After the romantic interest is worn off, will Burke get just the plain, simple, fair chance that he wants? That will be the real test.

If he gets the chance, being made neither a hero nor a villain; if mawkish sentimentality and nasty prejudice alike will stand aside, he will succeed. It will be to Philadelphia's credit if he does, and it will prove that, on the whole, charity tempered by good sense is more prevalent than it once was.

MILESTONES*

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS—COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

BY ARNOLD BENNETT AND EDWARD KNOBLAUCH

ACT I—1860

The scene represents the drawing-room of a house in Kensington Gore. The house is quite new at the time: all the decorations, pictures, and furniture are of the mid-Victorian period. On the left three long windows look out on Kensington Gardens. On the right a large double door leads into the back drawing-room. A single door on the same side of the room leads to the hall and stairs. In the center at back a large fireplace with a fire burning in it. The blinds and curtains are drawn; the lamps are lighted.

It is about half past nine at night of the 29th of December, 1860.

(Mrs. Rhead, a woman of nearly sixty, is sitting on the sofa, crocheting some lace, which is evidently destined to trim petticoats. Her hair is dressed in the style of 1840, though her dress is of the 1860 period. Near her, in an armchair, sits Rose Sibley, a gentle, romantic-looking girl of twenty-one, who is dressed in the height of fashion of the period. She is at work on a canvas wool-work pattern. Cups of after-dinner coffee stand near both ladies.)

MRS. RHEAD—Do permit me to look at your work one moment, my dear Rose.

ROSE—with pleasure, Mrs. Rhead.

MRS. RHEAD—Very pretty indeed. Nothing could be in better taste than these Berlin wool patterns.

ROSE—I got the design from the *English-woman's Domestic Magazine*. It's to be one of three cushions for father's study.

MRS. RHEAD—I had an idea of doing the same sort of thing for my husband, after we moved into the new house here, three years ago. But then, when he died, I hadn't the heart to go on. So I'm crocheting lace now instead for Gertrude's trousseau. Will you have some more coffee?

ROSE—No, thank you.

MRS. RHEAD—Just a drop. Gertrude, pour out. (*She looks about.*) Now where has Gertrude disappeared to?

ROSE—She left the room some moments ago.

MRS. RHEAD—Even between dinner and coffee she must be off.

ROSE—But why?

MRS. RHEAD—Do I know, my dear? Just managing the house and managing it, and managing it. Upon my word, Gertrude performs the duties of the place as if it were the foundry and she were John. My son and daughter are so alike.

ROSE (*interjecting enthusiastically*)—One's as splendid as the other.

MRS. RHEAD—She keeps account-books now.

ROSE (*rather startled*)—Of the house?

MRS. RHEAD (*nods*)—And she says she will show John a balance-sheet at quarter-day. Did you ever hear of such behavior?

ROSE—She always was very active, wasn't she? It's in the blood.

MRS. RHEAD—It is not in mine, and I am her mother. No! It is all due to these modern ways; that is what it is.

ROSE—I suppose John's rather pleased.

MRS. RHEAD—Yes, John! But what about *your* brother? Will he be pleased? Is Gertrude going to make him the wife his position demands?



SCENE NEAR THE CONCLUSION OF THE FIRST ACT OF "MILESTONES"—"JOHN, JOHN, WHY ARE YOU SO SET IN YOUR OWN IDEAS? WE WERE ALL SO HAPPY. AND NOW YOU MUST NEEDS FALL OUT WITH YOUR PARTNERS OVER IRON SHIPS!"

From a photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London



MARY RHEAD AS MRS. RHEAD IN THE FIRST ACT OF "MILESTONES" (PERIOD OF 1860)

From a photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London.

ROSE—I'm sure he'll be delighted to have his house managed as this one's managed.

MRS. RHEAD—But will it stop at that? Once one begins these modern ways, one never knows where they will end.

ROSE—I must say I was surprised she ever accepted Sam.

MRS. RHEAD (*deprecatingly*) — Surprised? But why?

ROSE—We Sibleys are such an extremely old-fashioned family. Look at father! And I do believe Sam's worse. Yes, I do believe Sam's worse than father. Thank goodness they have your son for a partner—two such slow-coaches, as they are.

MRS. RHEAD—Slow-coaches! My dear

Rose, please remember the respect due to your father.

ROSE (*eagerly*)—Oh, I adore father, and Sam, too! I wouldn't have either of them altered for the world. But I do think Sam's very fortunate in getting Gertrude.

MRS. RHEAD—She also is very fortunate, very fortunate indeed. I have the highest respect for Sam's character, and my hope and prayer is that he and Gertrude will influence each other for nothing but good. But, between you and me, my dear, the first six months will be—well—lively, to say the least. (*Gertrude Rhead enters by the door from the hall, carrying in her hand a cloak of the latest pattern of the period. She is twenty-one, high-spirited, independent.*

ROSE—What on earth's that, Gertrude?

GERTRUDE—I've just been up-stairs to get it. Help me, will you? I wanted to show it you. (*Rose helps Gertrude with the cloak.*) I only bought it to-day, with the money John gave me for Christmas. Thank you—well?

ROSE—Very daring, isn't it? I suppose it's quite the latest?

GERTRUDE—Next year's. Mother says it's "fast."

MRS. RHEAD—I hope you'll put it away before the men come up.

GERTRUDE—Why?

MRS. RHEAD—Because Samuel will surely not approve of it.

GERTRUDE—I bet you he will.

MRS. RHEAD—Gertrude!

GERTRUDE—The truth is, Rose, mother's only taken a prejudice against it because I brought it home myself this afternoon in a hansom cab.



EVELYN WEEDON AS EMILY RHEAD IN THE SECOND ACT OF "MILESTONES" (PERIOD OF 1885)

From a photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London

ROSE (*staggered*)—Alone? In a hansom cab?

MRS. RHEAD—You may well be shocked, dear. My lady refuses the carriage, because of keeping the horses standing in this terrible frost. And then she actually hails a hansom cabriolet! What Samuel would say if he knew I dare not imagine.

GERTRUDE—Well, what harm is there in it, mama darling? (*Caresses her.*) I do wish you'd remember we're in the year 1860—and very near 1861. You really must try to keep up with the times. Why, girls will be riding on the tops of omnibuses some day.

ROSE (*protesting*)—Gertrude!

MRS. RHEAD—I hope I sha'n't live to see it. (*Enter Thompson, a young butler, from the hall. He collects the coffee-cups, putting them all on a tray.*)

GERTRUDE—Is the hot-water apparatus working properly, Thompson?

THOMPSON—Moderate, miss.

GERTRUDE (*rather annoyed*)—It ought to work perfectly.

ROSE—What's the hot-water apparatus?

GERTRUDE—It's for the bath-room, you know.

ROSE—Yes. I know you'd got a bath-room.

GERTRUDE—It's just the latest device. John had it put in the week mother was down at Brighton. It was his Christmas surprise for her.

ROSE—Yes, but I don't understand.

GERTRUDE—It's quite simple. We have a boiler behind the kitchen range, and pipes carry the hot water up to the bath. There's one tap for hot and another for cold.

ROSE—How wonderful!

GERTRUDE—So when you want a hot bath all you have to do—

MRS. RHEAD (*dryly*)—All we have to do is to tell cook to put down a shoulder of mutton to roast. Very modern!

GERTRUDE (*caressing her mother again*)—Horrid old dear! Thompson, why is it working only moderately?

THOMPSON (*by the door*)—No doubt because cook had orders that the beef was to be slightly underdone, miss. (*Exit quickly with tray.*)

GERTRUDE (*to Rose*)—That was to please your carnivorous daddy, Rose, and he never came.

MRS. RHEAD—I do hope there's been no trouble down at the foundry between him and my son.

ROSE—So do I.

GERTRUDE—Why are you both pretending? You know perfectly well there has been trouble between them. You must have noticed the chilliness when our respective brothers met to-night.

ROSE—I assure you, Gertrude, I know nothing. Sam said not a single word in the carriage.

GERTRUDE—Well, wasn't that enough? Or does he never speak in the carriage?

ROSE (*to Mrs. Rhead*)—Has John said anything?

MRS. RHEAD—I understood you to say that the reason your father didn't come to dinner was that he had an urgent appointment, quite unexpectedly, at the last moment.

ROSE—Yes, he asked me to tell you and make his excuses.

GERTRUDE—Urgent appointment at his club—most likely!

MRS. RHEAD—I wonder what the trouble can have been.

GERTRUDE—You don't, mother. You know! It's the old story—Sam and his father with their set ideas, pulling one way; and John with his go-ahead schemes, pulling the other—with the result—

MRS. RHEAD—The result is that we've had one of the most mournful dinners to-night that I have ever had the pleasure of giving.

GERTRUDE—I know! What a good thing we asked Ned Pym. If he hadn't come to the rescue with his usual facetious, senseless chatter, I do believe Sam and John—

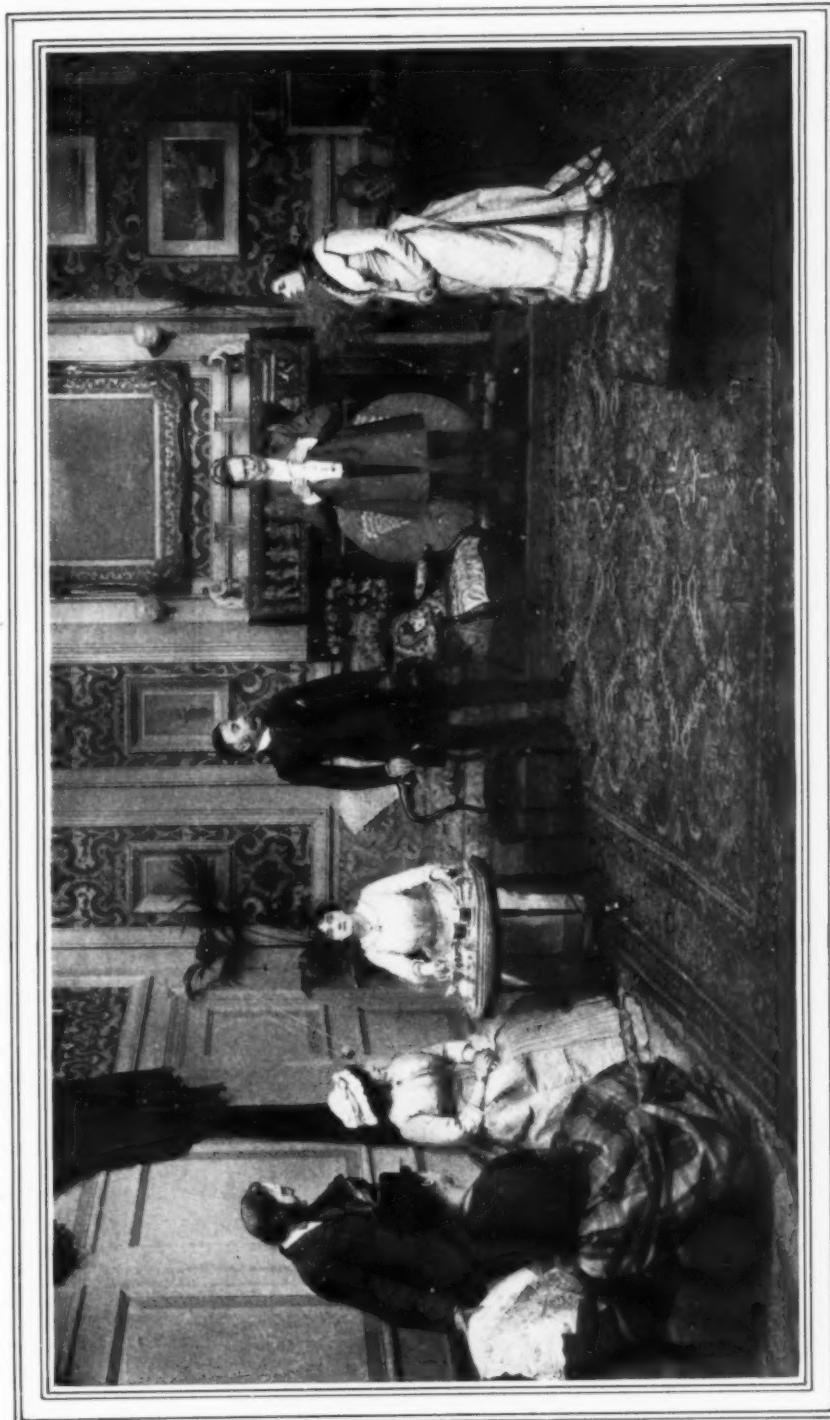
MRS. RHEAD (*quickly, stopping her*)—Here are the gentlemen! Gertrude, take that cloak off. (*Enter from the hall Samuel Sibley, Ned Pym, and John Rhead. Samuel Sibley is twenty-eight, heavy, with a serious face, a trifle pompous, but with distinct dignity. Ned Pym, who is a little over twenty, is the young dandy of the day; handsome, tall, with excellent manners, which allow him to carry off his facetious attitude rather successfully. John Rhead comes last. He is twenty-five, full of determination and purpose. He knows what he wants and is going to get it.*)

MRS. RHEAD (*in a smooth tone to Rose*)—Have you seen the new number of "Great Expectations," dear?

NED—What's this, Gertrude? Charades?

GERTRUDE (*flouncing her cloak half defiantly at Sam*)—Paris!

NED (*coming between Sam and Ger-*



SCENE AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE SECOND ACT OF "MILESTONES"---"ALL RIGHT? OH, VERY WELL! WHAT'S THE USE?"

From a photograph by Foulsham & Bankfield, London

trude)—Evidently it has lost nothing on the journey over.

GERTRUDE—Ned, would you mind. I'm showing it to Sam. (*To Sam.*) Don't you like it?

SAMUEL (*forcing himself*)—On my be-throthed, yes.

NED (*facetiously*)—By the exercise of extreme self-control the lover conceals his enthusiasm for the cloak of his mistress.

GERTRUDE (*appealing to Sam*)—But you do like it—don't you?

SAMUEL (*evasively*)—Isn't it rather original?

GERTRUDE—Of course it is. That's just the point.

SAMUEL (*surprised*)—Just the point?

GERTRUDE (*taking the cloak off and flinging it half pettishly on a chair*)—Oh!

JOHN—It's original, and therefore it has committed a crime. (*Looking at Sam.*) Isn't that it, Sam?

SAMUEL (*gives John a look and turns to Mrs. Rhead with an obvious intention of changing the conversation*)—What were you saying about "Great Expectations," Mrs. Rhead?

MRS. RHEAD (*at a loss*)—What were we saying about "Great Expectations"?

NED—Well, I can tell you one thing about it; it's made my expectations from my uncle smaller than ever. (*He sits by Mrs. Rhead.*)

MRS. RHEAD—Oh, how is dear Lord Monkhurst?

NED—He's very well and quarrelsome, thank you. And his two sons, my delightful cousins, are also in excellent health. Well, as I was going to tell you; you know how my uncle has turned against Dickens since "Little Dorrit." I happened to say something about "Great Expectations" being pretty fairish, and he up and rode over me like a troop of cavalry.

MRS. RHEAD (*puzzled*)—A troop of cavalry?

NED—It was at his Christmas party, too, worse luck. He as good as told me I disagreed with him on purpose to annoy him. Now I cannot agree with him solely and simply because he allows me seven hundred a year, can I?

ROSE—Is he so difficult to get on with?

NED—Difficult? He's nothing but a faddist! An absolute old faddist! What can you do with a man that's convinced that spirits'll turn his dining-table, and that Bacon wrote Shakespeare; and that the

Benecia Boy's a better man than Tom Sayers?

MRS. RHEAD—It seems a great pity you cannot do something to please your uncle.

NED—Would you believe it? He even wanted me to join the Rifle Volunteers. Now, I ask you, can you see me in the Rifle Volunteers, me among a lot of stock-brokers and chimney-sweeps?

GERTRUDE—We cannot, Ned.

NED—And in order to raise my patriotism last night—(*Slapping his knee violently.*) By Jove! (*He jumps up.*) By Heavens!

GERTRUDE and ROSE—Ned!

NED—I am a ruined man! You see before you, kind friends, a man ruined and without hope! Last night my uncle sent me a ticket for the launching of the Warrior.

SAMUEL (*with a sneer*)—The Warrior! You didn't miss much!

NED—But my beloved aunt was commanded to be in attendance on her royal highness at the said function. Well, I forgot all about it. I repeat, I forgot all about it. My uncle will certainly call this the last straw. There will be no quarterly check for me on New Year's Day.

ROSE—What is the Warrior?

JOHN (*bursting out*)—The Warrior is a steam-frigate—first vessel of the British navy to be built entirely of iron. She's over six thousand tons burden, and she represents the beginning of a new era in iron.

ROSE (*adoringly*)—How splendid!

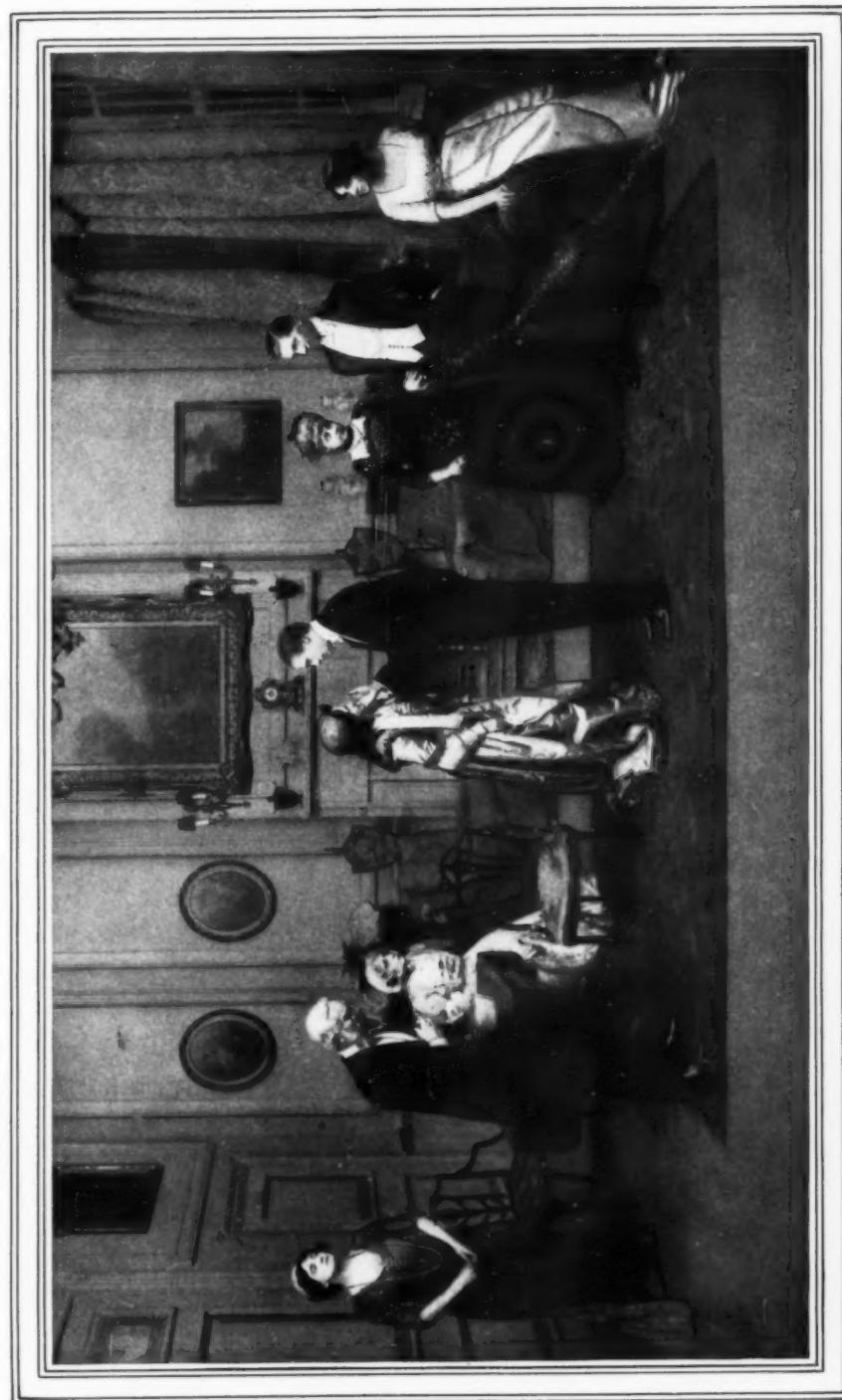
JOHN (*responding quickly to her mood*)—Ah, you agree with me!

ROSE (*enthusiastically*)—Of course! (*She breaks off self-consciously.*) Of course I agree with you.

JOHN (*after a slight pause—quickly*)—This 29th of December marks a great day in the history of the British navy.

SAMUEL (*with a slight, superior smile, trying to be gay*)—Nonsense! All this day marks is the folly of the Admiralty. You may take it as an absolute rule that whatever the Admiralty does is wrong. Always has been, always will be. The Great Eastern was the champion white elephant of the age. And now the Warrior has gone her one better.

JOHN—Sam, you don't know what you're saying. How can you talk about the Warrior when you've never even so much as laid eyes on the ship?



SCENE IN THE THIRD ACT OF "MILESTONES"—"WHY'S WRONG WITH IT? WHY SHOULDN'T MY MURIEL MARRY HER RICHARD?"

From a photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London

SAMUEL—Well, have *you*?

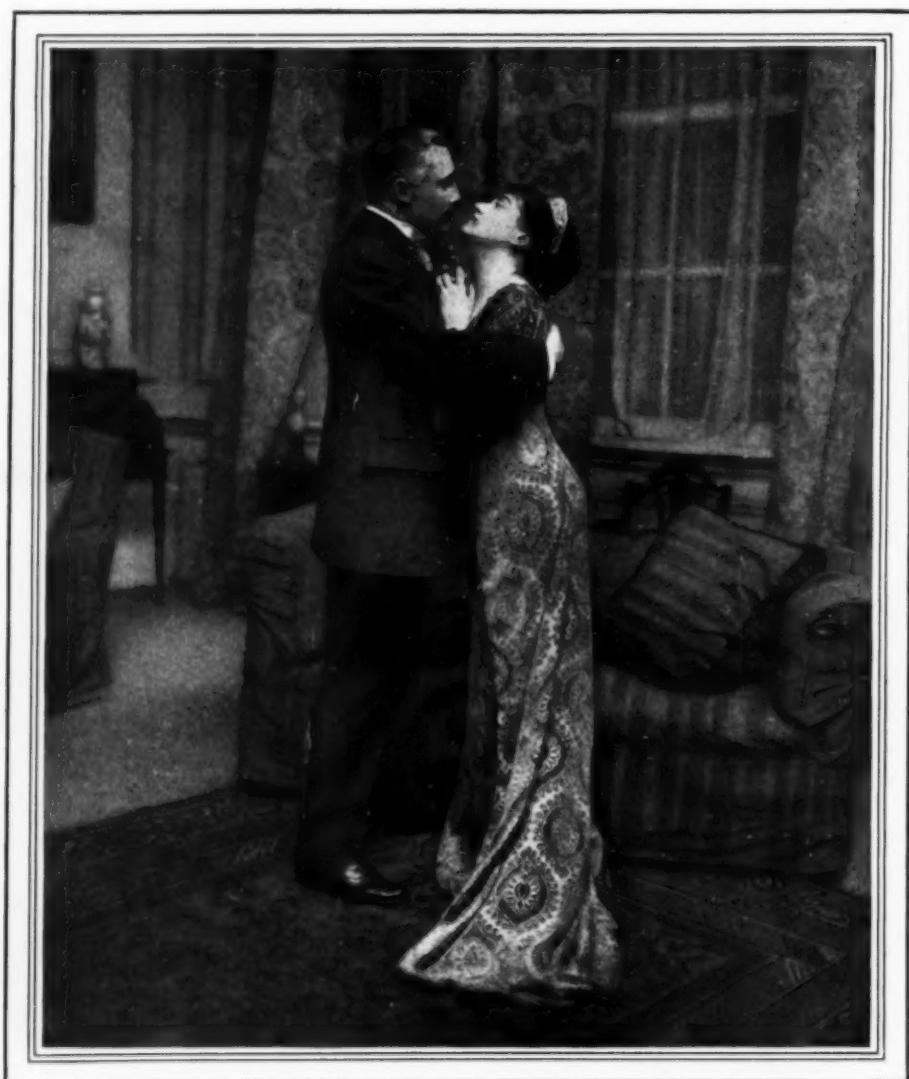
JOHN—Yes—I went to the launch to-day.

SAMUEL—You?

JOHN—I only said that because I couldn't stop to argue just then.

SAMUEL—So you said what wasn't so.

JOHN—I said what was necessary at the



LIONEL ATWILL AS ARTHUR PREUCE AND EVELYN WEDDON AS EMILY IN THE THIRD ACT OF
"MILESTONES" (PERIOD OF 1912)

From a photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London

MRS. RHEAD—Why did you go, John? You never said a word to me.

JOHN—I went on business.

SAMUEL—You told me you had an appointment with the bank.

moment. I wasn't going to leave you in the dark; never fear.

SAMUEL (*curtly controlling himself*)—I see. (*A slight pause, then Sam turns abruptly to Gertrude and says gently*) Come

and sing, dear. I haven't heard you sing for over a fortnight.

GERTRUDE (*moved by the quarrel—after a pause in a low voice*)—What shall I sing?

SAMUEL—Sing "Nita, Juanita."

GERTRUDE—No! I heard Mme. Sington Dolby sing it last week.

SAMUEL—Do—to please me. (*Gertrude turns toward the double doors and goes off in silence with Sam. Ned is about to follow instantly, but Mrs. Rhead stops him.*)

MRS. RHEAD (*whispering*)—Give them just one instant alone.

NED—I beg pardon. My innocence at fault. (*The song is heard.*) (A pause.) Is that long enough? (*Mrs. Rhead taps him, then she goes off after the others, followed by Ned. A slight pause.*)

ROSE (*moving toward the doors*)—What a lovely voice she has!

JOHN (*abruptly, closing the doors*)—I want to talk to you.

ROSE (*nervous and self-conscious*)—To me?

JOHN—I wish I'd asked you to come to that launch.

ROSE—Where was it?

JOHN—at Greenhithe; only two stations beyond the foundry. Would you have come?

ROSE—I should have loved to—if Gertrude had come too.

JOHN (*musing*)—You should have seen her go into the water—the wave she made! All that iron—and rivets! Iron, mind you! And then floats like a cork. I never was at a launch before, and it gave me a thrill, I can tell you. And I'm not easily thrilled, either.

ROSE (*adoringly, but restraining herself*)—I'm sure you're not. I do wish I'd seen it. It must have been almost sublime.

JOHN—You'd have understood. You'd have felt like I did. Do you know how I know that?

ROSE (*shaking her head*)—No—

JOHN—By the way you said "how splendid," when I was telling the others just now.

ROSE—Really?

JOHN—Fact! That gave me more encouragement in my schemes than any words I ever heard.

ROSE—Please don't say that. Gertrude is always on your side. She's so like you in every way.

JOHN—Yes, Gertrude's all right; but she's got no poetry in her. That's the dif-

ference between you and her. She's very go-ahead; but she doesn't feel. You feel.

ROSE (*breathless*)—Do I, John? (*She looks down.*)

JOHN—I'll tell you something—tears came into my eyes when that frigate took the water. Couldn't help it! (*Rose raises her eyes to his.*) In thirty years every big ship in the world will be built of iron. Very few people to-day believe in iron for ship-building, and I know there's a lot of silly, easy sarcasm about it—especially in the papers. But it's coming! It's coming!

ROSE (*religiously*)—I'm sure you're right.

JOHN—If only your father and your brother thought as you do!

ROSE (*faintly*)—Yes.

JOHN—I'm in the minority, you see; two partners against one. If my father had lived, I know which side he'd have been on! I shouldn't have been in the minority then.

ROSE—You'd have been equal.

JOHN (*enthusiastically*)—No! We should certainly have rolled your excellent father and brother straight into the Thames!

ROSE (*amiably protesting*)—Please—

JOHN (*smiling*)—Forgive me—you know what I mean, don't you?

ROSE—I love to see you when you are enthusiastic!

JOHN—It's so plain. We've got probably the largest iron foundry on Thames-side. But our business isn't increasing as quickly as it used to do. It can't. We've come to about the limit of expansion on present lines. Ship-building is simply waiting for us. There it is—asking to be picked up! We're in iron. We know all about iron. The ships of the future will be built of nothing but iron. And we're right in the middle of the largest port in the world. What more can any one want? But no! They won't see it! They—will—not—see—it!

ROSE—I wonder why they won't!

JOHN—Simply because they can't.

ROSE—Then one oughtn't to blame them.

JOHN—Blame them! Good Heavens, no! I don't blame them. I'm fond of them, and I rather feel for them. But that's just why I want to smash them to smithereens! They've got to yield. The people who live in the past *must* yield to the people who live in the future. Otherwise, the earth would begin to turn the other way round, and we

should be back again in the eighteenth century before we knew where we were, making for the Middle Ages.

ROSE—Then you think a conflict is unavoidable?

JOHN—Absolutely unavoidable! That's the point. It's getting nearer every hour. Why is your father not here to-night?

ROSE—I don't know, but I was afraid—

JOHN—I know and *Sam* knows. It must be because he has heard somehow of an enterprise I am planning, and the news has upset him. He's vexed.

ROSE—Poor dear old thing! Then you've started a scheme already?

JOHN (*nods*)—I have. But I can't carry it out alone.

ROSE—if there is one man in the world who could stand alone, I should have said you were that man.

JOHN—I know. That's the impression I give. And yet nobody ever needed help more than I do.

ROSE—What sort of help?

JOHN—Sympathy—understanding.

ROSE (*low*)—I see.

JOHN—Of course you see! And that's why I suddenly decided I must have a chat with you—this very night. It's forced on me. And I feel I'm rather forcing it on you. But I can't help it—honestly I can't. Rose, you're on my side, aren't you?

ROSE—I believe you're in the right.

JOHN—Would you like to see me win—(*silence*)—or lose?

ROSE—I don't think I could bear to see you beaten.

JOHN—Well, then, help me! When you look at me with that trustful look of yours, I can do anything—anything. No other woman's eyes ever had the same effect on me. It's only because you believe in me. No, that isn't the only reason; it isn't the chief reason. The chief reason is that I'm in love with you—there you have it!

ROSE (*sinking her head*)—Oh!

JOHN (*coming to her*)—Curious! I've known you all my life; but I wasn't aware of all that you meant to me, until these difficulties began. You're essential to me. You can't imagine how much depends on just you!

ROSE—Really?

JOHN—You're too modest, too womanly to realize it. Why, sometimes a tone of yours, a mere inflection, almost knocks me over—you aren't crying, surely? What are you crying for?

ROSE—It's too much for me, coming like this, with no warning.

JOHN—Rose, be mine! I'll work for you, I'll succeed for you. No woman in this country shall have a finer position than yours.

ROSE—I don't want a fine position—except for you.

JOHN—I'm not hard, really.

ROSE—But I like you to be hard. It's when you're inflexible and brutal that I like you the most.

JOHN—Then you do like me a little—sometimes? (*Kisses her hands*.)

ROSE—I can't help telling you. I didn't hope for this. Yes, I did. But the hope seemed absurd. Is this real—now?

JOHN—My love!

ROSE—John, you say I don't realize how much I mean to you. Perhaps I do, though. But it's impossible for *you* to realize how I want to give my life to you, to serve you. No *man* could realize that. A woman could. I shall be your slave. (*John looks at her with a little start*.) Yes, I know it sounds queer for me to be talking like this. But I must. It thrills me to tell you. I shall be your slave.

JOHN—Don't make me afraid, my darling!

ROSE—Afraid?

JOHN—Afraid of being unworthy.

ROSE—Please. (*A slight pause*.) Has the singing stopped?

JOHN—A long time ago.

ROSE—They'll be coming in, perhaps.

JOHN (*vaguely, without conviction*)—No.

ROSE—What will your mother and Gertrude say?

JOHN—You know as well as I do, they'll be absolutely delighted.

ROSE—And father?

JOHN (*alertly*)—Rose, you're mine, whatever happens?

ROSE—Oh, nothing must happen now! Nothing shall happen!

JOHN—But suppose I couldn't carry out my scheme without quarreling with your father? And he refused his consent to our being married?

ROSE—My heart would be yours forever and ever. But I couldn't marry without father's consent.

JOHN—But—

ROSE—I couldn't—

JOHN—Why not?

ROSE—It would not be right.

JOHN—But you love me?

ROSE—Yes, but I love father, too. And he's getting very old. And he's very dependent on me. In any case, to give me up would be a great sacrifice for him. To lose me against his will—well, I don't know what would happen!

JOHN—As things are just now, he's bound to refuse.

ROSE—But are you so sure he won't have anything to do with your scheme?

JOHN—You heard Sam!

ROSE—Yes; but you haven't discussed your plans very thoroughly with Sam. He seemed quite surprised.

JOHN—Suppose I speak to Sam to-night; tell him everything? At any rate, I shall know then where I stand.

ROSE—To-night?

JOHN—Now! I might win him over. Anyhow, he'll do what he can to make things smooth for us with your father—surely! After all, he's engaged to Gertrude!

ROSE—Just as you think best. And Sam's very fond of me, though he never shows it.

JOHN—Let me get it over now, instantly. Will you go in to the others? (*Rose looks at him in silence, then rises and goes to the double doors. John stops her and solemnly and passionately kisses her, then opens the doors and she passes through.*)

JOHN (*calling into the other room*)—I say, Sam! Mother, I want a word with Sam alone. (*Samuel enters by the double doors. John closes them behind him.*)

SAMUEL (*suspicious, and not over-friendly*)—What is it? Not business, I hope?

JOHN (*with a successful effort to be cordial*)—No, no!

SAMUEL (*following John's lead, and to make conversation*)—I was wondering what you and Rosie were palavering about.

JOHN—Samuel, you've gone right into the bull's-eye at the first shot—Sam. I've just been through a very awkward moment.

SAMUEL—Oh, I see! That's it, is it?

JOHN—I've made a proposal of marriage to my partner's sister. Startling, ain't it?

SAMUEL—No! If you care to know, I was talking to your mother about it last week.

JOHN—About what?

SAMUEL—About the betting odds—whether it was more likely to come off this year or next. Your mother was right, and I was wrong—by a couple of days.

JOHN (*startled*)—But you'd none of you the slightest ground. I've never shown—certainly Rose has never shown—

SAMUEL (*teasingly*)—No, of course not. But you know how people *will* gossip, and jump to conclusions, don't you? I know; I went through it myself, not very long ago either. I remember the clever way in which you all knew about it before I'd got half-way to the end of my first sentence.

JOHN—Sam, you're devilish funny!

SAMUEL—Even the dullest old Tory is funny once in his life. Am I right in assuming that Rose did not unconditionally refuse your offer?

JOHN—She did me the honor to accept it.

SAMUEL—I must confess I'm not entirely surprised that she didn't spurn you.

JOHN—All right, old cock. Keep it up. I don't mind. But when you're quite done, you might congratulate me.

SAMUEL (*not effusively*)—I do, of course.

JOHN—I suppose you'll admit, even as a brother, that I'd have to go rather far before I met a woman with half Rose's qualities.

SAMUEL—Yes, Rosie's all right. Of course she's cold; she hasn't got what I call poetry in her. That's the difference between her and Gertrude.

JOHN (*facing him*)—Do you honestly think Rose has no poetry in her? Rose?

SAMUEL—Easy does it, my tulip! Have it your own way!

JOHN (*good - humoredly*)—I suppose where sisters are concerned, all brothers are alike.

SAMUEL—Well, I'm looking at one. We're a pair.

JOHN—Shake! (*They shake hands, Sam rather perfunctorily.*) Now, Sam, I'm going to rely on you.

SAMUEL—What for?

JOHN—I don't think you had any fault to find with my attitude toward your engagement, had you? I welcomed it with both arms. Well, I want you to do the same with me.

SAMUEL—But, my dear fellow, I'm nobody in the affair. You're the head of a family; I'm not.

JOHN—But you have enormous influence with the head of a family, my boy.

SAMUEL (*rather falsely*)—Why! Are you anticipating trouble with the governor?

JOHN—I'm not anticipating it—but you know as well as I do—probably much bet-

ter—that he ain't very friendly disposed this last day or two. The plain truth is—he's sulking. Now why? Nothing whatever has passed between us except just every-day business.

SAMUEL—Well, the fact is, he suspects you're keeping something nasty up your sleeve for him.

JOHN—Has he told you?

SAMUEL (*somewhat pugnaciously*)—Yes, he has.

JOHN—And what is it I'm supposed to have up my sleeve?

SAMUEL—Look here, Jack. I'm not here to be cross-examined. If there's anything up your sleeve, you're the person to know what it is. It's not my sleeve we're talking about. Why don't you play with the cards on the table?

JOHN—I'm only too anxious to play with the cards on the table.

SAMUEL—Then it is business you really wanted to talk about, after all!

JOHN (*movement of irritation concealed*)—I expect your father's heard about me and Macleans, though how it's got abroad I can't imagine.

SAMUEL—Macleans? Macleans of Greenhithe?

JOHN—Yes. That's what's worrying the old man, isn't it?

SAMUEL—I don't know.

JOHN—He hasn't mentioned Macleans to you?

SAMUEL—He has not. He isn't a great talker, you know. He merely said to me he suspected you were up to something.

JOHN—And what did you say?

SAMUEL—Briefly, I said I thought you were. (*Disgustedly.*) But, by gad! I never dreamed you were hobnobbing with the Maclean gang.

JOHN—Macleans are one of the oldest ship-building firms in the south of England. I went to the launch to-day with Andrew Maclean.

SAMUEL—What's ship-building got to do with us?

JOHN—It's got nearly everything to do with us. Or it will have. Now listen, Sammy. I've arranged a provisional agreement for partnership between Macleans and ourselves.

SAMUEL—You've—

JOHN—Half a minute. Macleans are rather flattered at the idea of a connection with the august firm of Sibley, Rhead & Sibley.

SAMUEL—I should think they were. (*Walks away.*)

JOHN—The've had an output of over twenty-five thousand tons this year—all wood. Naturally they want to go in for iron. They'll pay handsomely for our help and experience. In fact, I've got a draft agreement, my boy, that is simply all in our favor.

SAMUEL—Did you seriously suppose—

JOHN—Let me finish. It's a brilliant agreement. In three years it'll mean the doubling of our business. And we shall have the satisfaction of being well established in the great industry of the future. Your father's old. I don't expect him to be very enthusiastic about a new scheme. But you're young, and you can influence him. He'll be retiring soon, and you and I will be together—just the two of us. We're marrying each other's sisters; and we shall divide an enormous fortune, my boy!

SAMUEL—And have you had the impudence to try to make an agreement behind our backs?

JOHN (*controlling himself*)—I've made no agreement. I've only got the offer. It's open to you to refuse or accept. I only held my tongue about it so as to keep the job as easy as possible.

SAMUEL—You had no right to approach any one without consulting us.

JOHN—I was going to tell you to-morrow; but I guessed from your father's attitude these last two days that something had leaked out. That's why I'm telling you first, Sam—to-night. Come now, look at the thing calmly—reasonably. Don't condemn it offhand. A very great deal depends on your decision—more than you think.

SAMUEL—I don't see that anything particular depends on my decision. If we refuse, we refuse; and we shall most decidedly refuse.

JOHN—But it's impossible you should be so blind to the future! Impossible!

SAMUEL—See here, John! Don't you make the mistake of assuming that any man who doesn't happen to agree with you is a blind fool. To begin with, it isn't polite. I know you *do* think we're blind, old-fashioned, brainless dolts, father and I. We've both felt that for some time.

JOHN—I think you're blind to the future of iron ships, that's all.

SAMUEL—Well, shall I tell you what we think of *you*? We think you've got a bee in your bonnet. That's all. We think

you're a faddist in the style of Ned Pym's noble uncle!

JOHN (*his lips curling*)—Me like Lord Monkhurst! Ha!

SAMUEL—Precisely. Don't you go and imagine that all the arguments are on one side. They aren't. Five-sixths of the experts in England have no belief whatever in the future of iron ships. You know that! Iron ships, indeed! And what about British oak? Would you build ships of the selfsame material as bridges? Why not stone ships, then? Oh, yes, I know there's a number of faddists up and down the land—anything in the nature of a novelty is always bound to attract a certain type of brain. Unfortunately, we happen to have that type of brain just now in the cabinet. I quite agree with my father that the country is going to the dogs. Another Reform Bill this year! And actually an attempt to repeal the paper duty. But, of course, people who believe in iron ships would naturally want to unsettle the industrial classes by a poisonous flood of cheap newspapers! However, we've had enough common sense left to knock both those schemes on the head; and I've no doubt the sagacity of the country will soon also put an end to this fantastic notion of iron ships.

JOHN (*quietly*)—I see!

SAMUEL—Oh, don't think I'm not fond of iron! Iron means as much to me as it does to you. But I flatter myself I can keep my balance. (*More quietly.*) We didn't expect this of you, John, with your intellect.

JOHN (*as before*)—Very well.

SAMUEL—I've made it clear, haven't I?

JOHN—Quite.

SAMUEL—That's all right.

JOHN (*still quietly*)—Only I shall dissolve partnership.

SAMUEL—Dissolve partnership? What for?

JOHN—I shall go on with Macleans alone.

SAMUEL—You don't mean it.

JOHN—I mean every single word of it! (*He rises. They look at each other.*)

SAMUEL—Then I can tell you one thing. You won't marry Rosie.

JOHN—Why sha'n't I marry Rosie?

SAMUEL—After such treachery!

JOHN (*raising his voice*)—Treachery! I merely keep my own opinion—I leave you to yours.

SAMUEL—Do you think father will let you drag Rose into this fatuous scheme of yours? Do you think he'll give his daughter to a traitor?

JOHN (*sarcastic and cold*)—Don't get on stilts. (*Then suddenly bursting out.*) And what has my marriage got to do with you? When I want your father's opinion, I'll go to your father for it.

SAMUEL—Don't try to browbeat me, John! I know my father's mind, and what's more, you know I know it. I repeat, my father will never let his daughter marry a—

JOHN (*shouting*)—Silence! (*Enter Mrs. Rhead by the double doors, followed by Ned Pym, Gertrude, and Rose. The women remain silent.*)

NED (*facetiously coming forward*)—Why silence? Go on. We've only come in because we thought it might interest us. What's it all about? A hint will suffice.

JOHN—Ned, you're a blundering donkey, and you will be a blundering donkey to the end of your life.

NED—My one desire is to please.

GERTRUDE (*coming to Sam, in a quiet, firm tone*)—Sam, what's the matter?

SAMUEL—Nothing! We must go! Rosie, get ready. (*Very respectfully, to Mrs. Rhead.*) I'm sorry to break up the evening.

GERTRUDE—But you can't go like this!

SAMUEL (*with deference*)—My dear Gertrude, please leave matters to your brother and me. You're a woman, and there are things—

GERTRUDE (*stopping him*)—It is possible I am a woman, but I'm a reasonable creature, and I intend to be treated as such.

MRS. RHEAD (*very upset*)—My dear child, remember you are speaking to your future husband.

GERTRUDE—That's just why I'm speaking as I am. I ask Sam what's the matter (*scornfully*) and he says "Nothing." Am I a child? Are we all children?

SAMUEL (*curtly*)—Come now, Rose!

GERTRUDE—And why must Rose go off like this? She's engaged to John.

SAMUEL—Who told you?

GERTRUDE—Her eyes told me when she came out of this room.

MRS. RHEAD—We all knew it, and no word said. We've been expecting it for weeks. (*Mrs. Rhead and Rose embrace.*)

SAMUEL—You are mistaken, Gertrude. Rose is not engaged to John, and she is not likely to be.

GERTRUDE—You object?

SAMUEL—I do, and I know my father will object.

GERTRUDE—You object to John for a brother-in-law? Why?—You might at least condescend to tell Rosie, if not me. It's an affair that rather interests her, you see.

SAMUEL—If you must know, John is going to leave our firm.

MRS. RHEAD—John?

SAMUEL—He thinks my father and I are old-fashioned, and so he's leaving us.

MRS. RHEAD—John! Leave the firm? Surely you're not thinking of breaking up Rhead & Sibley?

SAMUEL—Sibley, Rhead & Sibley.

MRS. RHEAD—It was Rhead & Sibley in my young days, when your father and John's were founding it. John, you can't mean it!

SAMUEL (*sarcastically*)—He's going to build iron ships.

GERTRUDE—And is that any reason why you should make poor Rosie unhappy and spoil her life?

SAMUEL—I do not propose to argue.

GERTRUDE—The man who does not propose to argue with me is not going to be my husband.

MRS. RHEAD—Gertrude!

GERTRUDE (*looking at Sam*)—I mean it. (*Sam bows.*)

MRS. RHEAD—Please don't listen to her, Sam!

SAMUEL—All my apologies, Mrs. Rhead.

GERTRUDE—And you, Rosie, what do you say to all this?

ROSE (*humbly and tearfully*)—I—I hardly understand. Sam, what is the matter?

JOHN (*coming to Rose*)—It's quite simple. I believe in the future of iron ships, and I have the courage of my convictions. Therefore you are not to be allowed to marry me. You see, the connection is perfectly clear. But you shall marry me, all the same!

SAMUEL (*confidently*)—You don't know my sister!

NED (*to Sam, facetiously*)—And you don't know John.

SAMUEL (*turning to Ned, firmly*)—Ned, go and order my carriage, there's a good fellow.

NED (*going off by the door into the hall*)—Oh, very well! (*He closes the door behind him.*)

MRS. RHEAD—John, John, why are you so set in your own ideas? Everything was going perfectly smoothly. We were all so happy. And now you must needs fall out with your partners over iron ships! Do you prefer your iron ships to Rose's happiness and your own? Is everything to be sacrificed to iron ships?

JOHN—There need be no question of sacrifice, if—

SAMUEL—If you can have it your own way. Of course! Mrs. Rhead, your son wants to risk the ruin of all of us. Now, so far as we Sibleys are concerned, we won't allow him to do so. If he still persists in his purpose, very well, that's *his* lookout. Only—he can hardly be surprised if Rose's family object to letting him make her his wife. One does not entrust one's daughter or one's sister to a traitor.

GERTRUDE—Sam, don't be childish!

SAMUEL (*drawing himself up*)—I beg your pardon.

MRS. RHEAD—John, I'm your mother. Listen to me. Give up this idea of yours. For my sake—for the sake of all of us.

JOHN—I cannot!

MRS. RHEAD—But if it means so much unhappiness?

JOHN—I should be ashamed of myself if I gave it up. I believe in it. It's my religion!

MRS. RHEAD—John, I beg you not to be profane.

JOHN (*a little quieter*)—I cannot give up my idea, mother! I should be a coward to give it up. I should be miserable for the rest of my days. I could never look any one in the face, not even my wife. (*Enter Ned from the hall.*)

NED (*to Sam, in a flunkie's voice*)—Carriage is waiting, my lord!

SAMUEL—Now, Rose! Good evening, Mrs. Rhead.

GERTRUDE—Just a moment. (*Drawing a ring off her finger.*) Ned, hand this ring to Mr. Sibley, with my compliments.

NED—Must I?

GERTRUDE—Yes!

NED (*taking the ring*)—The donkey becomes a beast of burden. (*Handing ring to Sam.*) Sam, you get this, but you lose something that's worth a lot more.

SAMUEL (*taking the ring*)—Of course, I have no alternative.

ROSE—Good-by, John!

MRS. RHEAD—John, she's going. Will you let her?

JOHN (*rigidly*)—I cannot give up my idea.

SAMUEL (*going into the hall as Rose stands hesitating*)—Come along, child! I'm waiting.

ROSE (*moving a step toward John*)—Stick to your idea! Let me go! I love you all the more for it!

JOHN—Don't worry, Rose! The future is on our side.

ROSE (*looking straight at him*)—I—
(*Her emotion gets the better of her; she turns quickly and hurries from the room.*)

GERTRUDE (*blankly, in spite of herself*)—The future! (*She sinks down on a sofa and bursts into sobs. John stands, looking after Rose.*)

(Curtain.)

ACT II—1885

The scene represents the same drawing-room as in Act I; but twenty-five years have passed. We are now in the year 1885. Consequently great changes have occurred. The furniture has been rearranged and added to. The flowered carpet of the first act has given place to an Indian carpet. There are new ornaments among some of the old ones. The room is overcrowded with furniture, in the taste of the period.

It is about four o'clock of an afternoon in June. The curtains are drawn back and the sun is shining brightly outside. (Rose Sibley, now Mrs. John Rhead, forty-six years of age and dressed in the fashion of 1885, her hair slightly gray at the temples, is seated writing some notes at a desk near the windows. Ned Pym enters from the hall, followed by John Rhead. The former has developed into a well-preserved, florid, slightly self-sufficient man of forty-six. The latter, now fifty, has not changed so much physically except that his hair is gray and his features have become much firmer. But his manner has grown even more self-assured than it was in the first act. He is, in fact, a person of authority; the successful man whose word is law.)

JOHN—Oh, you are there, Rosie! I've brought a person of importance to see you.

ROSE (*rising*)—Ned! (*They shake hands.*)

NED—Now please don't say what you were going to say.

ROSE—And what was I going to say?

NED—That I'm quite a stranger since I came into the title.

ROSE (*curtsying and teasing*)—Lord Monkhurst, we are only too flattered. I was merely going to say that you look younger than ever.

NED (*seriously*)—Don't I? That's what every one says. Time leaves me quite unchanged, don't you know.

JOHN—In every way. How old are you, Ned?

NED (*with a sigh*)—Well, I shall never see thirty again.

JOHN—What about forty?

NED—Or forty, either; but my proud boast is I'm nearer forty than fifty.

JOHN—Well, it can only be by a couple of months.

NED—Sh! It's a lot more than you say, Jack.

JOHN—I was fifty in April. There's just five years' difference between us.

ROSE (*to Ned*)—You look more like John's son.

NED—Say nephew; don't be too hard on him.

ROSE—But I do wish you would go out of mourning. It doesn't suit you.

NED—Not these beautiful continuations?

ROSE—No!

NED—Well, I'm awfully sorry; but I can't oblige you yet. Please remember I've got three sudden deaths to work off. I think that when a man loses a harsh but beloved uncle in a carriage accident, and two amiable cousins through a misunderstanding about toadstools, all in twelve months, why, the least he can do is to put himself unreservedly into the hands of his tailor!

ROSE—I—

JOHN (*stopping her, kindly, but rather tyrannically*)—Now enough of this graceful badinage. Ned and I are here on business. What are you up to, there, Rose?

ROSE (*with eager submissiveness*)—I was doing the invitations for the dinner, or rather for the reception.

JOHN—Good! I've got some more names in my study. You'd better come in there with me.

ROSE—Yes, love.

NED—Am I invited to this dinner? I generally get very hungry about eight o'clock at night.

Rose (teasing)—Yes, I think I put you down. It's our wedding-day.

Ned—Don't tell me how long you've been married. It would age me!

Rose—Considering that we have a daughter who is turned twenty-two.

John—Yes, Ned, you must face the facts bravely. Old Mr. Sitley died in January, 1860—

Rose—Sixty-one, love.

John (after a frown at being corrected)—Sixty-one; and we were married in June of the following year. Surely you recall the face Sam pulled when he gave my little Rosie away!

Rose—But, love, it was a great concession for him to give me away at all, wasn't it?

John—Oh, yes!

Rose—By the bye, he's coming up to town this afternoon.

John—What, here?

Ned—Oh! But I ought to see old Sam.

Rose—Stay for tea, and you'll see him and his wife, too.

Ned—His wife? His what did you say?

Rose—Now, Ned, it's no use pretending you don't know all about it.

Ned—I remember hearing a couple of years ago, before I went to India, that Sam had staggered his counting-house by buying one of these new typewriting machines, and getting a young woman to work it for him.

Rose—That's the person. Her name is Nancy.

Ned—Is it? Only fancy; Nancy, Nancy, in the counting-house! I say, are these girl clerks, or clerk girls, going to be a regular thing? What's coming over the world?

John (shakes his head)—Passing craze! Goes with all this votes-for-women agitation and so on. You'll see, it won't last a year—not a year! Of course, Sam—susceptible bachelor of fifty and over—just the man to fall a victim. Inevitable!

Rose—She's a very well-meaning, honest creature.

Ned—You intimate with her, Rose?

Rose—I went to see her several times after she had her baby. They're living at Brockley.

Ned—Baby! Brockley! No more typewriting, then! The typewriter has served its turn—eh? Of course it was a great catch for her.

John—Yes, but it wouldn't have been if Samuel hadn't sold out.

Ned—How much did he retire with, about?

John—Well, you see he was losing three thousand a year. He got twenty thousand pounds net cash.

Ned—I'm not a financier, but twenty thousand cash in exchange for a loss of three thousand a year doesn't seem so bad! Think of the money he'd have made, though, if he'd taken up with your ideas!

John (ironically)—You recollect the folly of iron ships? And the bee in my bonnet? (*Laughs.*) There were only four wooden steamships built in this country last year. The rest were iron; and I was responsible for half a dozen of 'em.

Ned—What's all this talk about steel for ships?

John (disdainfully)—Just talk.

Ned—Well, of course, if you're building at the rate of six steamers a year, I can understand your generosity in the matter of subscriptions.

Rose—He is generous, isn't he?

Ned—Told your wife about your latest contribution?

John—No, I was just going to.

Rose (proudly)—John tells me everything.

John—And Rosie always approves, don't you, Rosie? Ah! The new generation can't show such wives.

Rose (eagerly)—Well?

Ned—I've decided to give ten thousand pounds to the party funds—politics, you know.

Ned—You see, it's to save the country. That's what it amounts to practically, in these days. I know, since I've gone into politics.

Rose—How noble! I'm so glad, John!

Ned—And the great secret—shall I tell her, or will you, Jack?

John—Go on.

Ned—How would you like your husband to be a baronet, Rose?

Rose—A baronet?

Ned—Sir John Rhead, Bart., and Lady Rhead!

Rose (ecstatic)—Is he going to be?

Ned—As soon as our side comes into power—and we shall be in power in a month. John'll be on the next honors' list.

Rose—In a month!

Ned—The budget's bound to be thrown out. They're trying to increase the taxes on beer and spirits—I've studied the question deeply. I know what will happen.

ROSE—How magnificent!

JOHN—Then you approve? (*Rose kisses John fondly.*) That's all we called in for, just to make sure.

ROSE (*weeping*)—I—

JOHN—What's the matter?

ROSE—I'm only sorry we haven't had a son.

NED—There, there! I'm sure you did your best, Rose.

ROSE (*to John*)—Are they making you a baronet because you're giving ten thousand to the party funds?

NED—My dear woman! Of course not! That's pure coincidence.

ROSE (*convinced*)—Oh!

NED—Your beloved John will be made a baronet solely on account of his splendid services to commerce. Doesn't he deserve it?

ROSE—No one better. Do you know, I can scarcely believe it. Who—? Tell me all about it.

JOHN—Well, it's thanks to Ned in the first place.

ROSE—To Ned?

NED (*pretending to be hurt*)—You needn't be so surprised, Rose. You seem to be unaware that I've gone into politics. Don't you read the newspapers?

ROSE—No, I leave the newspapers to my daughter.

NED—if you did, you'd know that I made a sensation in the Indian debate, in the House of Lords. All that Afghanistan business, don't you know.

ROSE—Really!

NED—Oh, I became quite a nob, at once. Bit of luck me having gone to India, wasn't it? I'd spent the best part of a month in India; so, of course, I knew all about it.

ROSE (*solemnly*)—Of course.

NED—The leader of the opposition said I had a great future!

JOHN—No doubt.

NED (*simply*)—I shall specialize on India and the navy. You see, my father having been a rear-admiral, I ought to be familiar with the subject. If fellows like me don't begin to take an interest in our neglected navy, England'll be playing second fiddle to Russia in five years' time. Mark my word, in 1890. In 1890!

ROSE—Perhaps you'll be in the government some day?

NED—There's no "perhaps" about it. I shall! There's only one difficulty.

ROSE—What's that?

NED (*mysteriously and important*)—I'm told I ought to marry.

JOHN (*rather self-consciously*)—Nothing simpler.

NED—I know! I've had seventeen indirect offers this last six months, and that's a fact.

ROSE—None suitable?

NED—I'm afraid of 'em. It's no joke marrying a perfect stranger. I want somebody I know—somebody I've known all my life, or at least all hers.

ROSE—And can't you find her?

NED—I can. I have found her.

ROSE—Who is it, may one ask?

NED—Jack knows.

JOHN (*turning to Rose and clearing his throat*)—Ned would like to marry into our family, Rose.

NED (*eagerly*)—You know I've been dead sweet on Emily for a couple of years, at least.

ROSE (*after a pause*)—I know you're very fond of her, and she of you.

NED (*as above*)—You think she is, really?

ROSE—But it seems so queer.

JOHN (*peremptorily*)—How queer? We're respectable enough for the young rascal, aren't we?

ROSE—Of course. It would be ideal—ideal! My poor little Emily!

NED—Well, I've got that off my chest. I'll be moving. I must be at the Carlton at three thirty to settle up John's business with the panjandrum.

ROSE—You'll come back for tea. She'll be here. (*Enter from the hall Emily and Gertrude. Both are dressed to go out. Emily is a handsome girl of twenty-two. She has fine qualities, combining her father's pluck with her mother's loving nature; but she has been rather spoiled by her parents. Gertrude follows. She has grown into a faded, acidy spinster with protective impulses for her niece, Emily, on whom she spends all her suppressed maternal feelings.*)

EMILY (*slightly disconcerted*)—Why, father! How is it you aren't at the works this afternoon, earning our bread and butter?

JOHN (*delighted*)—Such impertinence!

ROSE—Emily, I really wonder at you! What your grandmother Rhead would have said to such manners if she'd been alive, I daren't think. And Lord Monhurst here, too!

EMILY—Well, mama, you see, grandmother isn't alive! (*To Ned, who, after shaking hands with Gertrude, advances toward her.*) And as for dear old Uncle Ned—(*Ned, John, and Rose are all somewhat put about by this greeting. Ned hesitates, his hand half out.*) Aren't you going to shake hands, then?

NED (*shaking hands*)—Why "uncle"? You've never called me uncle before!

EMILY—Haven't I? It seems to suit you.

NED—I'm severely wounded. I shall retire into my wigwam until you make it up to me.

ROSE—You really are very pert, Emily!

EMILY (*affectionately*)—I should have thought you would adore being my uncle. I'm sure I like you lots more than I like Uncle Sam, for instance.

NED—That's better! I'm peeping out of my wigwam now. Only I won't be your uncle. I won't be anybody's uncle. I don't mind being your cousin, if that's any use to you.

GERTRUDE (*sharply*)—He's afraid of being taken for the same age as your auntie, darling.

NED (*to Gertrude*)—Half a moment, Gertrude, and I'll try to think of a compliment that will turn your flank.

GERTRUDE—My flank, Ned?

NED—I mean—

EMILY (*to her parents and Ned*)—Where were you all off to?

ROSE—Your father and I are going to the study.

NED—And I'm going on an errand, but I sha'n't be long.

JOHN—And may we ask where you and Auntie Gertrude are off to, Miss Inquisitive?

GERTRUDE—Oh, Mr. Preece is calling for us, to take us to the Royal Acadamy.

EMILY—And then we shall have tea at the new Hotel Métropole, in Northumberland Avenue. It's the very latest thing.

JOHN (*in a different tone*)—Preece? But he was here last Sunday.

EMILY—Yes, it was then we arranged it.

JOHN—I don't like the idea of your seeing so much of Preece. And your mother doesn't like it, either.

ROSE—No, indeed!

GERTRUDE—But why not? He's the cleverest man in your works. You've often said so.

JOHN—He may be the cleverest man in

my works, but he isn't going to be the cleverest man in my house. Who gave him leave to take half a day off, I should like to know?

GERTRUDE—He said he had business in the West End.

EMILY (*to Ned*)—Now if you want to make yourself useful as a cousin, please explain to these called-so parents that they oughtn't to spoil me one day, and rule me with a rod of iron the next. It's not fair. It's very bad for my disposition.

NED (*to John*)—Is this man about town the same Preece you were telling me of?

EMILY—There you are, you see! He tells every one about Mr. Preece. He's as proud as Punch of Mr. Preece.

JOHN (*more kindly*)—Arthur Preece is a youth that I discovered in my drawing-office. Last year I took out a patent for him for bending metal plates at a low temperature; and it's attracted some attention. But our relations are purely business.

GERTRUDE—Still, it was you who first asked him to the house.

JOHN (*dryly*)—It was. And Rose kept him for tea. It's all our fault, as usual. However (*rising*) you'll kindly tell Master Preece that you can't give yourselves the pleasure of his society this afternoon.

EMILY—But why?

JOHN (*continuing*)—And if he's obstreperous, inform him that I am in my study, and rather anxious to know exactly what his business in the West End is.

EMILY (*insisting*)—But why, father?

JOHN (*firmly*)—Simply because your mother and I wish you to be in this afternoon. Uncle Sam and Aunt Nancy are coming, for one thing.

EMILY (*disdainfully*)—Uncle Sam! Aunt Nancy!

ROSE—Emily! I won't have you bandying words with your father; you seem to have lost all sense of respect.

EMILY (*to Ned, angrily*)—Aren't they tyrants? (*She goes to a little table and takes off her bonnet, in a quick, annoyed way.*)

ROSE (*very politely and nicely, to Gertrude*)—Gertrude, if you aren't going out, could you come into the study about those addresses?

GERTRUDE (*somewhat snappishly, taking Emily's bonnet*)—Of course! (*She goes out quickly.*)

JOHN (*to Ned*)—Well, you've got to be off, then, for the moment. (*All are near the*

door now, except Emily, who is drawing off her gloves savagely.)

ROSE (*in a low voice, to Ned*)—Till tea, then! (*She goes out, nodding her head significantly.*)

NED (*hesitating*)—Yes. (*To John.*) But I must just kiss the hand of this new cousin of mine first.

JOHN (*in a peculiar tone*)—Oh! All right! (*He follows Rose.*)

NED (*going up to Emily, whose face is turned away ingratiatingly*)—Now, I'm not included in this frown, am I?

EMILY (*facing him and bursting out*)—But don't you think it's a shame, seriously?

NED—Of course, if you've promised Mr. Preece, and don't want to disappoint him—

EMILY (*with false lightness*)—Oh, Mr. Preece is nothing to me! Only I do want to know where I am. The fact is they let me do as I like in little things, and they're frightfully severe in big things. Not really big things, but—you know—

NED—Middling big things.

EMILY—After all, I'm twenty-two.

NED—A mature age!

EMILY (*huffily*)—Oh! Naturally you take their side!

NED—Honor bright, I don't! I tell you I feel far more like your age than theirs. I'm much younger than your father—much! That's why I don't like being called uncle.

EMILY—Really?

NED—Really.

EMILY (*confidentially*)—And there's another thing. They oughtn't to treat Auntie Gertrude like that, ought they? She's got more brains than anybody else here.

NED—Than your father?

EMILY—No, not than father. I meant mother, and Uncle Sam, and me—and you—

NED—I see!

EMILY—Who is it runs the house? You don't suppose it's mother, do you? Mother is absorbed in father, quite absorbed in him. No! It's auntie does everything. And yet she's nobody, simply nobody. She arranges to take me out, and they stop it without so much as apologizing to her.

NED—Well, you see, she's an old maid.

EMILY—I don't care whether she's an old maid or not; she's the only friend I have. Father and mother are most awfully fond of me, and all that, and mother is sweet, isn't she? But still that makes no difference. There are two camps in this house; they're in one, and auntie and I are

in the other. And I tell you we have to be regular conspirators, in self-defense. Of course, I'm trusting you.

NED (*who has been playing with a book picked up from a table*)—You may.

EMILY—For instance, they won't let me read Ouida. They don't even like auntie to read Ouida.

NED—This isn't Ouida.

EMILY—I know it isn't. That's William Black. They're always throwing William Black at me, and I hate him! I want to read Ouida.

NED—You must wait till you're married.

EMILY—I won't! And I do so want to go to the Hotel Métropole.

NED—I thought it was the Royal Academy.

EMILY—The Academy, too.

NED—Look here, Emily. Suppose I arrange a little theater-party?

EMILY—Not with father and mother! They'll want to go to something silly.

NED—No. Just your auntie and me—and you, of course.

EMILY—Will you?

NED—Rather!

EMILY—You're quite coming out. But will they allow it?

NED—You bet they will.

EMILY—Where?

NED—Anywhere you like.

EMILY—Do you know "The Mikado's" been running three months, and I haven't seen it yet?

NED—Here's a how d'you do! The Savoy, then.

EMILY—Oh! Hurrah! Hurrah! Thanks; you are a dear.

NED (*pleased*)—Am I? That's all right, then. *Au revoir!* (*Turns to the door.*)

EMILY (*calling him back*)—Cousin! (*She beckons him to come to her.*) What's this secret between you and father and mother?

NED—What secret?

EMILY (*crossly*)—Now you needn't pretend. I could see it as plain as anything when I came in; and when they went out, too, for that matter.

NED—I can't stand being bullied.

EMILY—Tell me, and I won't bully you.

NED (*solemnly*)—You're going to be related to a baronet.

EMILY (*disturbed*)—They don't want me to marry a baronet, do they?

NED—Foolish creature! No. It's the opposite camp that's about to receive a title.

EMILY (*delighted*)—Father—a baronet!
NED—I'm just off to make the final arrangements now.

EMILY—Truly?
NED—Don't be misled by my modest exterior. I'm a terrific nob—really. (*He turns to go.*)

EMILY (*as he is going*)—Didn't you say something about kissing my hand? One of your jokes, I suppose. (*Ned comes and kisses it, then hurries to the door. As he opened it he looks back and says "The Mikado," and hurries out. Emily stands a moment lost in thought, a smile on her lips. Then she hums, quite unconsciously, "For he's going to marry Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum!" Goes back to the table on which the William Black is lying, picks it up, opens it, reads a bit, then flings the book aside, muttering in disgust, "Black!" Thompson enters. He has grown old in the service of the Rheads.*)

THOMPSON (*announcing*)—Mr. Preece. (*He withdraws. Arthur Preece enters. His age is twenty-five; he is a man of the clerk class, whose talent and energy have made him what he is. He is full of enthusiasm, earnest, but with a rough sense of humor. Rather short and stocky in figure, but important. His clothes are neat and useful, but very simple.*)

PREECE (*excited*)—Good afternoon, Miss Rhead. I'm afraid I'm a little early.

EMILY (*putting on the manner of a woman of the world*)—Not at all, Mr. Preece. I'm sure Auntie Gertrude will be delighted.

PREECE (*vaguely*)—She's not here now, your aunt?

EMILY (*looking round*)—No.
PREECE (*eagerly*)—I wonder if I should have time to tell you something before she comes in. It isn't that it's a secret; but nobody knows yet, and I should like you to be the first.

EMILY—How very kind of you, Mr. Preece!

PREECE—I've only just known it myself.
EMILY—It seems to be very thrilling.

PREECE—It is, rather. It's just this. I've succeeded in making mild steel nearly five per cent lighter than it's ever been made before. Nearly five per cent lighter, and no extra cost!

EMILY—Really! How much is five per cent?

PREECE—It's one-twentieth part. You know, it's enormous.

EMILY—I suppose it is.

PREECE—I dare say you don't quite realize what it means—this enormous change in the specific gravity. But it is enormous.

EMILY—What is specific gravity? In a word?

PREECE—It's—well, now supposing—do you mind if I explain that to you some other time? I'd like to, awfully!

EMILY—Oh! Any time!
PREECE—It's quite O. K., you know. And the thing comes to this. Assume the steel for a biggish ship cost twenty thousand pounds. Under my new process you'd get the same result with steel that weighed about a twentieth less and cost, roughly, nineteen thousand pounds. Net saving of one thousand pounds!

EMILY (*impressed*)—And did you—
PREECE (*continuing*)—And not only that. As the hull weighs so much less, you can carry a proportionately heavier cargo in the same bottom.

EMILY—Well, I never heard of such a thing! And am I really the first to know?

PREECE—You are.
EMILY—And you found out this all alone?

PREECE—Oh, yes! Except the manager, nobody has any idea of what I've been experimenting on.

EMILY—Not even father?
PREECE—No.
EMILY—I suppose he knows you are experimenting.
PREECE—Of course. That's my job. That's what he took me out of the drawing-office for. I'm always experimenting on something.

EMILY—I expect you're what they call an inventor.

PREECE (*humorously*)—I expect I am. (*Eagerly.*) I'd practically finished this experiment a week ago; but I had to make sure whether there was any manganese left in the steel. I've been getting a friend at the City and Guilds of London Institute to analyze it for me—you know, the big, red building in Exhibition Road. I've just come from there.

EMILY—So that was your business in the West End? (*Preece nods.*) I'm sure auntie and I hadn't an idea it was anything half so romantic.

PREECE—It is romantic, isn't it?

EMILY—No wonder you're so excited.
PREECE—Am I? Well, I don't care! It's all right. That's all I care about.

Here's a bit of the steel now. (*He offers her a small sample.*)

EMILY—Is it for me? May I keep it?

PREECE—I want you to.

EMILY—Rather a strange thing for a girl to keep, isn't it?

PREECE—You don't mind—

EMILY—I'd part with all my jewelry before I parted with this. D'you know, it makes me feel very proud! And when I think of poor old father not knowing anything about it—

PREECE—I shall tell him to-morrow, if he can spare time to see me.

EMILY—Spare time to see *you*—why?

PREECE—Oh, you don't know, but Mr. Rhead's a sort of crowned head on the works. You can't walk into his office as if it was a public house, I can tell you.

EMILY—But it's so important for him.

PREECE—Rather! Much more important for him than for me.

EMILY—Why?

PREECE—Under our agreement. Our agreement has five years to run yet, and during that time everything I do belongs to the firm. I only get a percentage on whatever my inventions bring in.

EMILY—What percentage?

PREECE—Ten. For every hundred pounds' profit, I get ten pounds and the firm gets ninety.

EMILY—But what a frightful shame! It ought to be the other way about—you ninety pounds and the firm ten.

PREECE—Oh, no! It's fair enough, really! They pay me a very good salary. And you must remember, if Mr. Rhead hadn't taken me out of the drawing-office, I should be there now, getting two pounds a week!

EMILY—I don't care! I think it's a frightful shame. I shall tell father.

PREECE (*half playfully*)—Please don't, unless you want to ruin me with him. I owe just about everything to your father.

EMILY—But it's so horribly unfair.

PREECE—Oh, no, I assure you. I shall have all the money I want, and more. And it will always be *my* invention. That's the point.

EMILY—Then you don't care for money?

PREECE—Yes, I do. I want enough. In fact, I want a good deal. But what's interesting is to *do* things, and to do 'em better and quicker, and less clumsily than ever they were done before. If I can make nineteen tons of steel do the work of twenty—

well, I reckon I've accomplished something for the world.

EMILY—I like that. It's very original.

PREECE—Not my notion, you know. I'm a disciple of William Morris.

EMILY—Oh! He's a poet, isn't he?

PREECE—You should read "The Earthly Paradise."

EMILY—I should love to.

PREECE—if people would read a bit more William Morris, and less of these silly gimcrack novels about lords and actresses—Ouida and so on—What's the matter?

EMILY—Nothing. (*With a certain self-satisfaction.*) William Black's silly, too, isn't he?

PREECE—Of course.

EMILY (*firmly*)—I'm going to read "The Earthly Paradise."

PREECE—Let me lend it you. I've got a signed copy, from the author.

EMILY—You know an author?

PREECE—I know William Morris. I was up at his stable last night.

EMILY—His stable?

PREECE—He gives lectures in a stable behind his house at Hammersmith. I wish you'd heard him pitching into the House of Lords—"a squad of dukes."

EMILY—But why?

PREECE—Oh, because they aren't interested in the right thing.

EMILY—What is the right thing?

PREECE—The right thing is to make the world fit to live in.

EMILY—But isn't it?

PREECE—Have you ever been to the East End?

EMILY—I did some slumming once, just to see; but I was so ashamed to go into their awful houses, that I never tried again.

PREECE (*getting up, excited*)—That's grand! That's grand! That's just how I feel. Every one feels like that that's got any imagination and any sense of justice. We ought to be ashamed of the East End. At least the governing classes ought. Not for the poor, but for themselves. They ought to go and get buried if they can't govern better than that.

EMILY (*after a pause, rising as in thought; moved*)—But how are you going to change it?

PREECE—Not by slumming, that's a certainty. You can only change it by getting some decent laws passed, and by playing fair, and doing your job, and thinking a great deal less about eating and drinking,

and fine clothes, and being in the swim, and all that sort of nonsense. Do you know what I am going to do as soon as I can afford? I'm going to be a member of Parliament.

EMILY (*low*)—Why did you offer to take us to the Hotel Métropole?

PREECE (*confused*)—I thought you'd like it. I—I—

EMILY—You despise it yourself.

PREECE—I'm human.

EMILY—But—(*She draws close to him.*)

PREECE—I'm very ambitious. I want a whole lot of things. But if I thought I could find some one—find a woman, who—who feels as I feel; who'd like before everything to help to make the world decent, I'd—

EMILY—I—(*Profoundly stirred, she falls into his arms.*)

PREECE—Emily! (*He kisses her long, holding her close.*)

EMILY (*gently releases herself and walks away. With effort*)—I haven't told you. I forgot. Father doesn't wish me to go out with you this afternoon. He's here now, in the study. (*Gertrude enters from the hall, without her bonnet this time.*)

GERTRUDE—Good afternoon, Mr. Preece. (*They shake hands. To Emily.*) I suppose you—er—told Mr. Preece that the excursion is countermanded? (*She goes to the fireplace.*)

EMILY—Yes, Mr. Preece was just going. (*Gently.*) Good afternoon. (*She holds out her hand to Preece, who hesitates. Emily repeats in firmer tone.*) Good afternoon. (*In a tender voice.*) Please! (*With a smile.*) Another time! (*Preece shakes hands and, bowing to Gertrude, retires. As he departs Gertrude rings the bell by the fireplace.*)

GERTRUDE—Well, I've been catching it, I can tell you!

EMILY (*shaken*)—What about?

GERTRUDE—About you. They simply asked me to go into the study so that I could be talked to—for your good, my girl.

EMILY—They weren't rude, were they?

GERTRUDE—You know your mother's almost always most considerate. She's an angel; but your father rubbed it in finely. How many times had you seen the young man? If ever alone? What on earth was I thinking of? What on earth was your mother doing to have noticed nothin'? As if your mother ever noticed anything! And so on! Of course, I told them pretty

straight that they were making a most ridiculous fuss about nothing.

EMILY—Well, I've let him kiss me!

GERTRUDE—You've let him kiss you? When?

EMILY—Just now—here.

GERTRUDE—But what—

EMILY—Don't ask me. I don't know, I really don't; but I've felt it coming for some time.

GERTRUDE—Do you mean to say he walked in here and proposed to you straight off, and you accepted him?

EMILY—I didn't accept him, because he didn't propose. He was talking about his ideas.

GERTRUDE—What ideas?

EMILY (*with a vague gesture*)—Oh, about the world in general, and all that he means to do. He's made another marvelous invention, only no one knows except me. It was the excited way he talked—somehow—I couldn't help it—before I knew what we were doing, he'd got his arms round me.

GERTRUDE (*rather sternly, in spite of her tender feeling*)—Well, Emily, I must say I'm very much surprised.

EMILY—So am I.

GERTRUDE—Of course you're engaged to him?

EMILY—Am I?

GERTRUDE—And it'll be all my fault. However, it's got to be seen through to the end now.

EMILY—He has very strange ideas. They sound splendid when he's explaining them; but d'you know, he thinks Ouida's silly!

GERTRUDE—Does he?

EMILY—And he really doesn't care about money and fashion and all that sort of thing. He despises going to the Hotel Métropole. He only offered to go there because he thought it would please our horrid little minds. I was so ashamed.

GERTRUDE—But surely you knew all this before—at least, you guessed it?

EMILY—I didn't, auntie. I never thought about his ideas, never! I just—

GERTRUDE—You just simply fell into his arms as soon as you heard them, that's all. Well, surely in that case, you must admire these ideas of his tremendously. (*She sits in an armchair.*)

EMILY—I don't know. Yes. I admire them, but—

GERTRUDE—Listen, young woman! Are you in love with him, or aren't you?

EMILY—I—I—How can you tell whether you're in love with a man or not?

GERTRUDE—Supposing you were alone with him here, now—would you let him kiss you again? (*Pause.*)

EMILY—I—

GERTRUDE—Now, out with it!

EMILY—I shouldn't be able to stop him, should I?

GERTRUDE—That's enough.

EMILY—Yes. But then, what about father? He would be frightfully angry, I can see that. Oh, I do hate unpleasantness, auntie. And Mr. Preece's ideas are really very peculiar.

GERTRUDE (*after a look at Emily*)—Listen, Emily! I was once engaged to be married.

EMILY—Oh, auntie! I always knew you must have been. Do tell me. Who was it?

GERTRUDE—Your Uncle Sam.

EMILY (*staggered*)—Not Uncle Sam?

GERTRUDE—You're surprised, naturally. Remember, it was twenty-five years ago; Uncle Sam was a splendid fellow then. He's old now. We're all old, except you—and Mr. Preece. You've got the only thing worth having, you two.

EMILY (*sitting at Gertrude's feet*)—What's that?

GERTRUDE—Youth. Your Uncle Sam lived the miserable life of a bachelor till he was fifty. He'd have been a very different man if I'd married him. And I should have been a very different woman.

EMILY—Why did you break it off?

GERTRUDE—I broke it off because there were difficulties; and because I thought his ideas were peculiar; and because I hated unpleasantness. And now look at me! Couldn't I have ruled a house and a family? Couldn't I have played the hostess? (*In another tone.*) To-day the one poor little joy I have in life is to pretend I'm your mother. Look at my position here. I'm only—

EMILY (*passionately*)—Oh, auntie, don't! I can't bear to hear you say it. I know!

GERTRUDE—We were opposite in every way, your uncle and I, but I—I loved him.

EMILY (*softly*)—Do you still love him, auntie?

GERTRUDE (*in a flat tone of despair*)—No! Love dies out.

EMILY (*after a moment*)—Why didn't you marry somebody else?

GERTRUDE—There was nobody else.

There never is anybody else when you've made the mistake I made. Marry! I could have chosen among a dozen men; but they were all the wrong men. Emily! Fancy pouring out tea every day of your life for the wrong man. Every breakfast-time—every afternoon! And there he sits, and nothing will move him. Think of that, Emily—think of that. (*A pause.*)

EMILY (*embracing her again*)—Oh, auntie! I love you awfully!

GERTRUDE—You must show some courage, my girl. Don't be afraid of anything—and especially not of arguments and threats. What does unpleasantness matter, after all? It's over in a month; but a mistake lasts forever.

EMILY—You'll help me?

GERTRUDE—That's all I live for. (*She kisses Emily tenderly.*) Is that Sam's voice? (*Thompson enters.*)

THOMPSON (*announcing*)—Mr. and Mrs. Sibley. (*He retires. Samuel Sibley and his wife Nancy enter. Samuel, who is now fifty-three, has grown into a rather flabby nonentity, gray-haired, with longish side-whiskers and glasses. His manner is important and fussy. Nancy is a buxom Yorkshire woman of thirty-two, round-faced, good-natured, full of energy. She wears the fashionable jersey of 1885 and a very definite "bustle."*)

SAMUEL—Well, Gertrude! Well, my little Emmie! (*He kisses Emily, who gives her cheek unwillingly; then shakes hands with Gertrude.*)

GERTRUDE—How are you, Sam; and you, Mrs. Sam?

NANCY—Nicely, thank you! (*Shaking hands vigorously with Gertrude and Emily.*) Everybody well, here?

EMILY—Yes, thank you.

NANCY—That's fine! Then your mother got Sam's letter saying we were coming?

EMILY (*dryly*)—Oh, yes!

NANCY—I said to Sam, it would happen best to write and tell you. So he wrote—(*with a look at Sam*)—finally.

SAMUEL (*with a serious tone*)—We nearly didn't come.

GERTRUDE—Anything wrong?

SAMUEL—Infant's temperature up at a hundred last night. However, it was normal this morning.

NANCY—You know he takes the baby's temperature every night.

EMILY—Oh, do you, uncle? How funny!

SAMUEL—I don't see anything funny about it, niece. Good thing if some parents took their responsibilities a bit more seriously.

NANCY—I must say Sam makes a very good father.

GERTRUDE—Let me see—how old is Dickie now?

SAMUEL—We never call him Dickie. Richard—better, less nonsensical. (*He settles down solemnly in a chair.*)

NANCY—You've no idea what I call him when you're not there, Sam! (*To Gertrude.*) He was two on the second of this month. He talks like anything! You ought to see him and his father together. It's killing! The little thing's so exactly like Sam.

EMILY (*examining Sam*)—Is he? We must go down to Brockley, mustn't we, auntie?

NANCY (*dryly*)—I've been expecting you for the better part of some time. (*Then cordially.*) I should love you to come as soon as I've got a new cook. (*With emphasis.*) Oh, my!

GERTRUDE—Are you having trouble?

NANCY—Trouble's not the word. And as for the nurse-maid! If it wasn't for Sam being free—

GERTRUDE—D'you do your share, Sam?

NANCY—By the hour he wheels that child up and down.

EMILY—Not in the street?

SAMUEL—Why not, niece? Anything to be ashamed of in being a father?

NANCY—That's what we came up for today, to buy a new perambulator. He did try to repair the other in the little workshop he's made himself at the end of the garden—and most useful he is for odd jobs. Upon my word, he's busy from morning to night! But we thought it better to buy a new pram altogether.

SAMUEL (*discontented*)—Nancy would insist on having one of those new things with india-rubber tires, as they call them.

NANCY (*very definitely*)—Now, Sam, I thought we'd done with that question.

SAMUEL—Yes; but rubber tires on gravel paths! It's obvious they'll not last a—

NANCY—I told you Mrs. Caton across the road told me—

SAMUEL—Oh, very well! Very well! Only it's very light and flimsy.

EMILY (*restless*)—I think I'll go and tell father and mother you're here. (*Going toward the door.*)

NANCY (*rising*)—Come and see for yourself what you think of the pram and the rubber tires.

EMILY (*rising*)—Is it here?

NANCY—Yes, in the hall.

SAMUEL—I deemed it imprudent to let them send it down by train; so we brought it away on the roof of a four-wheeler.

EMILY (*patronizingly*)—Well, let's go and inspect it, Aunt Nancy. (*Emily and Nancy go off.*)

GERTRUDE (*waiting till the door is closed; in low, quiet tones*)—Sam, I'm so glad you've come. There's going to be another tragedy in this house, if some of us don't do something.

SAMUEL—Another tragedy? What do you mean?

GERTRUDE—I just mean a tragedy. That child's head over heels in love with young Arthur Preece, at the works, and John simply won't hear of it.

SAMUEL—Why?

GERTRUDE (*shrugs her shoulders*)—Why, indeed? Sam, if there's any discussion while you're here, I want you to help me all you can.

SAMUEL—But really, Gertrude, how can I meddle in an affair like that? I have my own responsibilities.

GERTRUDE—Sam, it's many years since I asked the slightest favor of you.

SAMUEL (*moved, friendly*)—Come, come. Don't go so far back as all that. We're all very comfortable as we are, I think. (*The door opens.*)

GERTRUDE (*quick and low*)—But will you? You have more influence than I.

SAMUEL (*low*)—All right. (*Pats her arm.*) All right. (*Enter Rose and John.*)

JOHN (*coming up to Sam a little patronizingly*)—Sam, glad to see you! How's the precious family getting on? Any new trouble lately?

SAMUEL (*a little sharply*)—Oh, no! And what about yours? (*In a significant, bantering tone.*) Any new trouble lately?

JOHN—Mine? Trouble? No!

ROSE (*kissing Sam fondly*)—Your wife's here?

SAMUEL—She's down-stairs somewhere—

JOHN (*interrupting sharply*)—Where's Emily?

GERTRUDE—She's just gone with Mrs. Sam to look at a new—

JOHN (*interrupting again*)—Preece hasn't been, has he?

GERTRUDE—He's been and gone.

JOHN—Were you here?

GERTRUDE—I was here part of the time.

JOHN—You ought to have been here all the time. What did you tell him?

GERTRUDE—Emily told him you wished us to stay at home this afternoon.

JOHN (*nodding curtly*)—So much for that.

SAMUEL—So even *you* are not quite without 'em, Jack?

JOHN—Not quite without what?

SAMUEL—Family troubles.

JOHN—What in Heaven's name are you driving at?

SAMUEL—Nothing. I only gathered from your tone that Preece was considered —er—dangerous.

JOHN (*hedging*)—Oh, no! I'm merely taking precautions. Preece is an excellent fellow in his way—brilliant, even.

SAMUEL—But you wouldn't care for him as a son-in-law.

JOHN (*positively*)—I should not.

ROSE (*shaking her head*)—No!

SAMUEL—I've always understood he had a great career before him.

JOHN—So he has, undoubtedly. You should see what he's got me to do at the works. Made me install the telephone. And his latest is that he wants me to put down an electric light plant.

SAMUEL—He must be very enthusiastic.

GERTRUDE—I should think he just is!

JOHN—Why, the boy's invention mad. He thinks of nothing else.

SAMUEL—Well, if you ask me, I'd sooner have that kind of madness than most kinds I meet with. Seems to me, people have gone mad on bicycles, or banjo-playing, or this lawn-tennis, as it's called. It was different in our day, Jack, when young men took an interest in volunteering and the defense of their country. I've quite decided, when our boy grows up—

GERTRUDE (*putting a hand on Sam's arm*)—Sam! Emily may be back any moment. We were talking about Arthur Preece.

SAMUEL—So we were. (*Turns again to John.*) Well, Jack—

JOHN (*annoyed*)—Look here, Sam—I don't mind being frank with you. Her mother and I have somebody else in view for Emily.

SAMUEL—Oh!

GERTRUDE (*bitterly*)—I thought as much. (*A slight pause.*)

JOHN (*carelessly to Sam*)—Have you heard I'm going to have a title?

SAMUEL—No! What title?

JOHN—Baronet.

GERTRUDE (*quickly*)—You never told me.

ROSE (*soothingly*)—It only came out this afternoon, Gertrude dear.

SAMUEL—O-ho!

JOHN (*still with an affection of carelessness*)—And what's more, Emily can marry—under the very happiest auspices—into the peerage. That's why we don't want her to see too much of young Preece.

SAMUEL—And may one ask who is the peer?

JOHN—Monkhurst, of course.

SAMUEL—Ned!

GERTRUDE—Ned?

ROSE—Wouldn't it be ideal, Sam!

SAMUEL—He's keen—Ned?

JOHN—Very! Put that in your pipe and smoke it, my boy. (*Emily and Nancy enter rather suddenly. All the others have a self-conscious air.*)

JOHN (*rather negligently*)—Well, Nancy. How are you? It seems the infant's grown out of his pram. (*Shakes hands.*)

NANCY (*rather proud of being able to call the great man "John" and yet trying not to be proud*)—Glad to see you, John. (*Rose and Nancy embrace. An awkward pause.*)

EMILY (*with suspicion*)—What's the matter here? More secrets?

GERTRUDE (*in an outburst*)—It's being arranged that you are to marry Lord Monkhurst.

JOHN (*nonplussed, coldly angry*)—Gertrude, are you stark, staring mad—blurting things out like that?

ROSE (*shocked*)—Gertrude, dear—really!

GERTRUDE (*firmly*)—She'd better know, hadn't she?

JOHN—You—

NANCY (*blantly*)—Well, anyhow, the fat's in the fire now, isn't it, John?

JOHN (*turning to Nancy*)—Sorry you've been let in for a bit of a scene, Nancy.

NANCY (*cheerfully*)—Oh! Don't mind me. I know what family life is—my word! I'm from Yorkshire! Best to have it out fair and square—that's my experience.

SAMUEL—That's what she always says when the infant's obstreperous. Why, the night before last, just as we were getting off to sleep—

JOHN—There's nothing to have out!

GERTRUDE—Oh, yes, there is. Emily's in love with Arthur Preece.

JOHN—What's this?

EMILY (*very nervous; to Gertrude*)—What do you mean—it's being arranged for me to marry Lord Monkhurst? Me—marry old Ned!

JOHN—He's not old.

EMILY—Isn't he old enough to be my father?

JOHN—Certainly not.

SAMUEL (*mischievously*)—I doubt it.

JOHN (*turning on him*)—You're the last man to talk about difference of age between husband and wife!

ROSE (*smoothing over the awkwardness*)—But you're very happy, aren't you, dear?

SAMUEL—Naturally.

NANCY—I don't see that age matters, so long as people really fancy each other. I'm sure Sam gets younger every day.

JOHN—Of course! (*Turning to Emily angrily.*) What's this tale about you being in love with Preece?

EMILY—I—

JOHN—Has he been proposing to you?

EMILY—No.

JOHN (*disdainfully*)—Then how can you be in love with him?

EMILY (*resenting his tone*)—Well, I am in love with him, if you want to know, father.

JOHN—You have the audacity—

NANCY—Come, John, it's not a crime!

JOHN—Preece is not of our class at all. It's a gross mistake to marry out of your class.

NANCY (*bantering*)—Now, John, that's not very tactful, seeing that Sam married out of his class.

SAMUEL—Don't be foolish, Nan! I married a lady. Even a marquis couldn't do more.

JOHN—My dear Nancy, you belong to the family—that's enough! Preece is quite a different affair. Just a common clerk until I—

EMILY—I can't see what more you want. He has the most beautiful manners, and, as for money, he'll make lots.

JOHN—How will he make lots?

EMILY—With his inventions. You haven't heard about his latest, but I have. He's told me. Here it is. (*Hands piece of steel to her father.*)

JOHN (*taking it*)—And what's this?

EMILY—I don't know exactly; but it's

very wonderful. It's steel, I think—a new kind.

JOHN (*dryly*)—Yes. I see it's steel.

EMILY—And I think it's a great shame for you to take nine-tenths of all the money from his inventions, and for him to only have one-tenth.

JOHN (*flashing up*)—What? Has he been whining to you in that style?

EMILY (*passionately*)—No, he hasn't been whining to me in that style. He hasn't been whining at all. He thought it was quite fair. It only came out by pure accident, and I promised I'd never breathe a word. You must forget what I've said.

JOHN—I'll teach him—

EMILY (*more passionately*)—If you ever say a single thing, father, I'll run away and never come back.

ROSE—Child! please! (*She tries to soothe her.*)

SAMUEL (*to calm the stress*)—Hand over, Jack. (*Takes the piece of steel and looks at it.*) I fully admit I was wrong about iron; but even you won't prophesy that steel's going to take the place of iron for ships!

JOHN (*shortly*)—I don't think it is in my works. But, as for prophesying—I don't prophesy. Heaven knows no one can accuse me of being conservative in my ideas; but I must say the new generation seems to be going clean off its head. If one of these up-to-date inventors came along and told me he'd made a flying-machine, I should keep my nerve. I shouldn't blench.

SAMUEL—Good! Good!

GERTRUDE—Now you're at flying-machines! What have flying-machines got to do with Emily's happiness? If she wants to marry young Preece—

EMILY—Yes, if I want to marry him, why shouldn't I?

ROSE—Because your father objects.

EMILY—Oh, mother! Didn't you marry father, in spite of every one?

JOHN—Who's told you that?

EMILY—I know. (*General glances at Gertrude.*)

ROSE (*indignant*)—Do you mean to compare young Preece with your father?

EMILY—Why not? You loved father, and I—

JOHN—I'll tell you why not. I was independent. I was my own master. Young Mr. Preece isn't. That's why.

GERTRUDE (*sarcastically*)—Surely it's a free country—for men!

JOHN—It's not a country where honest men break their contracts. Young Preece can't patent an invention without me—can't do anything without me. If I like, I can force him to mark time for five years, five solid years.

EMILY—Does that mean that if I married him in spite of you—

ROSE (*horified*)—Child! Well may you say we've spoiled you!

JOHN (*calmly*)—It means that if he had the impudence to marry you, I'd scotch him—that I would!

EMILY—But why? Who's going to suffer? How can my marriage affect anybody but me?

JOHN—Don't talk like a little fool. Your marriage is the most important thing in the whole world to your mother and me. If you persist in doing something against our will, I shall retaliate—that's all.

EMILY (*with a despairing gesture*)—I can't make out your objections to Mr. Preece. Why, he's a genius; every one knows he's a genius.

JOHN—And what if he is? Are geniuses to be the kings of the earth? Not quite! Geniuses have to be kept in order, like criminals. If there's one thing above all to be said in favor of the English character, it is that we've known the proper way to treat geniuses.

SAMUEL—I'm inclined to agree with you there.

JOHN (*to Emily*)—Oh, it isn't Preece's class I object to. He's presentable enough. The whole truth is he's a highly dangerous sort of young man we're breeding in these days. He—he makes you feel—uncomfortable. On the works, under discipline, admirable; outside the works—no, no! And no! I've been following Master Preece's activities far more closely than he thinks. He little guesses I know he's a socialist!

SAMUEL—A socialist! Good Heavens! Gertrude, you never told me that. A socialist!

GERTRUDE—Why are men always so frightened by names?

JOHN—A socialist. (*To Emily, an ultimatum.*) And I don't intend you to marry him. If you do, you ruin him. That's the long and short of it. Now, Emily, have we heard the last of Preece—or not?

ROSE (*to Emily*)—Darling!

GERTRUDE—I really think you ought—

JOHN (*curtly*)—Pardon me, Gertrude. This isn't your affair. It's my daughter's.

GERTRUDE (*to Emily*)—Your father is right. It's your affair. It depends solely on you.

EMILY (*weeping, imploringly*)—What am I to do, auntie? (*Gertrude turns away with a movement of pain and disgust.*)

EMILY—I don't want to make everybody miserable.

GERTRUDE (*reproachfully*)—Oh, Emily!

EMILY—I couldn't stand—in Mr. Preece's light! I couldn't.

JOHN—There! There! Of course you couldn't.

ROSE (*comforting her*)—My poor lamb!

JOHN—And don't suppose I want to compel you to marry Monkurst—or anybody. You're absolutely free.

GERTRUDE (*sniffs audibly*)—H-m!

JOHN (*glaring at Gertrude to Emily*)—Only, as your aunt has dragged in his name, I don't see any harm in telling you this much. He adores you. We all like him. His wife will have a position second to none in London society. But don't let that influence you. Take him or refuse him, as you please; your mother and I won't complain.

ROSE—Indeed we sha'n't, my love.

JOHN—Still, a marriage like this is not to be sneezed at. Is it, Emily? (*Pause.*) I say, is it?

EMILY (*trying to smile; weakly*)—No.

JOHN (*continuing*)—Not that I think it wouldn't be a big slice of luck for Monkurst, too! There's only one Emily! (*He pats her.*) And then my title—

NANCY—Your title, John?

JOHN (*carelessly*)—Haven't you heard?

NANCY—No!

JOHN—Baronetcy!

NANCY (*staggered*)—Wonders'll never cease. (*To Rose.*) What a pity you've got no son, dear!

ROSE (*with a trace of bitterness*)—Don't crow over us, dear! (*She clasps Emily.*)

SAMUEL (*with a sigh of regret for himself*)—Well, well! And I've retired into private life!

JOHN (*surveying him patronizingly*)—And you've retired into private life. You're safe at Brockley. But then, you see, you hadn't got a bee in your bonnet.

SAMUEL (*accepting the sarcasm with a foolish smile*)—Well, well!

NANCY (*sharply*)—I don't see that there's any need for so much well-welling.

JOHN—Come and give your father a kiss, Em. (*Emily obeys.*)

GERTRUDE (*rising, as she does so, full of emotion*)—I— (*Thompson enters, followed by a footman. They bring in tea. Gertrude pulls herself together. There is a slight pause while the servants arrange the tea-things. They leave the room.*)

ROSE—Emily, dear, will you pour out?

EMILY (*demurely*)—Yes, mother.

ROSE—I hope Ned won't be late.

NANCY—Is Lord Monkurst coming for tea?

ROSE—He promised to.

NANCY—Oh, dear! If I'd known I was going to meet him— (*She rises and arranges her bustle and the draperies of her skirt.*) I do hope he won't notice that pram. A pram in a hall looks so common. (*She reseats herself. Thompson enters.*)

THOMPSON (*announcing*)—Lord Monkurst. (*He retires.*)

GERTRUDE (*passionately*)—Here's your lord! (*Ned enters rapidly.*)

NED—Well, kind friends! Hullo, Sam!

SAMUEL—Hullo, Ned! (*They shake hands.*) By the way, my wife—Nancy, Lord Monkurst. (*Nancy, flustered, bows.*)

NED (*going toward Emily*)—Delighted! Any of that tea for me?

GERTRUDE (*with great feeling*)—And there's your tea—your daily tea, for the rest of your life.

JOHN (*angrily*)—Gertrude!

GERTRUDE—No, I will speak! Ned, what would you do, if I told you that—

EMILY (*pleading*)—Aunt Gertrude, please—

GERTRUDE—Emily?

EMILY (*weakly*)—It's all right, aunt'e.

GERTRUDE—All right? Oh, very well! (*Desperately.*) What's the use? (*She turns and walks quickly out of the room.*)

NED (*surprised at Gertrude's tone*)—What's the matter with dear Gertrude?

JOHN—Nothing. One of her moods. (*Drawing up a chair, with authority.*) Now then, Emily—tea!

(Curtain)

ACT III—1912

The same drawing-room, but now, in 1912, it has undergone an entire change. All of the old mid-Victorian furniture has been crowded out by furniture of later style. Changes of ornaments, et cetera. The lights are electric; so is the bell by the fireplace.

It is a June evening, about half past ten o'clock. Signs of festivity—flowers, presents (in gold) are standing about. It is the evening of the golden wedding of John and Rose. Webster, a smart, military-looking butler of forty, is arranging a tray of whisky and soda. The door to the hall opens, and a footman enters.

FOOTMAN (*announcing*)—Lord Monkurst! (*He withdraws. Lord Monkurst enters. He is a young man about town of twenty-two, tall, hollow-chested, careless in his manners, very self-assured, and properly bored.*)

MONKHURST—I say, Webster!

WEBSTER—Good evening, my lord.

MONKHURST (*cheerfully*)—I suppose dinner's over?

WEBSTER (*looking at his watch*)—It's half past ten, my lord.

MONKHURST—Of course, they'll all say I'm late for dinner.

WEBSTER—Oh, no, my lord! Shall I order some dinner for your lordship?

MONKHURST—No. Who's here now?

WEBSTER—Lady Monkurst and Miss Muriel; Miss Rhead, Mrs. Samuel Sibley, and Mr. Richard Sibley.

MONKHURST—Yes. I know he's here. Many people at the reception this afternoon?

WEBSTER—Droves, my lord.

MONKHURST—I suppose these ghastly things are the presents?

WEBSTER—As your lordship says.

MONKHURST—Dashed if I can understand why my grandfather should make such a fuss about his golden wedding. (*Very cheerfully.*) Was he very angry at me not turning up?

WEBSTER—Considering his age, no, my lord. I took the liberty of suggesting to him that this might be one of your busy weeks, my lord, and that your lordship could never tell beforehand—

MONKHURST—You're a clever chap, Webster. Why did you leave the army?

WEBSTER—Probably because, as your lordship, says, I'm clever. There's more brains outside the army than in it, my lord; and like turns to like.

MONKHURST (*laughing in a superior way*)—Ha! ha! Really!

WEBSTER—Fact is, I enlisted under a misapprehension, when I was in a temper. I have to thank your lordship's late father

for helping me to reenter my old profession, and under the most auspicious circumstances.

MONKHURST—Well, we could do with more fellows like you. I've not yet found any sergeant to draw my sketch-maps for me half as well as you used to. (*He is looking over the tray with drinks.*)

WEBSTER—Ah, my lord! Those half-guineas came in very handy, very handy. Glorious times, no doubt; but I wouldn't go back.

MONKHURST—Bring me a Benedictine, will you? (*Emily, now Lady Monkurst, forty-eight, enters by the double doors. She has developed into a handsome, well-preserved woman of the world. She wears an evening dress of rich brocade, and magnificent pearls.*)

MONKHURST—Well, *mater*, I don't see much sign of the fatted calf.

EMILY (*annoyed*)—Gerald, your poor father was witty; you are merely facetious. I wish you could cure yourself.

MONKHURST—Now, what's the matter now?

EMILY—What's the matter? You must needs choose your grandparents' golden wedding to go to Sandown. You promised me you'd be back early, at any rate, in time for the tail end of the reception; and you don't even appear for dinner. Your grandfather is displeased.

MONKHURST—if a fellow keeps a stable, he keeps a stable. Somebody's got to look after the gees in these days. And then—*(Hesitates.)*

EMILY—Please don't tell me your car broke down. I've heard that too often.

MONKHURST—it didn't—this time.

EMILY—Have you dined?

MONKHURST—I have.

EMILY—Whom with? (*Silence.*) One of your numerous "lady friends," I presume. Gerald, I'm ashamed of you!

MONKHURST—You've no right to be ashamed of me. If you want to know, I dined at the House of Lords.

EMILY—at the House of Lords?

MONKHURST—at the House of Lords. They telephoned to me at Sandown to come up for an important division, and I was kept hanging about there till after ten o'clock. Jolly amusing place, the House of Lords.

EMILY (*rather taken aback*)—Why didn't you tell me at first?

MONKHURST—Because I just wanted to

teach you a lesson, *mater*. You're always ragging me about something or other.

EMILY—You might at least have telephoned.

MONKHURST—When a chap's doing his duty to his country, he can't always think about telephoning.

EMILY—My dear Gerald, if you mean to follow in your father's footsteps, nobody will be more delighted than your mother. There'd be nothing to prevent you from being master of the horse, if you chose. Only, my chick—

MONKHURST—Only your what?

EMILY—You must alter your manner of living.

MONKHURST—My manner of living, my dear *mater*, is my own affair. (*With meaning.*) If you'd leave me alone, and look after your other "chick" a little bit more—

EMILY—What do you mean? Muriel?

MONKHURST—Precisely. The Hon. Muriel.

EMILY—Why?

MONKHURST—Oh! I know Muriel can do no wrong. Still, I spotted her at the top of the stairs just now practically in the arms of the good Richard.

EMILY—Richard!

MONKHURST (*intoning*)—And Samuel took to wife Nancy, and begat Richard. And Samuel passed away in the fulness of years, and his son Richard reigned in his stead. And Richard looked upon Muriel, and lo, she was beautiful in the eyes of Richard—

EMILY—Hush, Gerald! Aren't you mistaken? I've never seen the slightest thing—

MONKHURST—That shows how blind you are, then! Of course I'm not mistaken.

EMILY—Are you sure?

MONKHURST—Do you take me for a fool, *mater*?

EMILY (*positively*)—Richard, indeed! I shall put a stop to it.

MONKHURST (*almost savagely*)—I should jolly well think you would. (*Enter Webster from the hall, with a liqueur on a salver. Monkurst takes it and drinks it slowly.*)

EMILY—Webster, will you kindly ask Miss Muriel to come here?

WEBSTER—Very good, my lady. (*He goes out. Monkurst nods knowingly to his mother as if to say, "Now you'll see!" Nancy enters by the double doors. She has grown into a rather red-faced, plump woman of fifty-eight. She is good-natured, but*

is quick to retort. Her laugh is rather loud, her manner more definite than ever.)

NANCY—Good evening, young man!

MONKHURST—Good evening.

NANCY—So you've come at—

EMILY (*interrupting her*)—Aunt Nancy, I've just had to send for Muriel to come here.

NANCY—What's amiss?

EMILY—I—well, I hardly like—

MONKHURST—Your excellent son Richard has been seen trying to kiss my sister.

NANCY—What was *she* doing?

EMILY—Well, that's not the point.

NANCY—And supposing he *was* trying to kiss Muriel?

EMILY—I must say, Aunt Nancy, you don't seem very much surprised.

NANCY—Who *would* be? You invite young people to a golden wedding, and then you're startled when you catch 'em kissing. What else do you expect?

EMILY—I expect a good deal else.

NANCY—Then you're likely to be disappointed. As a matter of fact, I knew Richard was going to kiss Muriel to-night.

EMILY—Who told you?

NANCY—He did, of course. At least, he let out to me he was going to propose to her. He usually gets what he wants, you know.

EMILY (*angrily surprised*)—H-m!

MONKHURST (*very definitely*)—He won't get what he wants this time.

NANCY—Oh?

MONKHURST—You must see that my sister can't marry an engineer.

NANCY—Well—why not an engineer? What are *you*? I can tell you what you might have been, if you hadn't been born in the right bedroom—you might have been a billiard-marker. What have you done? Tell me a single thing you've done!

MONKHURST—I've—oh, what tripe!

EMILY—Really, Aunt Nancy—

NANCY—Yes, my son *is* an engineer. And if you want to know what sort of an engineer he is, go to Mr. Arthur Preece.

MONKHURST (*disdainfully*)—Who's Preece?

NANCY (*imitating his tone*)—Ask your mother who Preece is.

EMILY (*self-consciously*)—Aunt Nancy!

NANCY (*continuing*)—You aren't old enough to remember Mr. Preece as an engineer, but, at any rate, you know he's in the House of Commons, whereas you're only in the House of Lords. And I'd like you to tell me where your grandfather'd have been

last week, with all his workmen on strike, but for Mr. Preece!

MONKHURST—Oh, *that* Preece!

NANCY—Exactly. And it's that Preece that thinks the world of my son. My son's been out to Canada, and look how he got on in Winnipeg! And now he's going out again, whose capital is he taking but your grandfather's? I should like to see your grandfather trust *you* with thirty thousand pounds and a ticket to Canada.

MONKHURST—I'm in no need of capital, thank ye.

NANCY—Lucky for you, you aren't! My husband left me very badly off, poor man, but I could count on Richard. A pretty lookout for your mother if she'd had to count on you!

EMILY (*impatient*)—Really, Aunt Nancy—

NANCY (*nettled*)—Well, you leave my son alone. (*Enter, from the hall, Muriel and Richard. Muriel is a handsome girl of twenty-four, rather thin and eager, with a high forehead and with much distinction. She has herself under absolute control. Richard is a tall, broad, darkish fellow of twenty-seven, with a clean-shaven, heavy face and rough hair. He is very taciturn.*)

EMILY—Muriel, it was you that I asked for.

MURIEL (*quite calmly*)—We were both just coming to tell you.

EMILY—Tell me what?

MURIEL—We're engaged.

EMILY—Does Richard leave you to say this to me?

MURIEL—Well, you know he was never a great talker.

RICHARD—There it is—we're engaged.

NANCY (*to Muriel*)—How matter-of-fact you are, you girls, nowadays. (*She caresses Richard.*)

MURIEL—Well, nobody seems strikingly enthusiastic here.

EMILY—I should think not. I don't like these underhand ways.

MURIEL—What underhand ways? Surely you didn't expect Richard to announce in advance the exact place and hour he was going to propose to me.

EMILY—Please don't try to imitate your dear father. You're worse than Gerald sometimes.

MURIEL—Oh, very well, mama! What else?

EMILY—Do you mean to tell me you're seriously thinking of going out to Canada

—to Winnipeg—for the rest of your days?

MURIEL—Of course, mama! I'm sure I shall be happier there than here.

EMILY—You'll leave England?

MURIEL—Certainly. Politics are much more satisfactory over there, except for women's suffrage. All the questions that all the silly statesmen are still wrangling about here have been settled over there long ago.

EMILY—My poor girl!

MURIEL—Mama, I wish you wouldn't say "my poor girl."

EMILY—What have politics to do with happiness?

MURIEL—They have a great deal to do with mine. But, of course, what most attracts me is all those thousands of square miles of wheat-fields, and Richard making reaping-machines for them. The day I first see one of Richard's new machines at work on a Canadian wheat-farm will be the happiest day of my life—except to-day!

NANCY (*amazed at these sentiments*)—Well, you're a caution!

MONKHURST (*with disgust*)—Why not marry an agricultural implement while you're about it?

RICHARD (*threateningly*)—You shut up!

MURIEL—But aren't you glad, mama?

EMILY—I can't discuss the matter now.

MURIEL—But what is there to discuss?

EMILY (*after a pause*)—Muriel, I tell you at once, both of you, I sha'n't allow this marriage.

MURIEL—Not allow it? My poor mama!

MONKHURST—Certainly not.

RICHARD—I've told you to shut up once.

EMILY—And your grandfather won't allow it, either.

MURIEL—Of course, mama, you and I have always been devoted to each other. You've made allowances for me, and I've made allowances for you. But you must please remember that we're in the year 1912. I've promised to marry Richard, and I shall marry him. There's no question of being "allowed." And if it comes to that, why shouldn't I marry him, indeed?

EMILY—You—your father's daughter, to think of going out to Winnipeg as the wife of a—Your place is in London.

RICHARD (*stiffening at the sight of trouble*)—But I say, Cousin Emily—

MURIEL (*gently, but firmly*)—Richard, please. (*Turning to her mother.*) Mama, you really do shock me. Just because I'm the Hon. Muriel Pym! (*Laughs.*) I won't say you're a snob, because everybody's a

snob, in some way or other. But you don't understand the new spirit, not in the least—and I'm so sorry. Hasn't it occurred to you even yet that the aristocracy racket's played out? (*Rose and John enter by the double doors. They have both grown very old, Rose being seventy-three and John seventy-seven. Rose has become shortsighted, white-haired, and stoutish. John has grown a little deaf; his hair is thin, his eyes sunken, his complexion of wax, his features sharply defined. Gertrude follows them, now seventy-three. She has grown into a thin, shriveled old woman, erect, hard, with a high, shrill voice and keen, clear eyes.*)

ROSE—Oh! It's here they seem to be collected. (*To Monkhurst.*) Is that you, Gerald? Wherever has the poor lamb been? (*She kisses him.*)

MONKHURST—Grandma, congratulations. (*To John.*) Congratulations, sir.

JOHN (*sternly*)—Is this what you call good manners, boy?

MONKHURST—Sorry, sir. I was kept.

JOHN (*sarcastically*)—Kept?

MONKHURST—At the House of Lords. A division.

MURIEL—Good Heavens! Break it to us gently. Has his grandma's lamb gone into politics?

MONKHURST (*haughtily, ignoring his sister*)—They telephoned me from headquarters. I thought you would prefer me—

JOHN—Certainly, my boy. (*Shakes his hand.*) You couldn't have celebrated our golden wedding in a fashion more agreeable to us than by recording your first vote in the House of Lords. Could he, granny?

ROSE (*feebley*)—Bless us! Bless us!

JOHN—What was the division?

MONKHURST (*mumbling*)—Er—the Trades Union Bill, sir. Third reading.

JOHN (*not hearing*)—What did you say?

MONKHURST (*louder*)—Trades Union Bill, sir.

MURIEL—Oh, my poor lamb! The Trades Union Bill division isn't to be taken till to-morrow!

MONKHURST (*hastily*)—What am I thinking of? It must have been the Extended Franchise Bill, then. Anyhow, I voted.

JOHN (*coughing*)—H-m! H-m!

GERTRUDE (*drawing a shawl round her shoulders, fretfully*)—Couldn't we have that window closed?

ROSE—Auntie Gertrude, how brave you

are! I daren't have asked. I declare I'm a martyr to this ventilation in my old age.

GERTRUDE—I dare say I'm very old-fashioned, but when I was young we didn't try to turn a drawing-room into a park.

ROSE (*to Richard, as he closes the window*)—Thank you, Richard.

JOHN (*pettishly*)—Put a match to the fire, boy, and have done with it. (*Richard goes to the fireplace, kneels down, and lights the fire.*)

GERTRUDE—What's the matter, Emily?

EMILY (*who has begun to weep*)—Oh, Auntie Gertrude!

NANCY (*soothingly*)—Come, come, Emily.

JOHN—What's that? What's that?

ROSE (*peering at Emily*)—What is it, John?

JOHN—Monkhurst, have you been upsetting your mother again?

MURIEL—I think it's we, grandpapa.

JOHN—What does she say?

MURIEL—I'm afraid it's we—Richard and I. We're engaged to be married. (*Muriel points to Richard, who is still on his knees, busy with the fire.*)

ROSE—Oh, my dear—how sudden! What a shock! What a shock! I can understand your mother crying. I must cry myself. Come and kiss me! It's astonishing how quietly you young people manage these things nowadays. (*Embraces Muriel.*)

JOHN—Who's engaged to be married? Who's engaged to be married?

RICHARD (*loudly, rising and dusting his hands.*)—Muriel and I, sir.

JOHN—Mu—What do you mean, sir? Emily, what are you thinking of?

EMILY (*whimpering*)—It's just as much of a surprise to me as to anybody. I don't approve of it.

MONKHURST—I've told them already you would never approve, sir.

NANCY—You haven't, young man. It was your mother who told us that.

JOHN (*to Nancy*)—I asked you to my golden wedding, Nancy—

NANCY—You did, Sir John. I shouldn't have come without.

JOHN—Do you countenance this—affair?

NANCY—What's wrong with it?

ROSE (*timidly*)—Yes, John. What's wrong with it? Why shouldn't my Muriel marry her Richard?

JOHN—What's wrong with it, d'you say? What—

EMILY (*passionately*)—I won't agree to it!

JOHN (*to Nancy*)—Nothing wrong with it, from your point of view. Nothing! (*Laughing.*) Only I sha'n't have it. I won't have it.

ROSE—Grandpa, why do you always try to cross me?

JOHN—I? You?

ROSE—I've been yielding to you in everything for fifty years. I think I'm old enough to have my own way now—just once.

JOHN (*startled*)—What's come over you?

ROSE—Nothing's come over me; but I really—

JOHN (*subduing her*)—Be silent, granny!

NANCY—We thought you thought very highly of Richard.

JOHN—So I do. But what's that got to do with it? It's nothing but this genius business over again.

NANCY—Genius business?

JOHN—Yes. I shall be told Richard's a genius, therefore he must be allowed to marry Muriel. Nonsense! I had just the same difficulty with her mother twenty-six years ago. You ought to remember; you were there. Hadn't I, Emily?

EMILY (*faintly*)—Yes.

JOHN (*not hearing*)—What's that?

EMILY—Yes, father—yes.

JOHN—Of course I had. I wouldn't have it then, and I won't have it now. What? Here's a young fellow, a very smart engineer. Insists on going to Canada. Wants capital. Well, I give it him! I tell him he may go. Everything's settled. And then, if you please, he calmly announces his intention of carrying off my granddaughter—him!

ROSE—if she's your granddaughter, he's my nephew.

JOHN (*glaring at her*)—Sh!

ROSE—No, I wo—

JOHN (*continuing, staring at Rose*)—My granddaughter has got to marry something very different from an engineer.

NANCY—If she did, she might marry something that'll turn her hair gray a good deal sooner.

JOHN—I have my plans for Muriel.

EMILY—Imagine Muriel in Winnipeg!

MURIEL—What plans, granddad? You've never told me about any plans.

JOHN—Not told you! At your age, your mother had a conspicuous place in London

society; and it's your duty to carry on the family tradition. Your mother didn't marry into the peerage so that you could gallivant up and down Winnipeg as the wife of a manufacturing engineer. You have some notion of politics, though it's a mighty queer one—

MURIEL—I hardly think my politics would further your plan, granddad. I should have supposed the whole of my career would have made it plain that I have the greatest contempt for official politics.

JOHN—Your "career"! Your "tempt"! (*Laughs good-humoredly, then more softly.*) My child—

MURIEL (*netted*)—I'm not a child.

JOHN (*angrily*)—Enough! Don't make yourself ridiculous. (*More quietly.*) Your mother and your brother think as I do. Let that suffice.

RICHARD—Pardon me, sir, but suppose it won't suffice?

JOHN (*furious*)—I—I—

MURIEL (*violently*)—Granddad, do please keep calm.

JOHN (*as above*)—I'm perfectly calm, I believe.

NANCY (*to Gertrude*)—Then he'd believe anything.

MURIEL—You don't seem to have understood that we're engaged to be married.

GERTRUDE—I must say—

JOHN—And what must *you* say? You'll side with my wife against me, and the girl's own mother, I suppose?

GERTRUDE—I fail to see any objection whatever.

JOHN—Do you, indeed! Well, objection or no objection, I mean it to be stopped—now, at once.

MURIEL—But how shall you stop it, granddad?

JOHN—if I hear one more word of this, one more word—there'll be no thirty thousand pounds for Richard; not from me, at any rate. And I don't imagine that your mother will help him, or Monkhurst either. Where is he?

MONKHURST—Not much!

MURIEL—But that won't stop it, granddad!

ROSE (*rising, and going to the hall door*).—John, you're a hard, hard old man. The one thing I ask of you, and on our golden wedding-day, too, and you won't even listen. You shut me up as if I were a—a—I do think it's a shame. The poor things! (*She goes out in tears.*)

NANCY (*hurrying out after her*)—Rose! Rose! Don't!

JOHN—Here I arrange a nice little family dinner to celebrate the occasion. I invite no outsiders, so that we shall be nice and comfortable. And this is how you treat me. You induce your grandmother to defy me—the first time in her life. You bring your mother to tears, and you—

EMILY—There's nothing to be said in favor of it—nothing. The very thought of it—

RICHARD—I'm awfully sorry.

JOHN—No, you aren't, sir; so don't be impudent. (*Webster enters.*)

WEBSTER—Mr. Arthur Preece, Sir John. I've shown him into the study.

JOHN—Very good. (*Webster goes out.*)

GERTRUDE—Why can't Mr. Preece come up here?

JOHN—Because he's come to see me on private business, madam. Private, do I say? It's public enough. Everybody knows that I can't keep my own workmen in order without the help of a labor M. P. The country's going to the dogs! My own father used to say so, and I never believed him; but it's true. (*He goes to the door.*)

MONKHURST—May I come with you, sir? (*With a superior glance at Muriel.*) These family ructions—

JOHN—Come! (*John goes off, followed by Monkhurst.*)

GERTRUDE (*meaningly*)—Richard, go and see where your mother is, will you? (*Richard follows the others. A slight pause.*)

EMILY (*still weakly and tearfully*)—How your poor grandmother is upset!

MURIEL—Yes, I'm very sorry.

EMILY—That's something.

MURIEL—it's such a humiliating sight. No real arguments; no attempt to understand my point of view; nothing but blustering and bullying and stamping up and down. He wants to make out that I'm still a child with no will of my own; but it's he who's the child.

GERTRUDE—Come, come, Muriel!

MURIEL—Yes, it is—a spoiled child! When anything happens that doesn't just please him, there's a fine exhibition of temper. Don't we all know it? And this is the great Sir John Rhead! Bah!

EMILY (*amazed*)—Muriel!

MURIEL—Oh, of course it isn't his fault! Every one's always given him his own way—especially grandma. It's positively pa-

thetic, grandma trying to turn against him now. Poor old thing! As if she could—now!

EMILY—Muriel, your cold-bloodedness absolutely frightens me!

MURIEL—But, mother, I'm not cold-blooded. It's only common sense.

GERTRUDE (*clumsily caressing Emily*)—Darling!

EMILY—Common sense will be the finish of me; I've no one left in the world now.

GERTRUDE (*hurt*)—Then I suppose I'm too old to count; and yet for nearly fifty years I've lived for nobody but you, Emily. Many and many a time I should have been ready to die—yes, glad to—only you were there.

EMILY (*affectionately*)—And yet you're against me now.

GERTRUDE—I only want you not to have any regrets.

EMILY—Any regrets! My life has been all regrets. Look at me.

GERTRUDE—Not all your life, dear—your marriage. (*Muriel looks up*.)

EMILY (*firmly, and yet frightened, with a look at Muriel*)—Hush, auntie!

GERTRUDE—Why? Why should I hush? You say your life's been all regrets; if you care about being honest with Muriel, you ought to tell her now that you did not marry the man you were in love with.

EMILY (*in an outburst*)—Don't believe it, Muriel. No one could have been a kinder husband than your father was, and I always loved him.

MURIEL (*intimidated by these revelations of feelings*)—Mother!

GERTRUDE—Then what do you regret? You had an affection for Ned, but if you had loved him as you loved—the other one, what is there to regret? And now you seem to be doing your best to make regrets for Muriel, and—and—oh, Emily, why do you do it?

MURIEL (*moved, but controlling herself*)—Yes, mama! Why? I'm sure I'm open to hear reason on any subject—even marriage.

EMILY (*blackly*)—Reason! Reason! There you are again! My child, you're my eldest, and I've loved you beyond everybody. You've never been attached to me. It isn't your fault, and I don't blame you. Things happen to be like that, that's all. You don't know how hard you are. If you did, you'd be ready to bite your tongue off. Here I am, with you and Gerald. Gerald

is not bad at heart, but he's selfish and he's a fool. I could never talk freely to him, as I do to you. One day he'll be asking me to leave Berkeley Square, and I shall go and finish my days in the country. And here you calmly announce you're off to Canada, and you want my *reasons* for objecting! There's only one reason—all the others are nothing—mere excuses—and you couldn't guess that one reason. You have to be told. If you cared for me, you wouldn't force me to the shame of telling you.

MURIEL (*whispering*)—Shame?

EMILY—Isn't it humiliating for a mother to have to tell her daughter, who has never even thought of it, that she cannot bear to lose her—cannot bear?—Canada!

MURIEL (*throwing herself at her mother's knees*)—Mother, I'll never leave you! (*She sobs, burying her face in her mother's lap*)

GERTRUDE (*softly*)—All this self-sacrifice is a sad mistake. (*To Muriel.*) None of us can live forever. When your mother is gone, what will you do then?

MURIEL (*climbing up and kissing her mother*)—I'll never leave you!

EMILY—My child!

GERTRUDE (*gently*)—It's wrong of you, Emily! All wrong! (*Arthur Preece enters from the hall. His hair and mustache have grown gray. His expression and manner are slightly disillusioned and cynical. In figure he is the same.*)

PREECE—Good evening!

MURIEL (*on seeing him, rises quickly, rather like a schoolgirl*)—Good evening! (*She goes out rapidly. Preece looks after her, a little surprised.*)

EMILY (*at once the woman of the world*)—Good evening! You've soon finished your business with father.

PREECE (*puzzled by the appearance of things*)—Good evening! (*He shakes hands with Emily.*) What is the matter? The old gentleman really wasn't equal to seeing me. I just told him what I had to tell him about the strikers, and then he said I'd perhaps better come up here. I think he wanted to be alone.

EMILY—Poor dear!

PREECE—Nothing serious, I hope?

GERTRUDE (*briskly, shaking Preece by the hand*)—The usual thing, Mr. Preece, the usual thing! A new generation has got to the marrying age. You know what it is. I know what it is. Now, Emily,

don't begin to cry again. People who behave as selfishly as you're doing have no right to weep—except for their sins.

EMILY (*protesting*)—Auntie, this can't possibly interest Mr. Preece.

GERTRUDE (*still more briskly*)—Don't talk that kind of conventional nonsense, Emily! You know quite well it *will* interest Mr. Preece extremely. (*Rising.*) Now just tell him all about it and see what he says. I suppose you'll admit he ought to be a good judge of such matters? (*She moves to the door.*)

EMILY—Where are you going?

GERTRUDE (*imitating Emily slightly*)—That can't possibly interest you. (*Wearily.*) I'm out of patience. (*She goes out of the room.*)

EMILY (*trying to force a light tone*)—I hope you had some good news about the workmen for my poor old father. What a finish for his golden wedding-day!

PREECE (*following her lead*)—Yes, I think his little affair's pretty well fixed up—anyhow, for the present. He's shown himself pretty reasonable. If he'd continued to be as obstinate as he was at the start, the thing would have run him into a lot of money.

EMILY—I wonder he doesn't retire from business!

PREECE—He's going to. There's to be a limited company.

EMILY—Father—a limited company! He told you?

PREECE—Yes.

EMILY—Then he must have been feeling it's getting too much for him.

PREECE—Well, considering his years—seventy-seven, isn't it? Some of us will be beaten and worn out long before that age. (*He sighs.*)

EMILY—Why that sigh? You aren't getting ready to give up, are you?

PREECE—No, I expect I shall go on till I drop.

EMILY—I should have thought you had every reason to be satisfied with what you have done.

PREECE—Why?

EMILY—Unless you regret giving up steel for politics.

PREECE—No, I don't regret that. I'd done all I really wanted to do there. I'd forced your father to take up steel on a big scale. I'd made more than all the money I needed; and other processes were coming along, better than mine.

EMILY—I wonder how many men there are who've succeeded as you have done, both in politics and out of politics.

PREECE—Do you think I've succeeded in politics?

EMILY—You haven't held office, but I've always understood it was because you preferred to be independent.

PREECE—It was. I could have sold my soul over and over again for a seat at an under-secretary's desk. I wouldn't even lead the Labor Party.

EMILY—But every one knows you're the strongest man in the Labor Party.

PREECE—Well, if I am, then the strongest man in the Labor Party is feeling rather depressed.

EMILY—Why?

PREECE—Difficult to say. Twenty years ago, I thought the millennium would be just about established in 1912. Instead of that, it's as far off as ever. It's even further off.

EMILY—Further off?

PREECE—Yes. A lot of us have worked—God knows we have! But there's a different spirit now. The men are bitter. They can't lead themselves, and they won't be led. They won't be led! Nobody knows what's going to happen next, except that trouble's going to happen. I often wonder why I was cursed with the reforming spirit. How much happier I should have been if I'd cared for nothing in this world but my own work—like young Richard Sibley, for instance!

EMILY—Isn't he interested in reform?

PREECE—Not he! He's an engineer, only an engineer. He minds his own business. I suppose he's here to-night.

EMILY—Yes.

PREECE (*in an ordinary tone*)—Why won't you let him marry Miss Muriel?

EMILY (*startled*)—Then father's told you?

PREECE—Not a word; but Richard and I are great pals. He's told me his plans. Why shouldn't they marry?

EMILY (*weakly*)—Muriel won't go to Canada.

PREECE—Won't go to Canada? But I understand she had a tremendous notion of Canada.

EMILY—She's promised me she won't go.

PREECE—But why should she do that?

EMILY (*half breaking down*)—Oh, I know I'm selfish; but—but—I should be quite alone, if she went. And then, it's not

what we'd anticipated for her. We naturally hoped—

PREECE—Oh! Of course, if you're in the marriage market—

EMILY—No. Really it's not that—at least, so far as I'm concerned. I should be so utterly alone. And she's promised me. If she deserted me—

PREECE—Deserted—rather a strong word—

EMILY—Please don't be hard! You don't know how unhappy I am. You admit you're discouraged.

PREECE—I said "depressed."

EMILY—Well, depressed, then. Can't you feel for others?

PREECE (*rather roughly*)—And who made me admit it? Who kept questioning me and worming it out of me? You wouldn't leave it alone. You're like all the other women—and I've had to do with a few.

EMILY (*affronted*)—Please—

PREECE—It isn't sufficient for you to have made a man unhappy; you aren't satisfied until he admits that you've made him unhappy.

EMILY (*protesting*)—Oh!

PREECE—How many times have I seen you since this cursed strike brought me among the family again? Half a dozen, perhaps; and every single time I've noticed you feeling your way toward it. To-night you've just got there.

EMILY—Arthur, you must forgive me. It's quite true. We can't help it.

PREECE—What should I care about lost millenniums and labor troubles ahead, if I'd any genuine personal interest in my own life? Not a jot. Not a tinker's curse! Do you remember you let me kiss you—once?

EMILY—Forgive me! I know I oughtn't to be forgiven. But life's so difficult. Ever since I've been seeing you again I've realized how miserable I am—it's such a long time since. It seems as if it was some other girl and not me. Twenty-six years ago—here! And yet it's like yesterday. (*She sobs. Preece embraces her, first roughly and then very tenderly.*)

PREECE—My child!

EMILY—I'm an old woman.

PREECE—You said it was like yesterday—when you were twenty-three. So it is! (*They kiss again.*)

EMILY (*with a little laugh*)—This will kill father.

PREECE—Not it! Your father has a remarkable constitution. It's much more likely to kill the Labor Party. (*John enters, agitated and weary.*)

JOHN (*brusly*)—Where's your mother? She's not in the other room. I thought she was in here. I want to see her.

EMILY—She's probably gone to her own room—poor dear!

JOHN—Can't you go and find her? (*He sits down, discouraged.*)

EMILY (*coming over to him*)—Father, I've been thinking it over, and I'm afraid we shall have to agree to Muriel's marriage.

JOHN—We shall have to agree to it? I sha'n't agree to it.

EMILY—As Mr. Preece says—

JOHN—Mr. Preece?

EMILY—You know how friendly he is to Richard—as Mr. Preece says, why shouldn't they marry?

PREECE—I merely ventured to put the question, Sir John.

JOHN—Why shouldn't they? Because they shouldn't. Isn't that enough? (*To Emily.*) A quarter of an hour ago you yourself agreed in the most positive way that there was nothing whatever to be said in favor of such a match.

EMILY—I was rather overlooking the fact that they're in love with each other—(*glancing at Preece*)—a quarter of an hour ago.

JOHN—Are all you women gone mad to-night? Preece, do you reckon *you* understand women?

PREECE—Now and then one gets a glimpse, sir.

JOHN (*realizing state of affairs between Preece and Emily*)—H-m!

EMILY (*noticing her father watch her, rather self-consciously*)—After all, what difference can it make to us? We sha'n't be here as long as they will.

JOHN—What? What?

EMILY (*louder*)—We sha'n't be here as long as they will, I say.

JOHN—That's it! Tell me I'm an old man! Of course, it can't make any difference to us. I was looking at the matter solely from their point of view. How can it affect me—*whom Muriel marries?*

EMILY—Well, then! Let them judge for themselves. You agree? (*John stares before him obstinately.*) Father! (*John shakes his head impatiently.*) Dad!

JOHN (*looking up like a sulky child*)—Oh, have it your own way. I'm not the

girl's mother. If you've made up your mind, there's nothing more to be said.

EMILY—And Richard's capital?

JOHN—Oh, it's all lying ready. (*Shrugs his shoulders.*) May as well have it, I suppose.

EMILY—You're a dear!

JOHN—I'm not a dear, and I hate to be called a dear.

EMILY—What a shocking untruth! I shall go and tell them, I think. (*She goes to the door.*)

JOHN (*calling her back*)—Emily!

EMILY—Yes.

JOHN—Don't let them come in here. I couldn't bear it.

EMILY—Oh, but—

JOHN—I couldn't stand the strain of another scene. It's late now—I'm an old man, and people have no right to upset me in this way.

EMILY—Couldn't they just say good night?

JOHN—Very well. They must say good night and go at once. Another day—

EMILY (*very soothingly*)—I'll tell them you're very tired. (*She nods smilingly at her father and leaves the room. A slight pause.*)

PREECE—A difficult job, being the head of a family.

JOHN—I've done with it, Preece. I've decided that to-night—that's what a golden wedding comes to in these days. Things aren't what they were, I can tell you. In my time, a man was at any rate master in his own house and at his own works. It seemed natural enough! But you've changed all that.

PREECE—I've changed it?

JOHN (*continuing, confidentially*)—Why, even my own wife's gone against me to-night. My own wife! (*Troubled.*) Did you ever hear of such a thing?

PREECE—I have heard of such a thing, Sir John.

JOHN (*grimly*)—You laugh. Wait till you're married.

PREECE—I may have to wait a long time.

JOHN—Eh, what? A long time? Don't try to hoodwink me, Preece. I know what you all say when I'm not there. "Old Rhead!" "Be breaking up soon, the old man!" But I'm not yet quite doddering. (*Pointedly.*) You'll be married inside of six months—and every newspaper in London will be full of it. Yes, answer that.

My workmen go out on strike, and you poke your nose in and arrange it for me. Then my family go out on strike, and, upon my soul, you poke your confounded nose in there, too, and arrange that for me—on your own terms. Tut-tut! Shake hands, man! You and your like are running the world to the devil, and I'm too old to step in and knock you down. But—but—I wish you luck, my lad. You're a good sort. (*They shake hands. Emily, Nancy, Muriel, Richard, and Gertrude all enter from the hall.*)

PREECE—Well, good night, Sir John.

EMILY (*cheerfully*)—We're just coming to say good night, grandpapa. I'm sure you must be very tired. We've said good night to granny.

JOHN (*feeably*)—Where is she? Where is granny?

NANCY (*heartily shaking hands*)—Good night, John, and thank you for a very pleasant time. (*She goes to Gertrude, who now stands near the door, and kisses her good night.*)

RICHARD (*heartily shaking hands*)—Thank you, sir. (*Nancy passes out by the door. Gertrude now shakes hands with Richard, who follows his mother.*)

EMILY (*kisses John*)—Good night, dear. (*John, turning from Emily, moves with a generous gesture to Muriel, who, however, keeps a very stiff demeanor and shakes hands in cold silence. Emily has reached Gertrude. They both watch Muriel.*)

EMILY (*with a shade of disappointment turns to Gertrude*)—Good night, auntie. (*Gertrude and Emily embrace, then Emily passes quickly out of the door.*)

JOHN (*stiffly, looking about*)—Where's Monkhurst?

GERTRUDE—Oh, he is gone! He said he had an appointment at the club.

JOHN—What club? The Carlton?

MURIEL (*shaking hands with Gertrude*)—The Automobile, you may depend. (*She goes off by the door quickly.*)

GERTRUDE—Well, this day is over. (*Webster enters from the hall.*)

WEBSTER—Any orders, Sir John?

JOHN—None.

GERTRUDE—Can't we have some of the blaze of electricity turned off?

JOHN—As you like. (*Webster extinguishes several clusters with the switches at the door, then goes out. The room is left in a discreet light.*)

JOHN (*almost plaintively*) — Where's Rose? (*Rose enters timidly from the hall.*)

GERTRUDE—Here she is.

ROSE (*going up to John*) — John, forgive me for having dared to differ from my dear husband.

JOHN (*taking her hand softly*) — Old girl—(*then half humorously shaking his head*)—you'll be the death of me, if you do it again.

GERTRUDE—I think I'm going to bed.

JOHN—No, not yet.

ROSE—Gertrude, will you do me a favor, on my golden wedding-day?

GERTRUDE—What is it?

ROSE—Sing for us.

GERTRUDE — Oh, my singing days are over long ago!

JOHN (*persuasively*) — Go on — go on. There's nobody but us to hear,

GERTRUDE—Really it is— (*Stops.*) Very well. (*Gertrude goes through the double doors. Rose draws her lace shawl round her.*)

JOHN—Let's sit by the fire, if you're cold. (*He moves a chair in place for her gallantly. Rose sits to the left of the fire.*

John takes a seat to the right of the fire. From beyond the doors, the song "Juanita" is heard in a cracked and ancient voice, very gently and faintly.)

ROSE (*softly, by the fire*) — When I think of all this room has seen—

JOHN (*looking into the fire*) — Ah!

ROSE—I'm sure it's very pleasant to remember.

JOHN — Ah! That's because you're pleasant. I've said it before, and I say it again. The women of to-day aren't what women used to be. They're hard. They've none of the old charm. Unsexed—that's what they are—unsexed. (*Muriel enters quickly from the hall in a rich white cloak. She pauses, smiling, then hurries delicately across to her grandfather and embraces him; releases him, shyly takes a flower from her bosom, drops it into his hand, turns, and gives her grandmother a smile, whispering "Good night. They're waiting for me," and hurries out again.*)

JOHN (*looking at the flower*) — We live and learn.

ROSE (*nodding her head*) — Yes, John. (*The song continues.*)

(Curtain)

THE OLD HOUSE

THE old brown house is waiting, trim and neat;
No trace on painted floors of careless feet;
Undimmed by dust the peacock feathers glow
Each side the clock; the old gilt vase you know
Is filled with bittersweet as gold as stars—
You used to find it growing by the bars
Around the pasture when you took the cows,
And filled your hands the while they stopped to browse.

The andirons shine. Beside the smoke-blacked bricks,
Long years ago, a boy, you knelt to fix
An apple there for one gay-hearted girl;
Upon its stem you watched it twist and twirl,
Your eyes alert for fear the knots slip loose;
To-day I think you almost smell its juice!

Two conch-shells by the hearth, their linings pink
As in your boyhood, when you used to think
They whispered of the ocean to your ear;
And oh, the things you longed to see and hear!
The dreams you dreamed! The wondrous years to be!
So far your feet have traveled since! The sea
For you has lost the marvel that it had.
And has the larger wisdom made you glad?

The smoke curls from the chimney, thick and blue;
The little old brown house is waiting you!

Bertha Gerneau Woods

MAKING MEN OVER

THE PROCESS BY WHICH WILLIAM MULDOON REHABILITATES
THE WEARY AND THE UNFIT

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

ABOUT four miles from White Plains, not far from the State line between New York and Connecticut, you will see a long, low, gray building standing at the top of an eminence. It is flanked by magnificent trees, spacious lawns, and all the outlying structures of an imposing country estate. As you motor by, you naturally suppose that it is the home of a man of means with an eye for beauty and a love of ease.

Yet this building, so trim and so serene, with its panoramic sweep of wood, water, and valley all around, is one of the most remarkable institutions in the world. It is a school for right living—a sanctuary for the depressed, the world-weary, and the physically unfit. It is the place where William Muldoon, the iron-muscled dictator of a unique autocracy, makes people over again.

Here, amid the smiling Westchester hills, aloof from the din of metropolitan strife, is set up a remarkable stronghold in humanity's warfare against the ravages of time and the follies of abuse. Strenuous as is the life beneath that gabled roof, there is no external evidence of it. Indeed, so profound is the peace that broods there, that the atmosphere of the place is that of a monastic retreat. And no Trappist abbot ever wielded a more complete authority than this blue-eyed marvel of a man—this veteran athlete and teacher, who has given to the gospel of health a picturesque and beneficent tradition.

What is the special significance that attaches to Muldoon and his work? It is so universal that it touches every human being. All may profit in some way by its lesson.

For centuries people have abused their

greatest natural heritage—good health. As the pace of advancing civilization has become swifter, the inroads upon life have become greater and greater. The whole path of progress is strewn with the wreckage wrought by consuming ambition, insatiate lust of gold, greed of luxury, and mad pursuit of pleasure and excess. Daily we are reminded that we eat too much, work too fast, and take too little exercise. The trouble is that few heed the warning until it is too late.

During the past few decades, however, some intelligent and definite effort has been made to effect hygienic reforms. Food is the principal target of attack. From Elie Metchnikoff to Horace Fletcher you can run the whole range of experiment, and these are only two names in a long gallery identified with some form of human rehabilitation.

Yet long before the food experts began their dietetic manipulation, one man had seen the path that led to a real regeneration of the human body. He had witnessed an amazing exemplification in himself, and he saw that the same methods would work upon his fellows. That man was William Muldoon.

This long-time champion wrestler, this trainer of great ring masters, this superb specimen of manhood, has stood for nearly half a century for the best and highest ideals of physical development. There is scarcely a newspaper reader to-day who has not heard of him in some capacity.

The amazing thing about Muldoon—yet not amazing, of course, when you really know him—is that instead of bowing blindly to the god of brawn, he has always paid tribute at the shrine of mentality. His

great success is an admirable demonstration of the triumph of mind over muscle. Despite his own achievements on the mat, he has never striven so much for brute strength as for the intelligent control of what physical power he had.

In this idea, combined with a belief that all diseases are more or less due to a lack of will-power, you find the core and the substance of the creed which he uses to such excellent advantage in making over the people who come to him for a new lease of life. Summed up, it is simply the dogma of well-directed, controlled exercise.

Contact with this creed gives the patients who journey to his institution their first surprise. Coming with the usual preconceived idea of the personality of its head, they are destined to more than one shock before they depart.

No man can get any conception of what the Muldoon treatment is by superficial observation. He must live and be a part of it. This is why I found myself, one brilliant, sun-splashed morning in August, on the front porch of Olympia—the name given to that low-gabled house up in the Westchester hills.

"THE MASTER OF THE INN"

Muldoon was out riding with his patients. Nothing short of sickness or sudden death can interfere with the program. So you sit on the broad, vine-clad porch and wait. Bees buzz out in the closely trimmed hedge; you hear a horse paw down in the clean white stables; occasionally the telephone-bell rings up-stairs. Otherwise a fragrant calm hangs over the establishment.

As you look out over the misty valley and catch an occasional silvery glimpse of the Sound, far to the southeast, you suddenly hear a firm step crunching the gravel on the drive. You look up and see standing before you a figure that Remington might have painted as his ideal horseman. Broad of shoulder, deep of chest, with marvelous poise and unaffected grace and repose, this khaki-clad rider seems to be the personification of virility. A yellow silk handkerchief flutters from beneath his collar; a pair of brilliant but not unkindly blue eyes gleam from under the broad hat-brim. There are few lines in the fine and classic face. The whole organization suggests strength, power, self-confidence, and self-control.

Muldoon is a revelation at every turn.

He greets you in a soft, low musical voice and with a fine sense of courtesy. At sixty-seven he is as splendid a specimen of manhood as you can find anywhere. When you see him stripped, you get, as has been well said of him, "a glimpse of Greece in the time of Pericles." Phidias indeed might have modeled him, and Cellini put him into imperishable bronze.

You say to yourself:

"Can this gentle-voiced, restrained man be the solid Muldoon who trained Sullivan; who vanquished Whistler, Bibby, Muller, and the other old-time kings of the mat; whose life has been one long triumph of muscular performance?"

But when you come under his dominion, you soon realize that he is still the same man. You perceive just how and why he has been able to register his great achievements.

There is no half-hearted treatment at Muldoon's. You are either a full-fledged, whole-hearted member of the working community, or you are entirely out of it. You cannot watch from the gallery.

You may hear terrible tales of exhaustion; of tyrannical overlordship; of men forced to the last limit of human endurance. Nevertheless, the professor—as they call Muldoon up there—never asks a man to do a thing he is incapable of doing. He is simply taxed to his best effort, and by reason of this tax he probably finds out that he can do much more than he ever thought he could.

At this institution, which is purely hygienic, every phase of human nature passes in intimate review. The patients range in age from fifteen to seventy-five years. Every possible temperamental and physical phase is encountered. For this reason they are divided into two classes—the riding squad and the "hardly ables"—according to their ability, strength, and age. Day and night everybody is subject to constant attention and care, and, above all, to the exercise of a firm and cautious judgment.

The slightest mistake might undo the whole program for a man's rehabilitation; and that is why discipline stands at the head of requirements at Olympia. Without it, absolutely nothing could be accomplished. Its enforcement has led to the wide-spread impression that this is a place of iron rigor and drastic rule.

Furthermore, if you think that the development of mere muscle is your sole occupa-

tion at Muldoon's, you are mistaken. The professor's theory about a strong body is that it is only useful as a shell for heart, soul, and the better senses. He has given his place an environment of beauty and charm; he believes in proper clothes; his horses and his equipment are of the finest, and his library is stocked with the best books.

"Do the right thing in the right way and at the right time," is the motto that flies from the masthead here at Olympia.

The moment you enter the Muldoon training, the system dominates you; and this means, in turn, that you fall under the potent spell of Muldoon. You find yourself unconsciously trying to follow him. He does not fidget, or fool with his collar, or cross his legs, or lean on his elbows at the dining-table, or seem disturbed or anxious. You do not sit down to eat until you get permission, and you do not leave the dining-room until you are excused.

"Silly 'prep' school régime!" you may say.

But there is a reason for everything. You are not permitted to cross your legs, because it interferes with blood circulation; you do not lean on the table, because it impairs the work of the stomach; you do not rush madly to the table and seat yourself in a hurry, or depart with equal haste, because both actions destroy repose and a real sense of the enjoyment of eating.

And so with a score of apparently trivial things that you learn to do at Muldoon's. The iron discipline of the institute compels

and ingrains them into your life, to be employed when you get back to your ordinary life-task, no matter what it is.

THE DEMOCRACY OF PHYSICAL NEED

But first let us see who the patients are. All the people who come to Muldoon's are

not sick, or broken down, or despondent, or in dire need of rehabilitation. The healthiest of men come to be kept in the track of health, and to get insurance, so far as is possible, against decrepitude and old age.

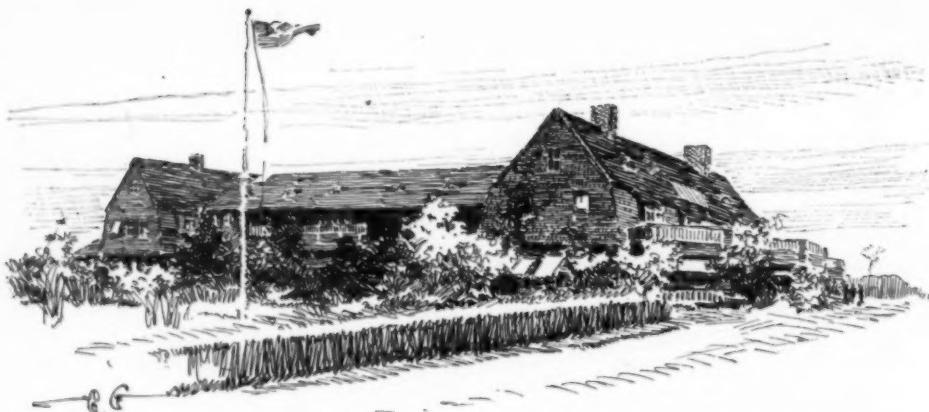
Nowhere in the world, perhaps, will you find a more varied company. You may encounter a Cabinet minister, a distinguished diplomat, a noted actor, a great explorer, a renowned captain of capital, or some other person more or less distinguished. You will also see plain citizens unmarked by great achievement. For Olympia, like indigestion, is the leveler of all ranks.

Muldoon takes every man just as he finds him. A Senator of the United States gets the same unremitting dose as his most obscure colleague.

This democracy of a common physical need inspires a curious and interesting kinship. It is like the comradeship of the firing-line. The men seem to be training for some big event; and surely no event can be more important than good health. You never hear talk of "symptoms." Instead, you listen to records in ball-bouncing; tales of endurance in taking the medicine ball; talk about the gait of horses; words of pride in physical power and stamina. Cour-



WILLIAM MULDOON IN RIDING-COSTUME—THE DOG,
A FINE RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND, IS HIS CON-
STANT COMPANION IN THE OPEN



A VIEW OF MULDOON'S INSTITUTE, OLYMPIA—THE HOUSE IS BUILT LIKE A SHIP, IN THAT ALL THE LIVING-ROOMS ARE OUTSIDE—IT COMMANDS A WIDE VIEW OF THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY

age, confidence, and hope are in the very air you breathe. In short, it is like an athletic club, whose members are really athletic.

I was there during the midsummer season, when the professor only takes few patients; but I found enough to give color and variety to the work. There was, for example, a Massachusetts lawyer—district attorney in his home town, and a man of parts and prominence—who, at fifty-seven, had come to the institute a month before, broken down from overwork.

I found him with ruddy cheek, buoyant and blithe, able to go all the pace of exercise with the youngest, and riding on horseback every day.

There was a prominent surgeon from New York State—a doctor, mind you, and one of many doctors who come to Olympia—who, after a trying series of delicate operations, was here to get, as he put it, "a lesson in right living," and to lay in a stock of poise, balance, and steadiness for the fingers that were soon again to explore the very seat of life.

There was a Western millionaire who had more money than mental resource, and who had fallen a victim to neurasthenia. Now, after six weeks, he was alert and taking an interest in things, and his body was hard as nails. You can go a long way mentally with a strong frame.

Then, too, there was a New York business man—a giant of a fellow—who had come in three weeks before so crippled by rheumatism that he could not lift his left arm. Now he worked harder than any-

body; the twinges were gone, and he was in fine condition.

Still another type was a young Southerner, the son of a rich man who had taken the treatment a year before, and who wanted his boy to get started right in life, physically and mentally. There was nothing the matter with this young man. He was there to learn how to live, to store up resistance to the inroads of the years.

ON THE EXERCISING FLOOR

The Muldoon building is like a ship. In the bow are the professor's private apartments; in the stern are the dining-rooms and kitchens. The second floor is like an upper deck, with all the staterooms outside. The lower floor, which would be the main saloon of a vessel, is the great exercising-hall. The bath-room opens from it.

You have now seen the place, the instructor, and the people. Let us see what happens on a routine day.

You have gone to bed by nine o'clock the night before—such is the inflexible rule—and are probably sound asleep when there is a rap on your door at six o'clock in the morning. This means that you are a member of the riding squad, which includes the most able-bodied division of the inmates. You are told to grab your bath-robe and slippers and come down to the bath-room. Here you dress for the exercise.

Everything is done by system. You find, for instance, that the body must always be covered first; so you put on your jersey and sweater. You dress and undress—even to putting on shoes and stockings—standing.

Why? Simply because this performance exercises nearly every muscle in the body. Moreover, it teaches balance and control. Try it to-morrow morning, and you will find that it is much more difficult than it sounds.

You troop into the exercising-hall, first scene of the Muldoon drama of action. The master of the house awaits you. The figure that looked so graceful in the riding-clothes is now imposing in tights and sleeveless shirt.

Here begins your work. Muldoon starts to throw a bouncing ball at you. It is a ball and a game which he invented. He wanted a substitute for boxing, which becomes very monotonous; so he fashioned this ball of leather, which is filled with air. The game is to throw it at your opponent so as to strike him on the solar plexus at the first bound. His object is to catch the ball on the bounce and hurl it back at you.

"Easy," you say, for the ball is light; but just stand up and have it hurled at you for half an hour without intermission; and then take two balls, and finally three. On the first day you find that this empty sphere of leather feels like lead; that your arms seem nailed to your sides, and your feet grow to the floor. Muldoon gives you no rest, for the iron-clad rule of that exercising floor is to "smile and hustle."

Then he begins to throw a heavy medicine ball at you. It does not always come at the same place, and it keeps you on the jump. All the while your instructor

keeps up a running fire of criticism, rebuke, and comment.

When you think you are about to drop—but you don't—you hear the command: "Double time!"

This means that the ball games are over, and that the form of exercises is changed. You run and walk and do calisthenics. All the while, the professor is keeping up his relentless conversational fire. It may sound fierce, and even brutal, but it serves to keep you at the job, even when the will is wavering and the body aching from fatigue. It is pretty sensible talk, too.

Here is a sample of what is hurled at you when you stand in line:

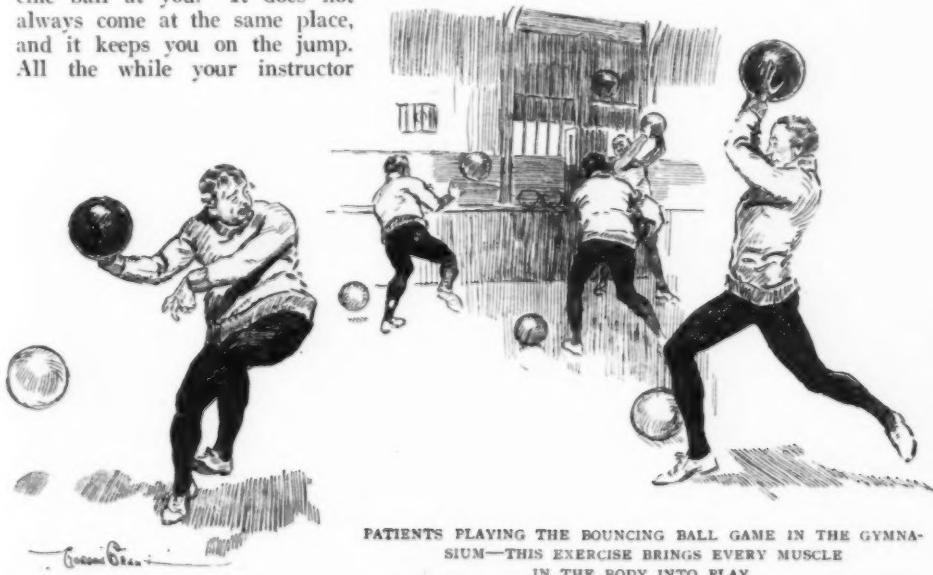
"Look up! If more people looked up in life, fewer would fall down. People spend millions of dollars for frescos on ceilings that no one ever sees; yet nature has painted wonderful pictures in the clouds that every one can see without cost. Look up, and you will see more beauty than when you keep your eyes down."

Wo to the man who cuts a corner while running! This will bring down upon his head the wrath of the master.

"Stop cheating!" he will say. "You are not doing your full work."

All through this continuous comment there is contempt for any form of dishonesty or deception.

If you fail to follow the ball in its unexpected journeys, Muldoon will ask:



PATIENTS PLAYING THE BOUNCING BALL GAME IN THE GYMNASIUM—THIS EXERCISE BRINGS EVERY MUSCLE IN THE BODY INTO PLAY

"Can't you do the unexpected? The worst failure in the world is the man who does things mechanically. He can never meet an emergency. Learn to think on your feet!"

You begin to realize that this man is not brutal; that while his method is strenuous, it is no more so than is necessary to drive home the truth. You remember what he says, and try to avoid his criticism. Herein lies one of the subtle phases of the Muldoon system. The things that are hammered into you stick.

In such work as this, the flesh is apt to be weak. It is easy to succumb to the temptation that gives you a moment of respite or cuts down the grilling process. This is why the rule is iron, and why men must be kept at the task until they think they are hard-driven. But the simple result is that the next time they work harder, and before long what seems drudgery becomes comparatively easy.

The principle behind the work in the exercising-room is very simple. It is based on the fact that exercise is an effort, and that if you avoid effort you avoid exercise. Muldoon's whole purpose on the floor is to keep his patients engaged in action. If any move, or failure to move, escapes his eagle eye, it is seen by his able assistant, Richard Jared, who may be described as a miniature Muldoon.

PHILOSOPHY IN THE BATH

Tired and dripping, you march to the bath. If the experience on the floor has been startling, what you now undergo is a real revelation.

You wrap a rough bath-towel around your head, put on a bath-robe, and draw the hood over the towel. You drink a pint of hot water, and sit down on a stool to perspire.

Then comes another unique scene. As the group of cowled men sit, glass in hand, in steps Muldoon, clad in a huge yellow bath-robe, with his head incased in the hood. Always a majestic and commanding figure, he now looks like an abbot come to the midst of his brethren. Silently he takes his seat on a stool, and, like a philosopher of old, begins to talk to his disciples. The voice, which a moment ago was iron and strident, is now soft, low, and musical again.

He discourses upon life and upon action. That first morning, the talk was of habit.

"Habit," he said, "is a pernicious thing. Most of the evils and excesses of life are habits. Lay out before you all your habits, and then inquire of your intimate friends if they have observed any. You will find that it is a rotten layout. Decide then and there to eliminate them. Make this appraisal of yourself two or three times a year."

There was a young man among the patients, and to him Muldoon addressed this homily:

"Nothing is so injurious as cigarette-smoking, with both men and women. Its twin brother is the cocktail. When men and women addicted to these habits marry, they beget a cross between a Manhattan cocktail and a Turkish cigarette."

There is no monotony in these philosophic sweats. The next morning the professor said nothing; all sat in silence. You could hear every other person breathe. But one day he changed the tack, and spoke again in his musical voice.

"Remember," he said, "that your body was perfect when it was handed over to you, and it is your duty to the Maker of all things to treat that body with great caution and consideration. It is the abiding-place of your soul. You would not like to live in a house inferior to that of your neighbor. Then why have your soul domiciled in a body that is inferior? Why not have pride in a suitable place to live in? Why not improve it, make it look better and more inviting?"

"Remember," he continued, "that the north end of your anatomy is where the executive chamber is located—the seat of government of the body. You know what happens to a government, or a town, or a State, where there is a poor executive at the head. The same is true of the individual. Think right, work right, and take care of yourself; that is the key-note of physical well-being."

Your glass of water drunk, you strip for the bath. Here again you follow an unrelenting routine. You stand as you undress, and the chest is uncovered last. The bath is a rite. Muldoon, or an assistant, stands in front of the automatic shower, giving commands. Every motion that you make with water or soap is by direction. You really and truly bathe, and perhaps never before have you realized just what a complete performance a shower-bath can be.

Then you give yourself a massage, which

begins with a rubbing of the ankles, and includes a kneading of calves, thighs, stomach, neck, and back. Here, as elsewhere, you do everything for yourself, swiftly and under orders. This costs an effort, and effort is exercise.

Perhaps you wonder why you drink so much hot water, but the reason is simple.

You are not compelled to eat all that is served you, but you are compelled to eat sensibly and reasonably. If you don't feel like eating, you have only to ask to be excused, and your request is granted. But you cannot select from your food one or two things that you like, and eliminate the rest.

It often happens that the patient with the



AN EPISODE AT OLYMPIA—MULDOON HAS CAUGHT TWO DISTINGUISHED PATIENTS IN A VIOLATION OF THE RULES, AND IS PEREMPTORILY REBUKING THEM

It irrigates and removes the poisons secreted in the body through fatigue or otherwise. This irrigation, combined with the oxygenization of the blood through exercise, forms the sum and substance of the Muldoon treatment.

You dress by schedule, this time getting into your riding-clothes. Then another glass of hot water; a respite out in the open air; and breakfast, where you fall on simple, substantial food with ravenous appetite. You sit at small dining-tables, four or six patients in a group, while in the center, at his own table, and dominating the whole room, is Muldoon. He sees what you eat; he watches your conduct; it is he who gives you permission to sit and to leave.

subdued grouch asks to be excused from eating, and then waits outside to tell his fellows that he is being starved to death. He says that he is waiting for a chance to get back to New York and "eat what he wants." If those words ever get to Muldoon, the patient doesn't have to wait long for the chance. It is characteristic of the head of the house that he has never been known to ask a man or woman to come to his place or to remain there.

After breakfast comes an hour of relaxation, when you may do as you please. You are quite content to stretch your legs luxuriously in a wicker chair, to drink in drafts of country air, and to watch the sunlight on the green. You think you have earned a respite; but it is not for very long.

Promptly at ten o'clock the order is "Boots and saddles," and you go to the stables. The raw patient who thinks he is to have a pleasant gallop across the beautiful countryside will get a fresh surprise. At Muldoon's you don't ride for pleasure; you ride for work, and for plenty of it.

In the stable hangs a slate, and on it are written the names of the rider and his horse. You find your mount and stand at his head until Muldoon commands you to line up. You inspect your equipment, and then, at the signal, spring into the saddle and trot away in double file. Muldoon rides at the head. He seems to be a part of his horse.

Many men ride at Muldoon's who have never been in the saddle before.

"It is impossible for me to ride," they say.

"But you can," replies the professor.

Under his iron will they stick on the horse, and they are astounded at their own performance. I know of no better way of learning how to ride horseback overnight than to take the course at Muldoon's.

You have not proceeded far on your ride when you realize that here again you get constant variety and unceasing action. First you walk your horse; then you trot; then you gallop. You never settle down to one gait for long. It is this uncertainty that helps to keep each rider's mind concentrated and alert.

Then, suddenly, the command rings out:

"Dismount!"

You leap to the ground.

"Lead your horse!" cries Muldoon.

Then you begin a "hike" that makes even the ball game seem child's play. Up hill, down dale, and through leafy lane you go, sometimes walking, sometimes running, with the blood tingling in your veins. You cover perhaps a mile on foot; then you mount and return home. The ride each day is over a different road, and the change of scene helps to make the performance, strenuous as it is, most attractive.

Back at Olympia again, you go through the sweating process; drink your hot water; get your bath and self-massage; and dress for the afternoon. From now until bedtime you are free to do as you please. There are books to read; interesting men to talk with; a charming country to walk over. Perhaps you will be asked to go driving with Muldoon, who likes smart traps and despises automobiles. Before nine, you are glad to embrace "the great gift of sleep."

Cleanliness is a pervading feature of the curriculum at Olympia. Up to midday you have bathed twice. Before each bath you have had a perspiration which cleanses the skin thoroughly. The hot water that you have drunk has washed out the alimentary canal. No person could be cleaner, inside and out, than you are when you don your afternoon attire.

Muldoon insists that his patients be properly dressed—not so much with regard to the cut of the clothes as to suitability and perfect cleanliness. You are not permitted, for instance, to wear the same shoes twice during the day. Every bit of clothing must be sent to the laundry after having been worn three times. This smartness invariably has a constructive effect on the patient.

The strenuous régime which I have described is that of the riding class, of which I was a member. It includes only a minority of the inmates. For the less fit—the "hardly ables"—there is an entirely different course, one carefully suited to their condition.

These are the invalids, the convalescents, the neurasthenics, and the men whose age disqualifies them from the grilling game. They are made to believe that they are still patients of their doctor. The day begins at seven o'clock, instead of six. They go to the bath-room under orders; have their pint of hot water, and dress according to system. Their day's régime is regulated by their condition. Their exercise is very moderate, and may include a walk; but they are compelled to live up to the rules of the institution, and are encouraged to be out of doors all the time possible. One by one they graduate into the riding class, often at their own request.

After this description, it is scarcely necessary to deny the story which has been repeated so often—that Muldoon takes even his disabled patients out riding, dismounts them on some pretense or other, and then takes their horses away, leaving them to make their footsore way home.

Somehow the time never drags. You think about what you are doing; you feel confidence, power, will rising with you. And so it goes, day after day, through your allotted time. It may be three weeks, a month, or six weeks. Patients come and go, but the system seems to proceed forever, supplanting weariness with energy, ennui with enthusiasm, despair with hope and



PATIENTS DRINKING HOT WATER AND SWEATING OUT, AFTER THE MORNING EXERCISE IN THE GYMNASIUM

faith. It is an epic of the transformation of man.

WILLIAM MULDOON THE MAN

No one can live close to William Muldoon without finding out that a strong mental quality lies behind his physical work. In this mental activity, and its incessant application to everything muscular, you get the key-note of his success. He makes the body simply the tool of a high and well-controlled power, which marks the fine distinction between brute force and intelligent effort.

You can apply this formula to whatever you do, and with good result.

Muldoon's training of John L. Sullivan for the memorable championship fight with Kilrain is a case in point. When the big Boston bruiser was matched for the event, he was a wreck. Disease and dissipation had put him on crutches. The sporting world smiled at the temerity of his backers in thinking that their man had a chance; but they did not reckon with Muldoon.

The great wrestler took the fighter in hand on one condition — that Sullivan should obey him implicitly in all things. At first Sullivan rebelled; then he fell under the iron will of his trainer. His obedience spelled triumph, for in that memorable and grilling contest of seventy-four rounds with bare knuckles, fought under a broil-

ing sun, he almost chopped up his opponent, and was fresh at the finish.

One of Muldoon's characteristics is his contempt for sham, hypocrisy, and indecision. Few men have his opportunity to study their fellows, for he sees them literally "stripped to their foolish hide" and open to every attack that weakness of will makes upon human nature.

He demands obedience. It is his fetish, and it runs through every detail of his establishment. No one is exempt, and I could cite many instances of his swift reprisal for infractions. Here is a concrete illustration:

Several years ago, the patients at the institution included a prominent naval officer and a leading member of a famous New York club. The men were old friends, and spent much time together. They were large of girth, from the effects of overindulgence. To obtain the full benefits of the treatment, it was important for them to follow the strict letter of the rules.

In those days Muldoon permitted his patients to smoke three cigars a day. Now no smoking whatever is allowed. He began to suspect that this worthy pair were exceeding the tobacco limit. They had a habit of going off, so they said, for long walks in the afternoon. One evening, Muldoon started out to see just what they were doing.

They had gone around by the road, so he cut across the fields. As he had sur-

mised, he saw them swaggering along, each with a big, black cigar in his mouth. They had already had their daily quota.

They saw the master coming, and each shoved his cigar into his right-hand coat-pocket.

"What are you doing?" demanded Muldoon.

"Oh, just walking," replied the officer.

"Where are those cigars you were smoking?" asked the now irate instructor.

"The ideal!" was the indignant response. "We have not been smoking!"

"Can't you see that your pockets are smoking?" said Muldoon.

Shamefaced, they took out the cigars and threw them on the ground. Then they started away.

"Stop!" ordered Muldoon. "Let me tell you something." To the officer he said: "I used to have some respect for your branch of the service. How can I have it now, when you try to deceive me?" To the other man he thundered: "I used to think that your club was composed of gentlemen. Now I have changed my mind!" To both he ordered: "Get back to the house as fast as you can, pack your clothes, and leave on the first train."

In vain they pleaded for another chance, but they had to go.

Nor is this czar of health without his sense of humor. There is a story of his encounter with a famous United States Senator who was sojourning at Olympia. Muldoon ordered the crowd of patients to sit down, and all obeyed except the Senator.

"I said sit down, Senator," observed Muldoon.

"But I prefer to stand," the statesman answered.

"But I order you to sit down," continued the relentless instructor.

The Senator drew himself up, and began with dignity:

"Sir, I am a gentleman—"

"Yes," interrupted Muldoon, "but don't gentlemen sit down?"

Muldoon has cultivated the qualities of silence, observation, and repose. These, combined with great endurance and will-power, really constitute his make-up. He is a singularly aloof and dignified figure. He seldom mingles with his patients during their leisure. He argues that they see enough of him when they are at work.

It is his habit to sit alone at night on his broad front piazza, winter and summer. To this place you may come if you are lucky enough to be bidden, and commune with the master. This communion is a liberal education.

WHAT REST REALLY IS

One night, when the stars swung low and the air was fragrant with the smell of rain-washed earth, I sat with Muldoon while he talked of many things. The conversation drifted to Metchnikoff and his theory of old age and fatigue poisons.

"People need rest," he said.

"What is rest?" I asked him.

"The incessant appeal of blood, bone, and brain is for rest," replied Muldoon. "You must have rest. Take it, or it will take you in its embrace forever. Rest as you do everything in a successful life—sensibly. Don't think that when your doctor tells you to rest, he means you to travel, or to get mixed up in the social whirl of a seaside resort. Rest is regular, peaceful, and prolonged sleep. Rest is wholesome, nutritious, and digestible diet. Rest is moderate, supervised, regulated, and scientific exercise. Rest is pure, elevating amusement that is composing to the mind and stimulating to manhood. Rest is change of scene, change of thought, change of habit, change of occupation, change of environment. Rest is really putting that frame of yours into the repair-shop of hygienic skill."



A PATIENT MAKING HIS FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE BOUNCING BALL

I asked this veteran to sum up the whole lesson of right living, based on his own experience. He replied:

"Moderation in all things. This sentence sums it up in a nutshell. There is no reason why a man who is moderate should not be as sound in his fifties as in his thirties or forties. The most useful period of a man's life should be from his fiftieth to his seventieth year. At that time his mind is riper; his judgment is keener; and his body should still be capable of hard work.

"Too many people are under the impression that in reaching so-called old age, they must necessarily have worn out the body. They get this idea simply because they have not rid themselves of self-conceit; because they will not follow the simple rule of right living, of moderation. The body does not wear out; people abuse it and wear it out. You can always rebuild when you go about the task intelligently. Long life and good health simply mean eternal vigilance."

He sat silent a long time. Then he continued:

"Remember that while food is necessary, in order to keep the physical being alive

and wholesome, it is just as necessary to keep the mentality well nourished. Every time you do something that you thought you could not do, you develop and strengthen your mentality. It equips and encourages and sustains you to achieve something even more difficult. Part of my training is directed to that end."

You emerge from the Muldoon training with a newer, a more vivid view of life, and with less fear of the ancient nightmare of old age. Much of this is due to the personality of Muldoon himself. When you see this veteran of sixty-seven, with the form of an Apollo, with the strength of a Hercules, with life, vitality, enthusiasm, and energy glowing within him, you have before you an inspiring example to show what care, intelligence, and self-control can accomplish in overcoming man's greatest and most formidable foe, which is time. To a lesser degree it is not an impossible task for every one.

When you ask Muldoon what he is, he says:

"I am a trainer."

That is all he pretends to be. Yet in his training and in his precept is the art preservative of life and of civilization.

THE DELAWARE SCOUT

DEEP in primordial wildness, by a lake,
I see him crouching, bronze against the green;
Long watching ere his fevered thirst to slake,
Since death most strikes in midday's far-hushed sheen.
The rock is not more patient than his limbs;
New fire burns dusk and veiled beside that eye.
A loon! Can there be danger where she swims?
Yet lo, the files of Iroquois creep by!

No greave, cuirass, or buckler walls their grace,
But naked—all, all, naked as the sun;
They pad like hunting panthers through the place,
Lithe, beautiful, and savage, one by one.
Aye, naked, fine and thin-hunched, like the cat;
Smooth, straight, and supple—copper priests of war!
Their moccasins scarce rustling in the mat
Of moss and piny litter by the shore.

As smoke they pass, and leave him there alone,
Close-hid beside his long and thewy bow,
And loosened knife, and hatchet to be thrown;
Yet to the water shall he still not go.
The pines shake light above him on the slope;
The sun bends down against the mountain-rim;
But till all-shrouding darkness make night's cope,
Far brethren shall not know his coming dim!

Francis Hill

A FREE-HAND TALK ON POLITICS, BUSINESS, AND MY OWN RELATION TO THE CAMPAIGN

BY MR. MUNSEY

THREE is one point in connection with this election on which I think most of us are agreed, and that is that we want to see the man triumph in November who would administer the affairs of government most efficiently, and in the broadest and fullest interest of all our people—not any one section of the country, not the favored few, and not to the injustice of the few.

The triumph of any man, or any party, is of little consequence as compared with securing the right man for the job, and, believe me, the Presidential job in our country, now grown so big, is the biggest executive and administrative job in all the world. It is far and away too big for any man to handle properly. Our scheme of government puts too much work and responsibility upon a President. It does not fit a country of such vast dimensions, such vast wealth, and of so vast a population.

But so long as the present scheme of government stands, the only chance we have of getting anything like satisfactory results is to put a man in the White House who has God-given executive and administrative qualities, who has genius for work, tremendous initiative, and the power to energize everybody and everything about him.

We have tried Mr. Taft on this job and found that he does not measure up to the requirements in a very big way. He is not a worker, and has little genius for getting work out of others. He is not an organizer. He loves play and social contact far better than official grind. His ability does not express itself in an administrative way. He

lacks initiative and push. He lacks the intuitive qualities necessary to interpret the people, the intuitive qualities that impel a man to do the right thing at the right time. Taft is a lawyer and a judge. This training often minimizes vision and clogs it with precedents and balance.

Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, is a worker. He loves work as a schoolboy loves play. He is wonderfully equipped for work, with a mind and body that never tire, and with a wider and bigger knowledge of and experience in public life than any other man in America.

In his many-sided qualities Roosevelt has an immeasurable advantage over other men. He is a scholar, a man of widest reading, a brilliant writer, an impressive and effective speaker, a powerful debater, a man of scintillant imagination, tremendously alert, tremendously intense, and tremendously earnest. With all this he has extraordinary genius for administration, and an intuitive mind that has played an important part in his career.

Roosevelt reads everything, and has been reading everything all his life. He not only reads but remembers, and best of all is that this accumulated knowledge is always at his command. History is at his fingertips. He keeps himself absolutely abreast of the times, and has an intimate knowledge of men and the best thought of the day.

Dr. Wilson, the Democratic candidate, is a ripe scholar, a brilliant writer, and a graceful and effective speaker. He began his career in the South, practising law for

a short time in Atlanta. From there he went to Bryn Mawr as an instructor in history and political economy, finally becoming president of Princeton College. Beyond the recognition that he received as the head of this institution, he added to his reputation by his books and occasional public speeches.

Except for his brief experience as Governor of New Jersey, he has had no service in public life. He has had no experience whatever in the affairs of the national government. He has never been in Congress or the executive departments of the government. His experience and known qualities in no way guarantee a successful administration for him if he is elected. At best, he would be an experiment.

In every important business undertaking other than that of the government, men of training and known capacity are selected for executive places. No board of directors would ever think of placing the management of an important railroad in the hands of one not thoroughly trained in railroading. He must not only have the training, but must have demonstrated that he has real genius for executive management. This rule should obtain in governmental affairs as well as in private and corporate affairs.

In connection with this point, let me refer to the German system of selecting its mayors, though I mentioned it recently in this magazine. If Munich, for instance, wants a mayor, she does not limit her selection to the citizens of Munich. She hunts the country over for the right man. With those wise Germans it is not a question of local pride or good fellowship or oratory, but a question of getting a man of demonstrated ability and known experience in the conduct of municipal affairs.

This is precisely what we do here at home in the business world, but not in the political world. No great banking institution, no great manufacturing concern, no great transportation company, no great trust, no great railroad, ever selects a man to dominate its affairs because he is a good fellow, or because he writes well, speaks well, or is in theory a whirlwind. These institutions seek trained men who have demonstrated their genius for the job.

It does not follow that an untried, untrained man may not have inherent qualities that would make him a very great success at the head of any vast business, or as the President of the United States. Such a

man, however, would be an experiment, and can we afford to experiment in the Presidency?

Mr. Roosevelt has had approximately thirty years of experience and training in political life, starting with his election to the New York Assembly soon after taking his degree at Harvard. Practically all of his active life has been in the public service. As a very young man in the New York Legislature, Roosevelt showed, even at that early age, extraordinary qualities for legislative work and a genius for leadership.

In whatever capacity he has served, whether as legislator, as civil service commissioner, as police commissioner of New York, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as an officer in the Spanish-American War, as Governor of the State of New York, or as President of the United States, he has been a dominant and powerful force. He is a known quantity, with a marvelous record of achievements.

Both Taft and Roosevelt are known men as concerns their respective capabilities for the Presidency; Wilson is an unknown man as concerns his capabilities for the Presidency.

* * * *

You may very well wonder why Taft was placed in nomination by the Republican party, and why Wilson was placed in nomination by the Democratic party.

As concerns Taft, it was a case of the king is dead, long live the king—the dead king in this instance being Roosevelt. Taft was in power and had control of all the machinery of the party, of all the patronage of the party, and by reason of this control looked to be invincible. Roosevelt was out of power, had no political following, no control of patronage, no control of the machinery of the party. Moreover, he was unpopular with the politicians of the party, and was unpopular in Wall Street and with the money forces and great trusts of the country, because he had initiated control over them, and had made it plain to them that their absolute dominance of the country must be stopped.

The politicians, little and big, to whom it means everything to guess right, chose the "sure thing" and lined up with Taft. It was an apparent certainty, as they saw it, that Roosevelt would get little or no following in the campaign for delegates to the Republican national convention. They regaled themselves with the fancy that he

was down and out, and could give them no more trouble.

But as the campaign for delegates proceeded, and State after State and State after State repudiated the machine and elected Roosevelt delegates, they became so enraged at the position they found themselves in, so enraged that they had guessed wrong, that they were in a frame of mind to do anything, however desperate, to hold control of the party and to beat Roosevelt.

In their bitterness and chagrin even the slaughter of the Republican party was preferable to a Roosevelt triumph, and so they framed up a scheme for stealing the convention, believing they could "get away" with the plunder, and that the Roosevelt forces would in the end be compelled to accept the action of the convention. No one of the machine men ever seriously believed we would fight. The idea of a new party was ridiculous.

Here again the politicians guessed wrong. They did not reckon with the temper of the American people this time any better than they reckoned with it in the matter of the selection of delegates. It was perfectly clear to any thinking man before the contest for delegates began at all that Taft had "lost out" with the people, and that they did not want and would not have him. Neither did the politicians particularly care for him, but they felt that as he commanded the situation they must fall in line.

Politicians can play a brilliant hand when things are coming their way, but when the drift is all the other way, they are a helpless lot.

The result of their blundering and high-handed methods has broken the back of the Republican party and brought into the field a new party, which has taken over all of the best policies of the Republican party, and added others that make it a party of the people and a party of to-day, a party of the ideas and ideals of to-day.

* * * *

Men are selected for high political office in our country because of availability and acceptability. It does not matter how acceptable a man is, or how desirable he is, for a given political office, if he is not available—that is to say, if he has not the following or personal qualities that would make him a good running candidate. The first consideration, therefore, in practical party management is not a man's qualifications for the job, but rather his qualifi-

cations as a successful candidate coupled with reasonably acceptable qualifications for the job. It is a pity it is so, but such is the fact.

A long record of brilliant public service has made some men strong with the people and compelled their nomination for President. But more frequently in our country men have secured the nomination because of personal popularity, because of military achievements, because of an impressive or spectacular speech on some great occasion, or because of qualities that appeal strongly to the imagination of the people. Such qualities are inherent. They cannot be cultivated. In public men they are a very great asset.

Washington and Jackson and Harrison and Taylor and Grant each became President because of military fame. Garfield became President because of his great speech in nominating John Sherman, who failed to win the convention prize, and Garfield was nominated in his stead—Garfield, who had not been thought of in connection with the Presidency up to the time of his speech.

Bryan was nominated because of his sensational and electrifying speech in the Democratic convention of 1896.

Wilson's nomination is due primarily to his appeal to the imagination of the people. His rise to public fame has been rapid—not so meteoric as Bryan's, but nevertheless short and sharp. As the president of Princeton College, and as a writer of books, he held a quiet and dignified position. It was not until his election as Governor of New Jersey by a tremendous majority, two years ago, that he gripped the public fancy and became a national character in a political sense. His advanced and radical utterances and his sensational large vote at once pictured him in the American fancy as a titanic figure.

If Wilson had been elected by a small plurality I wonder if he would now be the nominee of the Democratic party? It is probable he would not. The election that made him Governor was a Democratic landslide everywhere. If Taft was responsible for the landslide, he is responsible for Wilson as the Democratic nominee.

With the national political campaign only two years off, and the preliminary skirmishes for nomination a little more than a year off, Wilson began to be discussed with others as an available candidate, and soon

thereafter he came out as an avowed candidate. There were other candidates in the Democratic party, but none, except Champ Clark, who appealed to the imagination of the people as did Wilson, and in whom any considerable interest could be awakened.

The real battle, therefore, for the nomination was waged between Clark and Wilson. It would certainly have been won by Clark but for Bryan's strong-arm methods in forcing Wilson's nomination. His candidacy and nomination were bitterly fought by the business interests of the Democratic party, which stood solidly for Governor Harmon of Ohio, with Underwood of Alabama a second choice, and Champ Clark preferred to Wilson.

Clark, the present Speaker of the House of Representatives, has had years of experience in public life, and is rich in the qualities that appeal to the public fancy. He knows the game of public life, is a good fellow, has hosts of friends, and would have won the nomination easily but for Bryan, who, with unsuspected strength, dominated the Baltimore convention with almost brutal force. Any idea that Bryan was a weak man was thoroughly shattered in that hardest-fought convention in the history of the country. Just why Bryan turned against Clark and demanded Wilson's nomination, he himself knows best.

You all know about Roosevelt's nomination. He was the chosen candidate of the people for the Republican nomination. It was stolen from him, and the people would not stand for the theft. This made the new party inevitable, and Roosevelt was made the unanimous nominee, and Governor Johnson, of California, the unanimous nominee for his running-mate. Johnson is in very fact a running-mate for Roosevelt, for he is a whirlwind—a man of deep convictions, great force, and great personal power. He was the one man of the younger generation who went out of the recent Republican national convention in Chicago with an enormously increased stature—not a big head, but a big man.

Roosevelt's nomination rests on what he is, on what he has done for the people, and on what he is capable of doing if returned to power. Roosevelt not only has a matchless record of achievements to his credit, but he has in addition qualities that appeal to the imagination of the people even more strongly than those of Wilson or Clark. He lives closer to the people, and is more near-

ly one of them, than any other important man in public life. He understands them and speaks a language that they understand.

* * * *

With three powerful parties in the field, we are in the biggest political fight in our history. To speak of the new Progressive party as powerful, and to give it place with the two hitherto all-dominant political organizations, sounds absurd, but there is nothing absurd about it. It is a very vital fact.

This new organization, scarcely a month old, already has a following that at once raises it to a bigness and a dignity which command consideration and respect.

No national campaign has ever offered anything half so dramatic or half so interesting—a President of the United States, an ex-President of the United States, and an ex-president of one of our important universities, in deadly combat in a three-cornered fight.

Taft and Wilson have great organizations back of them, amply officered and brilliantly generalized. Roosevelt's "organization," on the other hand, is the creation of an hour, without drill or training or cohesion. It is a following rather than an organization—a spontaneous expression of the people who believe in Roosevelt and the theories of government for which he stands.

THE TARIFF IS THE CHIEF ISSUE ON WHICH THIS PRESIDENTIAL FIGHT WILL BE WON OR LOST. The Democratic party holds the tariff responsible for the present high cost of living, and assails it both on principle and by force of habit. That the cost of living is high is certain; that it is very much higher than it was a dozen years ago is equally certain.

If the tariff had increased correspondingly in this same period, we might well assume that it is, as the Democratic party asserts, responsible for the high cost of living. But the fact is that the tariff is no higher now than it was a dozen years ago; is no higher than it was under McKinley and Roosevelt, and yet the price of living has greatly advanced. This advance in the cost of living is not alone confined to America. It is felt keenly throughout Europe as well.

INCREASED WAGES AND SHORTER HOURS, AND PERHAPS LOWER EFFICIENCY FOR THE HOURS WORKED, HAVE CUT A BIGGER FIGURE IN THE

HIGH COST OF LIVING THAN ANYTHING ELSE. This higher cost of production is expressed in every phase of endeavor and every phase of living—expressed alike on the farm, in the factory, in mining, merchandising, transportation, clerical force, and in domestic service.

We cannot get something for nothing; we cannot double the cost of a business or residential building and expect to get rents at the same price. And the cost of buildings is tremendously increased as the hours of labor are decreased and the wages of labor advanced. This has its bearing, as well, in the material that goes into the building and the transportation of the material, as it does in assembling it, fashioning it into a habitable structure.

Taxes are necessarily higher as municipal expenses increase, and this, too, is expressed in the price of rents in either business or residential properties. Indeed, the effect of higher wages and shorter hours of work is felt in a thousand ways, all of which have to do with the present high cost of living.

Moreover, high living has a good deal to do with the high cost of living. Our demands are constantly expanding as we drift further and further away from the simple life. We must have better homes, with more conveniences, and more luxuries, must dress better and dress our children better, and have more amusements, than a dozen years ago.

With a return to the thrift of our forefathers and something of their genius for and love of work, we should no longer feel the grip of the high cost of living, and the politician would have to seek another theme to boost his business.

In our extravagance, in our sweep toward ease and idleness, our growing antipathy to work, is a real danger to the nation. No other danger is in any sense comparable to it. This thought may very well be considered in connection with this election.

It would require many big volumes to trace out all the interlacing contributory causes to the present high cost of living due to thriftlessness, to bigger wages, and shorter hours of work. I have merely suggested a line of thought for you in this respect. But I have said enough, it seems to me, to make it perfectly clear that there are very many real causes for the high cost of living other than the tariff, and I want

to repeat that there is no logic or honesty in charging this increased cost of living chiefly or wholly to the tariff, when the tariff itself is no higher than it was a dozen years ago.

Moreover, the cost of living is increased by our indifference to cost. A very large annual percentage could be saved to the home if we went to the market for our supplies, instead of having the market come to us. Herein, too, we cannot get something for nothing; we cannot have goods delivered to us at the same price at which we could get them if we became our own means of delivery.

In cities, it costs an average of about five per cent for the merchant to deliver goods. By going to the market and bringing his purchases home, one not only gets better supplies, but makes this saving as well.

We are the victims of too great a competition in merchandising. There is a good deal of unsound talk in these days about the desirability of old-fashioned competition, but, believe me, too much competition puts a ruinous tax on the people. It is a false economic theory. We need concentration in our purchasing. Our present method is antiquated and criminal. It is up to us to develop modern methods to suit modern conditions. This is precisely what the new Progressive party aims to do in matters of government.

The price to the consumer of his table supplies ought to be and can be reduced well-nigh twenty per cent. An almost similar saving can be made in the other necessities of the home.

I am not talking theory. I am talking of something about which I know. In another article I shall tell you how this can be done. Just now I am discussing the political situation. It is a good deal wiser, it seems to me, to dig out the facts that have to do with the issues of this campaign than to blindly go after the tariff with broadax and dynamite.

The Dingley tariff bill became a law early in McKinley's first term, and continued unchanged throughout his incumbency of office and throughout the Roosevelt administration. Meanwhile, the cost of living had been increasing in pace with increased wages, increased values in real estate, and increased values in well-nigh everything else. As the price of foodstuffs and the other necessities of life went higher, a cry of pro-

test swept over the land, and the tariff was pounced upon as the cause. Whenever anything goes wrong, the tariff is made the scapegoat. So the Republican party, in the convention of 1908, pledged itself to remove the abuses in the tariff which had come in as the result of log-rolling and crookedness.

A special session of Congress was called by Taft, almost immediately after he became President, to frame a new tariff law. He had made a campaign pledge to do this. This special session of Congress, which occupied many months wrangling over the tariff, was a fiasco. The Payne-Aldrich bill, which it finally enacted into law, was little, if at all, better than the Dingley tariff it displaced.

That tariff fight was the beginning of President Taft's undoing. He had promised certain reforms, had promised revision downward, and he did not make good his promise. It was in this fight that he went over to the reactionaries, causing a break between himself and the liberal wing of the party. He had been elected as a progressive, went into the tariff fight as a progressive, opposed by the standpatters of his own party, and came out of it the pet and pride of the standpatters. They had got through what they wanted in the way of a stiff tariff bill, and had won the President over to themselves as well.

The people were disappointed and bitter that nothing worth while had been accomplished, and that the Republican party had not kept faith with them. They felt that they had been buncoed, and Taft then made matters worse by defending the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, assuring the country it was the best tariff bill that had ever been passed by any Congress. In this state of disappointment and unrest, and with the cost of living steadily increasing, the people were in the mood to damn the tariff on general principles, and the Republican party in particular, to which they applied the ax good and hard the first chance they got, which was in the election of 1910.

All over the country Republican voters who had hitherto been strong in the principle of protection to American industries, broke away from their moorings and brutally slaughtered the old party, with the result that a Republican majority of forty-seven was turned into a Democratic majority of sixty-six in the House of Representatives, and in the United States Senate a

Republican majority of twenty-eight was reduced to a majority of ten. And in this fragmentary majority, even, there was no unity of action, as the party was split wide open.

The Democratic landslide did not stop with Congress. It extended to the State elections as well, resulting in the election of Democratic Governors and other State officials in most of the hitherto strong Republican States.

Thus it has come about that the tariff is in disgrace, and is in greater danger in this election than at any time in more than half a century. It not only has the united Democracy against it, but many who have hitherto supported it religiously are blindly clamoring for legislation downward. Indeed, this unthinking demand for legislation downward possesses the people much as did the free-silver craze and the greenback craze of some years before.

I have little sympathy with this stereotyped cry for legislation downward, except as it be applied with reason and with regard to the particular schedules that are too high. No power can ever make this a free-trade country so long as the wages of competing countries are lower than our own. If we had started on a different economic theory, if we had never had a tariff, and our wages had remained on a level with the wages of Europe, with the prices of commodities correspondingly low, it would be quite a different matter.

But we are not in this condition, and no political organization can ever reduce our wages to the level of the European wages without revolution and bloody internal war. A half-way protection, a protection that only partially covers the difference in the cost of production at home and the cost of production abroad, would be little better than no tariff at all. It would not keep out foreign-made goods unless our manufacturers reduced the wages of employees to a point where competition with foreign manufacturers would be possible.

No manufacturer can do business at a loss for any considerable time and live. Under such conditions he must voluntarily close his factory or be thrown into bankruptcy. The result to employees would be the same in either case. Idle factories mean idle men and no wages earned at the end of the week.

That the tariff works to the disadvantage of the non-producers, the idlers of the

country who live on their incomes, is certain. But they represent such an extreme minority, are so few in comparison to the whole of our population, that we cannot wisely frame our economic policies with regard to their interests. It is the workers of the country, the producers of the country, and those dependent upon them, whose interests our government must primarily consider and serve.

The tariff means bigger wages to the wage-worker and a bigger return to the farmer for his products; free trade, or a low tariff, means lower wages, or idleness, to the wage-worker, and means lower prices and a smaller market for the farmer.

It is for wage-workers and farmers themselves to determine by their votes this fall whether we shall keep wages up, and the prices of farm products up, or whether both shall be reduced. This is the vital issue, which alone means much more to our industries and our business and to the wage-workers of the country than all the other issues that will be discussed, though the pledges of the new party for industrial evolution, for social justice, for woman suffrage, for safeguarding the people's investments, and for greater national control, are extremely important planks.

The Democrats have always contended for a low tariff, or for free trade, and they have always contended, as they now contend, that the tariff must be considered as a device for raising revenue rather than as an economic measure. This means that the Democratic party would legislate for revenue instead of for our industries and the wage-worker.

I do not believe this theory is right in any sense whatever. The true purpose of a tariff is in the interest of our industries, in the interest of our wage-workers, and in the protection of our markets against foreign invasion. The income derived from this protective measure may very properly be used to help defray the expenses of government, but it should be regarded as a result, not a purpose.

IF THE TARIFF IS MERELY A DEVICE FOR RAISING REVENUE, IT IS ONE OF THE MOST COLOSSAL FRAUDS EVER PERPETRATED UPON A PEOPLE. The tariff properly regulated and applied is an economic measure which levels up the cheap wages of Europe with our wages, and protects our markets against the products of cheap labor abroad.

If this is not the chief purpose of the tariff, and the chief purpose is a device for raising revenue, as the Democratic party says, then it were better that we have no tariff at all. There are many ways of raising revenue that would not be burdensome to the people, without resorting to a general tariff. A tax on incomes, so that the rich may bear the burden of revenue-raising in proportion to their wealth, together with a broader scheme of increasing our internal revenue, would meet the expenses of government on practically the same plan as that adopted in England.

The protective tariff is, therefore, not necessary as a revenue-raising measure. **BUT IT IS NECESSARY TO PROTECT OUR INDUSTRIES FROM A COMPETITION AGAINST WHICH THEY COULD NOT LIVE.** A tariff levels up the cheap wage with our wage as a lock in a canal levels up the low waters with the high, making them in effect as of the same level.

With practically the same wage-scale throughout our several States, we have no difficulty with internal free trade, but if the wages of New England, for example, differed from the wages of New York, as the average wage of Europe differs from the average wage of America, New York would be compelled to institute a tariff against New England, or it would have to reduce its wages to the level of New England or close down its industries.

A great deal of discontent with the tariff comes from those whose benefit from the tariff is indirect, as, for example, the farmer. It is true that it costs the farmer more for the clothes he wears, the furniture in his house, and for the things he buys, than it would cost him if we had no protective tariff. But without this protection to the industries in our towns and manufacturing sections, the purchasing power of the people would be so reduced that the farmer would receive a less price for his products, and would sell fewer of them. The people would be compelled to live on coarser and cheaper food, as the people of Europe live, and are compelled to live, by reason of their low wage.

The farmer, therefore, indirectly benefits from the tariff as well as the wage-worker, and as well as the industries which furnish employment for the wage-worker. He benefits not only from a bigger price for his products and a better demand for them, but benefits as well in the increased value of his farm, which value is necessarily measured

by its earnings. A tariff in its very nature is an economic device for mutual benefit.

A manufacturing community pays the farmer more for his food supplies than it would if there were no tariff; the farmer, on the other hand, pays more for the manufactured products he buys than he would pay but for the tariff. But both the manufacturing and farming communities earn more money by reason of the tariff.

The people of every section of the country, and the people of every industry of the country, suffer by reason of the tariff, and are benefited by the tariff, either directly or indirectly benefited.

That the advantage of a tariff to the people as a whole is greater than the disadvantage should be clear to every one who will consider the question without prejudice for or against it—who will study it in connection with the wages paid abroad, and the relatively miserable life of the wage-workers abroad, as compared with the life of the wage-workers here at home.

The Democratic party, in its platform this year, demands a radical tariff reduction, and at the same time says that this reduction should be so made as not to disturb our industries. This looks well on paper, but it does not ring true. It cannot be done. Such a tariff plank is a rank contradiction, the last part neutralizing the first.

The Democratic platform goes so far as to say that the tariff is unconstitutional. This is twaddle. But if it were a fact, which it isn't, it would be high time that we changed a Constitution that stood between us and legitimate prosperity.

Wilson, though in record a free-trader, has suggested that the tariff be reduced by a substantial percentage annually for a period of years. Such a scheme of revision is neither practical nor wise. Our wages are all the while trending higher, not lower, and as they go higher we must have a tariff that will still level up the cheap wages of Europe with our increased wages. Failing to do this, the higher wages cannot be sustained.

A TARIFF THAT WILL SAFELY COVER THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE COST OF PRODUCTION ABROAD AND AT HOME, AND WILL AMPLY PROTECT OUR MARKETS FROM FOREIGN INVASION, IS A HIGH ENOUGH TARIFF. A TARIFF IN EXCESS OF THIS IS TOO HIGH, AND SHOULD BE REDUCED.

This statement accurately represents my position on the tariff. I do not believe in

a burdensome or excessive tariff, but I do believe with the deepest conviction that prosperity in America depends upon a safe, sure protection of our industries and markets from foreign invasion, and the protection of our wage against the cheap wage of Europe.

* * * * *

The Democratic platform is spotty. In spots it is progressive and radical, but as a whole it is reactionary and archaic, entirely out of step with the period. We have grown somewhat from the primitive thirteen States. Few of the conditions that obtained then obtain now. Everything is expanded, altered, and influenced by wealth and invention.

The Republican platform dwells at length on the achievements of the party. But these achievements cannot be cashed in to-day. Like water that has gone over the dam, it cannot turn a wheel. History is all well enough as a pastime, and as a suggestion as to what may happen, but it does not carry an insurance policy for the future.

The Republican platform, however, is safer, sounder, and as a whole more progressive than the Democratic platform, but IT MEANS NOTHING IN THIS FIGHT, BECAUSE TAFT CANNOT BE ELECTED. Moreover, the party is in the hands of professional politicians, as is the case with the Democratic party, who play politics for their own glorification and financial gain.

The new Progressive party has much the best platform of the three. It is constructive. It is conservative where conservatism is needed, and is progressive where progress is needed. It is a platform of to-day, mirroring the ideas and sentiments of the people of to-day.

But better than its pledges is the fact that back of it are, in the main, earnest, sincere men who have broken away from the old parties, and cast their lot with the new, because of conviction and the earnest desire for a better representative form of government, a government that will meet the requirements of a nation of one hundred million people with its vast industries and vast wealth.

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My own activity in this campaign is not because of any personal feeling against Mr. Taft. I have no feeling against him. I opposed his nomination because I did not believe he could be elected, and because I

wished to see some one nominated who could be elected. It has been freely alleged that I opposed him because of his activity against big business, and particularly because he brought the suit against the Steel Corporation. There is not one word of truth in these statements. I have no objection to him on this ground whatever. We have the Sherman Law, and the President had to square himself to it.

If I had believed Taft could be elected, I should have worked for his nomination, because I believed the Republican party better represented the progress and industries and prosperity of the country than the Democratic party. I should not have worked for him with the idea that he was a tremendously capable Executive. I did not believe so then, and do not believe so now. But the President is not the whole thing in an administration. The party back of him means much more. It is, I should say, something like eighty-five per cent as to fifteen.

On the other hand, I did not work for Roosevelt in the nomination campaign for Roosevelt's sake. I worked for him because I believed he could be elected, and in that belief I am sure I was right. It was not Mr. Roosevelt's interests that concerned me, but the best interests of the country. I have no interests that are directly benefited by the tariff. General prosperity, however, makes life brighter and more worth while, and gives us all a lift up the hills.

I believed then, as I believe now, that turning the government over to the Democratic party, with its tariff policy and other archaic ideas, would be a dangerous experiment. I wanted to avert this danger. This is why I have been active in the political fight this year. It is the first time I have had anything to do with practical politics, and it may very well be the last. It does not follow, however, that it will.

I have no personal ambitions politically. What I have done has been done as a citizen, and not as a politician. My publishing interests appeal to me much more than any political job could.

It is difficult for some people to understand how one can interest himself to such an extent as I have in this year's campaign without doing so from a selfish motive, but I have no selfish motive other than the general welfare. I have thrown my publications into the fight, both magazines and daily newspapers. I have done a good deal

of work myself, and have put some money into the cause. The money I have spent means the same to me as if I had given it to a hospital, a college, a library, or any public institution—all of which go to the account of the common good.

The campaign has been one of education, and, whatever the result of the election, it will be beneficial in that it will carry us one step farther toward better ideals in our political life.

The wildest and most ridiculous reports have gone out about the money spent in the Roosevelt campaign for delegates to the Republican national convention—the wildest and most ridiculous exaggerations. All the office-holders and nearly every man of wealth in the country was for Taft in that campaign, and against Roosevelt. The Taft people, therefore, had a wide and rich field from which to garner funds. The only money we had came from a few of us. Roosevelt's followers were the plain people, not the bankers, not the trust magnates, not the millionaires or multimillionaires. No amount of money without organization could have carried that campaign as Roosevelt carried it. It was the man himself, and the revolt of the people against Taft and the machine that won the victory.

Concerning my attitude toward Mr. Taft at the beginning of that campaign, let me quote from an interview I gave the *New York Times* on January 24, which accurately stated my position at that time:

The voting strength of the Democratic party to-day is obviously greater than that of the Republican party. Therefore, to win out in the coming election, the Republicans must have a candidate stronger than the party; strong enough to hold the votes of the party and gain a sufficient number of votes from the Democratic party to elect its candidate.

So far as I am concerned, there is or has been no mystery in my position in this matter. My analysis of the situation points clearly to the conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt is stronger with the people of this country than any other man in the Republican party, and therefore I should like to see him nominated.

And as a citizen it is perfectly legitimate to work for the man or measure that means most for the general prosperity of the country. Beyond this general prosperity, I have no interest of any kind whatsoever.

This is not a year for playing favorites in either party. It is a year for putting in nomination the ACCEPTABLE man who can win, or will come nearest to winning.

While I regard Mr. Roosevelt as a man of

exceptional ability and exceptional worth to the country, either in or out of office, yet I should prefer to see Mr. Taft nominated, or Justice Hughes, or some other good man, if he would make a better run than Mr. Roosevelt.

There is nothing in the idea that the country or the party owes a debt of gratitude to the man honored with the office of President of the United States.

Conventionality in renominating a man, in giving him a second term, should have no bearing in a close election, such as we have ahead of us.

I repeat, it is the man who can win that we want, assuming that he is fit for the job. And on this assumption we should take into account no other consideration.

In Mr. Roosevelt we had not only the acceptable man, the man who could win, but the man of all others best fitted for the job. Such a combination is rare. But the campaign for the Republican nomination is now history—a gray, sad history.

We are not dealing with history just now. The responsibility of placing our vote right in the coming election is the vital issue, and it is no light responsibility. It means a good deal to us and a good deal to others.

We have both Taft and Roosevelt in nomination. In economic policies, governmental control, and all other respects, the Progressive party is quite as sound and safe as the Republican party. The election of Roosevelt on the 5th of November would mean the maintenance of these policies; the election of Wilson would mean their destruction.

In my judgment, Roosevelt's election would make certain a period of great prosperity ahead of us. We have enormous crops the country over. Nothing can hold us back from great business activity except the political situation. A Presidential election always has a depressing effect on business and on the price of securities. This is especially true when a change of party management is threatened.

If it were not for this fact, and for the further fact that the trust situation is not yet settled, our industries would be working overtime. New construction would be going on everywhere, and the value of our securities in the markets of the world would be twenty to twenty-five points higher.

If Mr. Roosevelt is elected, we shall see and feel this bounding activity and these

higher prices; if Wilson is elected, we may see something of it, and we may not. I cannot fancy that interests affected by the tariff—and most of our interests are affected directly or indirectly—will go in for expansion, or have any great measure of confidence, in the event of Wilson's election. And confidence is an essential element to industrial and business progress.

I may be entirely wrong in my conclusions, but they represent the best judgment there is in me. Under present conditions, and until it is definitely known who will be elected President, I myself am not willing to expand my holdings in any line, or to extend my business interests in any considerable measure.

With the underlying conditions so sound for great business activity, I should, however, increase my investment holdings at present prices if I knew that either Roosevelt or Taft would be elected. But with the certainty that Taft cannot be elected, and with a chance that Wilson may be, I prefer to wait and see what will happen. I consider that when the element of doubt is removed, and the trend of prices is made clear, securities will be cheaper than at present, though they may sell at higher prices. The price of securities, real estate, and other investments is measured by the measure of our prosperity.

In the final analysis it comes to this, that we must vote this year for Roosevelt or Wilson. Every vote cast for Taft will be indirectly cast for Wilson.

Nothing but an earthquake could save Taft. His chances of election are utterly, wholly hopeless. Indeed, as I see the situation to-day, Taft has no certainty of carrying a single State in the Union. He may get one or two in the East, but with the Republican vote divided between Roosevelt and himself, this is not at all likely. Roosevelt, on the other hand, will carry many Western States, and it is easily possible that he will sweep the country in triumph as by a tidal-wave. It looks more and more like this every day.

If the men who believe in the economic policies of the Republican party, under which policies we have grown to be a great people, will get behind Roosevelt and vote for him, his election will be made certain, and these policies will be maintained. Isn't this worth while?

This article was written August 31, 1912

OKO-KAN, THE BULL MOOSE

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

AUTHOR OF "A FIGHT FOR LIFE," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY MARTIN JUSTICE

JOHN THORPE, lithe as a cat, brown as an Indian, with his keen, far-seeing gray eyes, would never have been taken for the John Thorpe who had carried off class honors at college five years before, and who, twelve months later, had been given up by physicians as a "hopeless case" of bad lungs.

Only Thorpe himself knew what the big wilderness had done for him. It had given him more than a new pair of lungs. To his oldest friends he had never told the change that it had wrought in him, and so, in the course of time, he was forgotten by the associates he had once possessed a thousand miles away, or more. The wilderness had been his physician. It had become his friend. It was more than that now.

There were few who knew what he had once been. He was known as Jack Thorpe, trapper, guide, prospector, and as good a forest man as there was between Hudson Bay and the Athabasca. The fact that he was a college man he kept to himself, and he told no one that he had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

No dividends reached him. His lawyers attended to all that, charging him handsomely for their guardianship over certain properties down South which had long ago ceased to be a worry to him. The new world had accepted him, had made a man of him, and in the joy of the new life and strength that it had given him he worshiped it with the reverence of the forest-born.

He was sure that he would never return to take up the old routine of things. At heart he had become a savage, with all the savage's love of freedom and of that invisible angel that is called nature. There had been nothing lacking for him—until

Isobel Carrington had come three hundred miles into the wilderness, to disturb, for a time, the splendid mechanism of existence as it had been rearranged for him. He knew that when she went back she would leave for him an emptiness which even the forests could not fill.

He was sorry that Blood, the factor at Nelson House, had asked him to guide the Carrington party in their hunting and canoeing excursions about the post. Blood had called him down from Lac du Brochet, a hundred and fifty miles north, especially for the purpose.

He met Isobel Carrington first of all. She had come down to the edge of the lake early in the morning, before the others were up, and suddenly she came upon Thorpe mending a canoe. Their eyes met in the same instant.

She was bareheaded. Her sleeves were rolled up above the elbows, revealing the splendid beauty of her white arms. The morning breeze rippled and tossed her long, unbound hair in a golden splendor.

When she saw Thorpe looking up at her from his knees a color leaped into her cheeks, which made him cry out, involuntarily and half laughingly, the one word "O-achi," which in Cree means "the flower."

The word was scarcely out of his mouth before he was on his feet.

"I am Jack Thorpe," he said. "Are you Miss Carrington? If you are, I am your guide and all-round man."

"I am," she said, and her blue eyes smiled frankly into his weather-bronzed face as she held out her hand.

For a moment they stood so close that a tress of her shining hair whipped about

his shoulder. It must have been in that moment that Isobel Carrington first saw the something in Thorpe's eyes which startled her, for the color grew deeper in her cheeks, and she turned away from him so suddenly that at first he thought that he must have displeased her; but from the top of the slope she looked back at him, and waved her hand.

That same morning Blood introduced him to Colonel Carrington, Tom Blake, and Miss Holcomb, Isobel's cousin. He liked the colonel, who was white-haired and as straight as a reed. He admired the lithe grace of Margaret Holcomb's slender figure, and the almost Spanish beauty of her flashing dark eyes and black hair. About Blake there was something that repelled Thorpe from the start. It was not until the next day that he learned that Blake was to marry Isobel Carrington.

Wild horses could not have kept Thorpe from revealing his love to Isobel, though the revelation came quite unconsciously. In the weeks that they spent together he uttered no word that betrayed him; but he knew that she understood, and that it troubled her.

Once or twice he had caught her looking at him in a way that sent the red blood pounding through his veins until it seemed as if they would burst. Each time he fought himself back into sanity. Isobel belonged to Blake, and even though the eyes she turned upon him possessed strange depths at times, she offered him no encouragement.

With Thorpe she was like a child, questioning him in a thousand ways about the trees, the flowers, and the wild things about them—and always with her pure eyes looking at him steadily, as if within him she saw something that was strange and bewildering to her, which his words might interpret. Thorpe saw in her only purity and beauty, the very spirit of the things that had risen up out of the wilderness for him; and without putting it into words he told her this.

He hated Blake. One day he happened upon the man unexpectedly in the company of Margaret Holcomb; and what Thorpe saw made his muscles twitch with a desire to thrash the fellow, to drag him to Isobel's feet and force him to confess his perfidy.

After this, the dislike of each man for the other was quite apparent. Isobel noted

it; her lips set a little tighter when they met, and she watched their faces.

II

On this last day of his service with Carrington, Jack Thorpe thought of these things—and many others. It was late in the afternoon. From the crest of a rocky ridge he looked out over a vast reach of forest and swamp and plain, red and gold in the setting sun.

Earlier that day he and Isobel had come to the top of the ridge—alone. A few minutes later Blake had followed, with a suspicious look in his face. Thorpe had told Isobel of his life down South, and why he loved the wilderness. He could not understand why he had revealed himself at the last moment.

He saw the girl's wonderful blue eyes now, as they had looked at him then, a little surprised, a little disappointed. When he told her that the next day he was leaving for Lac du Brochet, and that he had planned to pass the winter on the Arctic coast, he failed to notice that there was less color in her cheeks than he had ever seen there before.

To-night Colonel Carrington would pay him off, as he would pay any other guide, and an amused smile passed over Thorpe's lips. After that—

Suddenly Thorpe's body grew tense. Across the plain at his feet, scarcely more than a rifle-shot away, there slowly trailed a procession that brought him back to cover with the quickness of a cat. In the lead was a cow moose. Behind her followed a yearling calf, and fifty paces in the rear of the calf was a magnificent bull.

It was the bull that held Thorpe's eyes. As the splendid animal stopped to sniff at the danger-signal in the air, he could not repress a low cry of admiration. Not twice in a lifetime would a hunter look upon such a king among its tribe. Its huge palmated horns gleamed a dull gold in the sun. Thorpe could almost see the sensitive quivering of the huge nostrils which sucked in the man-tainted air that drifted down from the top of the ridge.

Such a spectacle he had sought for the eyes of Isobel Carrington, and hitherto had failed to find; and his heart sank heavily to think that she was not with him now to look upon this epic picture of life in the wilderness.

In another moment his hands were grip-

ping the edge of the rock behind which he was concealed. The calf was wounded. He could see one crippled leg dragging behind; and even as he waited, holding his breath in suspense, the little animal lay down.

Thorpe sped swiftly down the opposite side of the ridge. Five minutes later he stood panting before Isobel Carrington, Blake, and Miss Holcomb.

"Quick—come with me!" he cried. "Hurry, if you would like to see something that you will never forget as long as you live!"

III

FROM the crest of the ridge they looked down. The old bull had not moved. He stood like a carven thing of stone in the waning red and gold lights of day. Over the wounded calf stood the mother.

"The little one's about done for," whispered Thorpe in Isobel's ear. "Isn't he magnificent—the old bull?"

He was breathing like a man who had passed through a fight. Isobel looked at him. His lips were parted, his nostrils quivering, his face was aflame with triumph. He did not see the wonderful look that came into her eyes. She touched his hand.

"You love—that!" she whispered.

"It is magnificent!" repeated Thorpe.

He seemed to have no eyes even for her. He scarcely felt the touch of her hand. Isobel looked down into the plain again, with a little catch in her breath, and a wonderful sweetness that was almost a smile hovering about her lips.

The bull had discovered them now. He lowered his pinnacled head and swung in a heavy pace toward the cow and the calf. The cow ran about nervously. The calf staggered to its feet and began to drag itself away, but little faster than a man could walk.

"We can follow them—overtake them—if we wish," said Thorpe. "They will not desert the calf."

He led the way down the ridge, and the retreat became a pursuit. At sight of them the three animals laid their ears aslant, and the mother shouldered in close to her calf in an effort to quicken its pace. Thorpe had guessed what would happen. The old bull stopped and stood broadside to them. He stood unflinching until they had come within a hundred paces.

The triumph in Thorpe's face was now the madness of joy. The old bull was revealing to Isobel Carrington more than he could ever have told her of the wilderness. He stood forth heroic and unafraid in the face of death, greater in his majesty than man, the living spirit of that savage and unsinning world which had claimed Thorpe as its own.

In this moment Thorpe looked at Isobel. Her face was white. Her eyes shone like blue diamonds.

"You understand?" he questioned.

"Yes. He is giving them a chance—to escape. I understand now why you love—that!"

Her eyes swept the plains and the golden ridges.

Close beside them Blake's voice breathed hoarsely:

"Be quiet! I'm going to take a shot! I wouldn't miss that head for a thousand dollars!"

He leveled his rifle. Quick as a flash Thorpe caught the barrel and twisted it skyward.

"And I wouldn't see him killed for ten thousand!" he exclaimed. "You're not going to shoot him, Blake!"

A steely glitter shot into Blake's eyes. Before he could speak, Margaret Holcomb had taken the gun. For the first time Thorpe observed her. She met his eyes squarely, her red lips curling contemptuously. Never had he seen her eyes more flashingly beautiful.

"You need not quarrel over him," she said.

She sprang a step ahead of them, and fired. Only Thorpe knew that the bullet took effect. The old bull flinched, and for an instant his defiant head trembled. Then he turned and paced slowly toward the cow and the calf. Fifty yards behind them he stopped again, and once more turned his huge body broadside between them and danger.

Swifter than the others, Margaret Holcomb had followed. As she stopped to poise herself again, Blake's automatic rifle at her shoulder, a thrill of admiration, which even his repugnance for her act could not repress, shot through Thorpe. Never had he seen a woman more dangerously beautiful than this girl in her excitement. The rich coils of her hair had loosened, her cheeks glowed like fire, her slender form swayed like a reed stirred by the wind.

Blake was close beside her when she fired again. Once more Thorpe saw the old bull flinch, and a moment later he went to his knees. He was up in an instant, facing them squarely now, his great head held high — while beyond them, retreating in safety, the cow and her calf were nearing the edge of the timber.

"Shoot for his chest!" cried Blake. "Shoot—before he turns!"

Fairly to the center of that massive breast Margaret Holcomb's third bullet sped with its death-sting. The old bull turned, tottered for a few steps, and plunged down upon his fore-knees.

The cow and the calf had reached the timber in safety. The bull's work was done. With a mighty effort he regained his feet again, and followed, red trails of blood streaming behind him. His pride and strength were almost gone. His regal head drooped to a level with his shoulders, and Thorpe heard the deep, heavy panting which told that a bullet had gone close to his lungs.

An exultant cry rose from Margaret Holcomb's lips as she saw the effect of her shots. She leveled her gun again, almost pointblank.

"Stop!"

It was a voice such as none of them had ever heard before. Squarely in front of the rifle's muzzle stood Isobel Carrington, her small hands clenched, her form bent a little forward, her blue eyes blazing with an anger that startled even her high-blooded cousin. She seized the gun, her bosom panting like that of a creature close run to death.

"And you—you call yourself a woman!" she cried. Her eyes drove in arrows of menace at Blake. "And you—you call yourself a man!"

For ten seconds Thorpe looked on the tableau. Isobel's face was as white as death. Slowly the color faded from Margaret Holcomb's. Blake made no move, spoke no word. They heard the bull crashing through the bushes at the edge of the timber, but no eye turned to see the last of his retreat.

Blake turned a little, and his eyes met Thorpe's. He could no longer repress his hatred as he saw the triumph and the love in Thorpe's face. He advanced a step, an insulting word on his lips, which reached the ears of Isobel Carrington. In his rage he would have struck, but Thorpe met him

first with a terrific blow to the jaw that sent him reeling to the earth.

He staggered to his feet with an oath; but it was Isobel Carrington who faced him now. She pointed over the back trail.

"Go!" she commanded, in a voice that was so low it was scarcely more than a whisper. "Go—and take Margaret with you! And you—" She turned to Thorpe, and pointed toward the gold-capped ridge that swung toward the setting sun. "You go—that way!"

She saw the adoration in Thorpe's eyes as he bowed his head and turned away. From the foot of the ridge he looked back. Blake and Miss Holcomb were crossing the plain. Where he had left her stood Isobel Carrington. He could see the sun gleaming in her hair. He thought that she was looking in his direction.

He turned once more, and went over the ridge.

IV

FOR a little while Isobel Carrington stood motionless in the open plain. She saw Thorpe disappear. She watched Blake and her cousin until they reached the foot of the ridge. Then, as she noted that Blake had stopped, as if about to return, she moved swiftly along the trail taken by the old bull and his family.

Her little hands were still clenched, and her breath came almost sobbingly. In those few thrilling moments how despicable Margaret and Blake had been! Anger, humiliation, a mad desire to be alone, possessed her. She knew that if Blake came to her now she would say things which she could not recall.

She almost ran when she came to the edge of the low bush. She saw the narrow trail where the moose had turned in, stained with that telltale ribbon of blood, and she followed it blindly. It led over another ridge, crossed other trails beaten down by the hoofs and paws of wild things, growing wilder and wilder as she advanced; but she experienced no sensation of fear.

She came to a second ridge, fully a mile from the plain, and watched the last red glow of the sun as it died away behind forests without end to the west. Her blood cooled, her lips lost their tenseness, the color flowed back into her face. Her hair had fallen half unbound, and now she swept it free so that it flowed in a glory of softly fading gold about her, as she stood

there and looked down upon the day slowly ebbing into night.

At last she understood Thorpe and Thorpe's world. Her heart sang with a strange new note which was half pleasure and half pain—the stingless pain which comes to one with the immeasurable loneliness and sadness of the forest world as it fades away in the silence and awesomeness of night. It was the pain that filled Thorpe's heart at the thought of her going. She, too, would miss something when she went back. She would miss this northern world. The memory of it would haunt her always; for down there, where she looked, things must be very near to God—as God had intended that things should be.

She was a little startled at the gloom below her when she turned to descend the ridge; but she was not frightened. For the first time she was unafraid of the forests.

The trail grew darker. Under the heavy spruce it was almost black, and her breath came quicker as she fancied the danger of losing her way. But that would be impossible, she told herself. She had come up this trail—it would take her back. Then she remembered the cross-trails that she had thoughtlessly passed, and shuddered a little.

Half an hour turned fear into conviction. She had taken one of the wrong trails, and her breath trembled in a little sobbing cry. Still she told herself that she was not afraid—and went on.

A little more, and she came out into an open; but it was not the open of the plain. Huge walls of rock rose on each side of her; ahead there was a mountain of it. She stopped with her hands clutching at her breast.

It was then that she heard a sound—that deep, heavy breathing of the wounded bull!

Human voice could have been scarcely more welcome to her than this evidence of the nearness of the splendid old hero whom she had tried to save from a pitiless death out on the plain. She stared into the gloom ahead of her, ready to cry out that Indian name of Oko-kan, which Thorpe had told her meant the king of northern beasts—the moose; the name to which he once responded, in the days of old, as sheep come to the call of their masters.

"Oko-kan! Oko-kan! Oh, Oko-kan!" Isobel whispered.

The words died in her own ears, and she

reached out gropingly with her hands as she advanced.

She came to a rock, and stopped. It afforded her a rest, and she leaned upon it a little wearily, listening to the sound that was so near. She breathed more easily, and then, with a sudden choking sensation in her throat, she realized the pain of it—the agony of it. It was like a great breath sobbing just beyond her. Her fingers tightened against the edge of the rock as she thought of Margaret Holcomb again.

"Oko-kan! Oko-kan!"

She spoke louder, tremulously, and peered farther over into the gloom, as if an answer might come from there.

"Oko-kan!"

From far away in the night there came another sound—the loud hallooing of a man's voice. In a moment it was followed by a rifle-shot—one, two, three. They were signaling for her. Thorpe had told her what three shots from a rifle meant when one was lost.

She pursed her lips to send forth that shrill feminine coo-ee which carries with the clearness of a nightingale's note—and caught herself. The sobbing breath of the old bull sent surging back into her the fierce rebellion that had conquered her on the plain. Defiantly she closed her lips, and gazed up to where the soft glow of the early moon began to tip the crags. With the moon and heroic old Oko-kan she was safe; she would punish Blake and her cousin by arousing their fears.

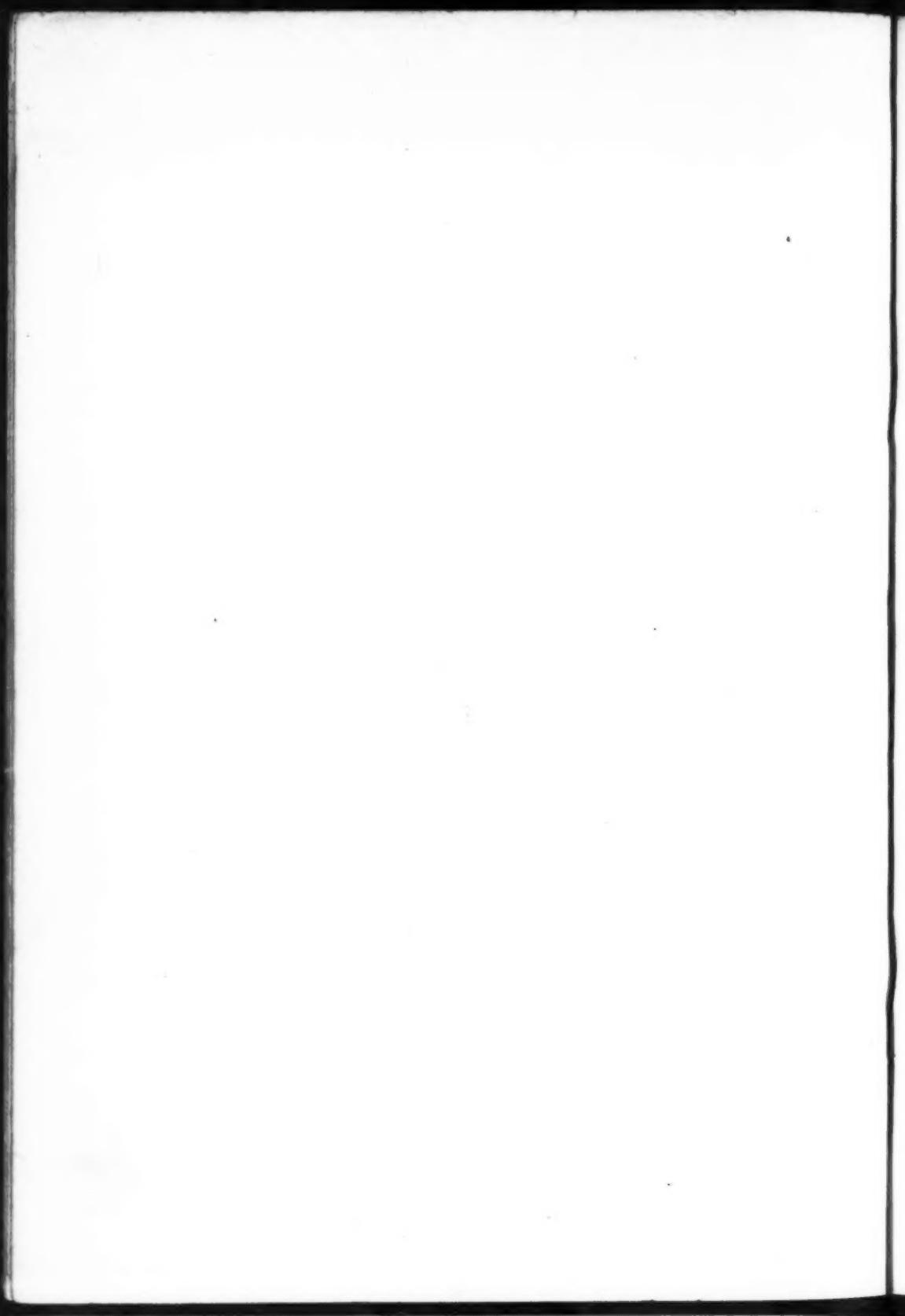
Even as she made up her mind, she crept a little higher up the rock. She heard a distant howl that she thought was made by a dog. In a few moments it was answered from a different quarter, and then from another. She shivered, and huddled herself up close; but it was only a part of the wilderness night—the wolf-howl. She had heard it before.

The moon rose swiftly. It crept around the bald cap of the highest ridge, and the flood-lights of the wonderful night lit up the space wherein she had found refuge. So close that she could have tossed a pebble to him lay the old bull. Still beyond, half hidden in a shadow, were the cow and the calf.

Even now, Oko-kan lay stretched with his massive head guarding the narrow trail that led between the rock-ridges. She could see the glow of his eyes. He must have seen the marvelous shimmer of the



"ARE YOU MISS CARRINGTON? IF YOU ARE, I AM YOUR GUIDE AND ALL-ROUND MAN"



moonlight in the girl's streaming hair; but he did not move.

V

FOR a long time they remained thus. The firing and shouting were repeated at intervals, approaching until they reached the point where Isobel must have turned from the main trail, and then receding. Half an hour later the sounds were so faint that she could scarcely hear them.

She smiled to herself. After all, there was a certain thrilling pleasure in her little adventure. She had carefully noted the direction traveled by the voice and the shots, and felt sure that she could find the post.

For many minutes she had noticed that the wolf-howls were drawing nearer, and that the old bull was beginning to show signs of nervousness. He stirred uneasily. At times he held his sobbing breath. He raised his drooping head until his splendid horns no longer lay along his back, but gleamed erect in the moonlight.

Back in the shadow the cow made strange sounds. She moo-ed softly; and even Isobel knew that she was talking to her mate, and telling him that she was afraid. The old bull responded with a gurgling snort, and the gravel and stones rattled under his hoofs as he clambered to his feet. He straightened himself with a long, deep groan of anguish, and for a few moments he stood with his head down.

The wolf-cry had ceased for a time, but now it came again in a long, wailing chorus, and much nearer. Oko-kan's head shot erect. Majestic — dying — he stepped forth grandly toward that narrow trail between the ridge-walls. The cow scrambled to her feet. Isobel could hear her urging her calf back into the deeper gloom.

A new sense of impending tragedy oppressed her. She crept still higher up the rough face of the rock. She had drawn from Thorpe many stories of the man-killing wolves. She measured the distance down the slope of the rock, and choked a little when she saw how easy of ascent it would be for the fierce beasts closing in on her from out of the white night.

The cry had ceased again, and suddenly old Oko-kan turned and came back until he stood almost beside the rock. She could see his eyes burning like dull coals of fire as he swung his massive head for an instant toward her. Then tense, waiting, he faced the trail.

Something drew Isobel's eyes in that direction. She stared, without seeing anything save the white rocks and the trembling moonlight shadows. She could hear her heart swiftly beating off the seconds.

Then, so suddenly and so quietly that the thrill of it seemed to still her heart's beating, she saw strange gray shadows slipping up from out of the chaos beyond. From under her there came a mighty rush, and the bull was among them. She heard the crash of his huge horns among the rocks, and saw his great hulk tossing and tearing where the gray shadows had been. She heard the snapping of jaws, and a sudden yelping howl of pain as Oko-kan's knife-edged forefeet ripped the life from one of his white-fanged foes.

Breathless and erect, clutching her hair back from her face, Isobel Carrington looked down upon the stirring fight. Never in all her life had fear been more thoroughly a stranger to her than in these thrilling moments. Her fingers found a piece of loose rock, and with a shrill cry to Oko-kan she flung it toward that leaping, heaving gray mass.

Yard by yard the struggle drew farther away from her, until she no longer saw it, but could only hear the sounds of it. The snorting of the bull rose more fiercely; his horns crashed; she could hear his thundering rushes, the tearing of the gravel and earth under his feet. And then the sounds ceased as suddenly as they had begun, and back through the white moonlight paced Oko-kan, his head towering in majestic triumph until he seemed taller than the rock itself.

"Oko-kan!" she called down. "Oko-kan, my old hero!"

The bull ran back to the shadows. She heard the sniffing of the frightened calf, the low, mooing monotone of the mother, the snorting encouragement and triumph of Oko-kan.

There came again the shouting of a man's voice to her, and this time she answered it—answered it for Oko-kan as well as for herself.

Startled, she saw again the gray shadows in the open, and again the old bull rushed past her to the battle. It was longer, fiercer, more terrible this time, and from the top of the rock she made a cup of her hands and sent out call after call for help.

She was heard. The response of a man's voice came nearer; and then for a second

time the battle in the moonlight ceased, and Oko-kan came back.

He came lamely—staggering. His giant head was bent almost to the earth. His breath was only a low, gasping gurgle. Close to the rock he crashed down, and with a last terrible moan lay still.

"Oko-kan! Oko-kan!"

Inch by inch the girl went down.

"Oko-kan!"

Cold fear gripped at her heart. The massive body of the old bull lay without movement. She no longer heard the deep breathing.

"Oko-kan!"

Her feet touched the ground. She took a step, and then another. Her breath came sobbingly now, and her hands reached out. Fearlessly, at last, she stood at the dead hero's side.

"Oko-kan!"

VI

A SHOUT came from very near, and she answered it. Then, her heart bursting with a strange and sobbing grief, she fell upon her knees beside the lifeless head of Oko-kan, and flung her arms about the shaggy neck that was bowed forever.

It was thus that John Thorpe found them when he came up through the break between the rocky walls. When he saw the golden sheen of Isobel's hair spread like a mantle over the neck of Oko-kan, he thought, at first, that both of them were dead; but Isobel turned her face to him as her name rang in a fearful cry from his lips, and through the glory of her hair she reached up her arms to him.

"Jack!"

He could not believe. He stood a step back from her when he had raised her to her feet, and his face was whiter than the white rocks at the look which he saw in her eyes—the glory of love shimmering through tears.

"Jack, he is dead!"

Her arms were stretched out toward him. Slowly, as full understanding came to him, he drew her nearer and nearer, until her face was so close that he felt the caress of her sweet breath.

"Isobel! Isobel! You don't mean that I—I—"

"Yes," she whispered, "I do! I mean that I never want to go back again, never, *never!* I want to live here always—here, with you—and Oko-kan—and God!"

GUITAR SONG

Down the stream the wind and willow
Weave a roundelay divine;
Far at sea the breeze and billow
In a barcarole entwine;
Billow, willow, wind, and breeze
Blend in laugh and sigh;
Harken to my strings' low pleas—
Why not thou and I?

In the forest fay and flower
Chant a canticle of calm;
In the rainbow sun and shower
Blend in perfect, raptured psalm;
Flower, shower, sun, and fay—
All in duos vie;
While these dulcet chords I play,
Why not thou and I?

Faintly echoed, dusk and dreamlet
Melt in cadence elfin-fair;
In the twilight, star and streamlet
In seraphic music share;
Streamlet, dreamlet, dusk, and star
Bliss-bound wander by;
While I touch my light guitar,
Why not thou and I?

Clarence Urmy

THE RED BUTTON*

BY WILL IRWIN

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY," ETC.

XXX—(*continued*)

"I THOUGHT you'd see it," said Rosalie. "I won't keep you in suspense any longer. You're goin' to git away; an' I've fixed it. Look at this—here, take it!"

She pulled another paper from her muff and handed it to Juan. It shook in his hands as he read.

"A seaman's papers!" he said at length.

"For Antonio Corri, an Italian sailor signed for the schooner Maud. He fell down a hatch this morning an' broke his leg, an' he can't go. You're shippin' as him. I've fixed it. The captain don't know who you are. He only knows that he's got a man who must beat it out of the country—an' he'll do anythin' for me. He lands at Halifax. He'll fix it for you to get to the next place, wherever that may be. I'm goin' to write him at Halifax advisin' him about that. An' you're to tell *him*, so he can tell *me*, so I can tell your sister, where you've gone. Got any money on you?"

"Only a little."

"Well, the captain has two hundred dollars of mine—for you. I want you to understand that it's a loan, with interest at five per cent, to be paid when it's safe. If you need any more, I'll send it to the skipper—same terms. That's agreed?"

"Yes. Why do you—"

"Take all this trouble? Old fool! Now listen. There's a taxi over there dischargin' passengers at the Casino. We're goin' to flag it. We're goin' to take it as far as Sixth Avenue, an' we'll travel by Elevated the rest of the way, because guards don't remember their passengers an' taxicab drivers sometimes do. I ain't takin' any risks of bein' traced. We'll get on separate trains an' meet on the dock—Pier Seventeen, East River. Know how to find that? Well, I'll

tell you as we go. Here! Taxi!" And Rosalie waved to the chauffeur. "Sixth Avenue Elevated. Nearest station!"

In the midst of her minute instructions Juan started once to thank her.

"How do you come to do this?" he said. "And how did the police ever—"

Rosalie put her mouth close to his ear.

"Taxis are built funny sometimes," she whispered. "The chauffeur might hear."

He turned on her a caressing look of gratitude. Life was back in his face and motion now. And Rosalie, looking him over, was moved to speak in such general terms as no chauffeur could interpret.

"What I can't understand," she said, "is how a man could live in a situation like that an' be gay an' natural an' take risks. Dagoes—Italian an' Spanish an' such like, I mean—must be different. It beats me!"

"We are different," said Juan. "I have learned that." He looked out on the serried rows of West Side apartment-houses, and dropped for a second into Spanish. "Sangre de Dios!" he said. "How I shall always hate New York!"

They were drawing up at the Elevated.

"Remember how to get there?" she whispered, before she opened the door. "Sure? Go ahead an' take the first train. I'll follow on the next. Walk slow after you git off. I'll walk fast—neither of us wants to loiter on that pier."

If Juan Perez hoped that he would hear further clearance of these mysteries at the dock, he was disappointed. As he passed the gate, Rosalie shot from under the shadow of a truck. She glanced to right and left. None of the near-by roustabouts was looking or listening.

"That first gangplank," she said. "The captain's aboard, expectin' you. Just say to him, 'I am Corri.' He knows the rest.

* This story began in the May Number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

You'll change clothes in his cabin. He'll keep you at work below until you sail—at daybreak. Go—don't thank me—go! I'm sure you'll see your sister in a year or two. Go!" Now, for the first time in her dialogue with him, soft emotion entered her voice. "An' God be good to you!"

She turned him almost roughly.

"One moment," he said. "My love to my sister—oh, take care of her!" His voice grew lighter, then, and he almost smiled. "And tell the *mantilla blanca* for me that she is beautiful and good!"

He walked away. A second later, when he glanced back over his shoulder, she was making a rapid pace toward the dock gate.

Rosalie passed the shadow of the pier, and gained sight of the Maud's deck. She saw Juan go aboard, saw Captain Baldwin meet him, saw them enter the cabin together. She waited no longer.

That was a day of heavy personal expense for Rosalie. Two blocks away she took another taxicab. This time she hesitated a moment before she gave the driver his directions:

"Hotel Cyrano, Brooklyn, first, I guess."

After a time, she began talking under her breath again—repeating her last phrase to Juan.

"God be good to you! God will have to be awful good to me, now." Then her thought turned, and so did her speech.

"Tell the *mantilla blanca* that she is beautiful—an' smilin' when he said it! Well, there's one relievin' feature—he won't break his heart over Betsy Barbara. It was only a flirtation with him, after all. I wonder what they're made of inside—those high-class dagos!"

XXXI

INSPECTOR MARTIN McGEE, as one who must do something, no matter how futile, to lull his impatience, rang a bell on his desk.

"Send for Grimaldi again," he said to the doorman.

"Grimaldi," he greeted the scholar of the Italian squad, "what did this Mrs. Le Grange say to you when she let you go, and just when was it?"

"It was night before last," replied Grimaldi. "I'd met her for a report, and told her that Estrilla—or Perez—had an engagement with his tailor, to try on some clothes, for two thirty yesterday afternoon. She told me then that she had finished with me, and I was to report back to head-

quarters—which I did yesterday. I don't know why she called me off so suddenly; maybe she thought I was spotted. She's a mysterious thing, and she never would let me know what she was doing; but you instructed me to obey her orders and ask no questions."

"Yes, that's right," responded the inspector. "His rooms—Estrilla's—are being watched in case he returns?"

"Yes. One man in the house and three shadowing from the outside. We've got some one at every place where he's likely to appear."

"All right. That will do."

But Grimaldi's curiosity, for the moment, got the better of his sense of discipline.

"This Mrs. Le Grange," he said at the door, "where is she, anyhow?"

"I wish I knew!" replied McGee. "I wish I knew! That will do, Grimaldi."

Then the inspector fell to pacing the floor and to meditating. He had paced and meditated in this fashion ever since eight o'clock that morning. He dared not leave his office. The search was covered at every point where the missing criminal or the missing Rosalie Le Grange might be expected to appear. Here, at headquarters, one would get the first news. He must stay in his office until—oh, why had he trusted Rosalie Le Grange to arrest a desperate criminal alone? For that Perez, *alias* Estrilla, was a criminal, and the tale about apoplexy a bizarre invention of desperation, Inspector McGee, cynical by police habit, never once doubted.

One obvious suspicion did not occur to him; never for a moment did he distrust Rosalie. She had gone out to make the arrest single-handed, for some good reason of her own. She had failed, and dreaded to come back without her man; she had been delayed, and would appear with him yet; she had ventured too much, and—something had happened to her.

Here Inspector McGee smote a fist into an open palm, and swore under his breath. That consideration, and not the failure of the department to put the finishing touch on a big case, was the thing which haunted him now, which made him unable to rest his body or to quiet his mind.

The past eighteen hours had been one long, secret hunt for Juan Perez, *alias* Estrilla, and for Rosalie Le Grange. After the detectives finished with Miss Estrilla—Señora Perez—and when McGee found Ro-

Rosalie Le Grange mysteriously missing, he waited for a time at the house. Rosalie made no sign.

Presently, Miss Harding and Miss Jones came home to dinner, and afterward Professor Noll. McGee detained them all.

Seven o'clock passed; and the other three boarders failed, like the landlady, to appear. They were Mr. North, Mrs. Hanska, and Miss Lane—all involved in the Hanska case. When the inspector noted this suspicious circumstance, he removed Miss Estrilla to a private room in the criminal ward at Bellevue. Booked as Margaret Perez, she attracted no great attention from the reporters; especially since a surgeon, instructed in advance, gave out a hint that she was merely a witness in a counterfeiting case. Then began an all-night search—for Estrilla first, for Rosalie next, and, last of all, for North and the two women.

Late that night, Inspector McGee, clutching at every possibility, visited Lawrence Wade in his cell at the Tombs, and questioned him. The announcement that Mrs. Hanska had disappeared seemed to disturb him more than any device for breaking silence that the police had ever used; but still he maintained his attitude of defiant and somewhat insolent calm. Unshaken, he stood all the questioning; and McGee, aware now of his innocence, had not the heart to crowd him to the wall.

So the night had worn away; and so the morning passed. Rosalie Le Grange made no sign. How long—how long?

A vision entered the mind of Inspector McGee—a flash of imagination compounded from many old experiences. Some day the coroner would report a woman's body floating in the bay, or buried in a cellar. And that body—he must search the cellar under Estrilla's rooms. He turned to ring for a detective.

At that moment the doorman entered.

"Mrs. Le Grange to see you," he said.

For the first time in his life of brute force, Martin McGee felt his physical powers crumbling and waning within him. He sat down at his desk.

Rosalie Le Grange had come. That meant present success and ultimate triumph; for Rosalie Le Grange had never failed him yet. Doubtless she had achieved another of her miracles—possibly Juan Perez, *alias* Estrilla, was just behind her.

"Show her in—and I'm engaged—don't disturb me for anything until I tell you."

He expected her to appear with some of her old bounce and gaiety. In the long half-minute before the door opened, he pictured that entrance—her face smiling, dimpled; her voice vibrating as if with suppressed laughter; her step a miracle of lightness and spring. So he started as she stood for a moment facing him. Dead of eye, dead of expression, dead of tint—she looked again all her age.

She moved toward him at a pace which showed effort with every step.

"Well!" he cried. "Well! We've had a chase for you. I couldn't think what had happened!" His professional concerns rushed into his mind with the departure of his greater anxiety. "Where is he? Did you get him?" he asked.

She had ignored the chair which he pushed toward her. She shook her head.

"What?" exclaimed Martin McGee. The sharpness of his tone showed the depth of his old trust in Rosalie. "What? That comes of letting you try to get him alone. What a fool—did he get away from you?"

Rosalie, still looking into his eyes, shook her head again.

The change in Inspector McGee's face expressed his emotion as clearly as if he had spoken in volumes. His skin flushed; his eyes grew hard; his jaw snapped.

"You didn't?"

Again Rosalie shook her head.

"What do you mean?"

"I let him go—I helped him get away," said Rosalie Le Grange.

"Well!" cried Inspector McGee. "Then we'll get him and you. Fool me, will you—and I'd trusted you! If you think you can beat a general alarm—where's that doorman?"

His hand went toward the battery of electric bells which could summon armed men as from the ground.

XXXII

ROSALIE caught the inspector's wrist.

"Wait!" she said. "If you ring that bell, you shut me up for good. Do you think any little police third degree can git anythin' out of me that I don't want to tell? Your one chance to get the truth is to hear it now. The minute anybody else comes into that door, I close my face. Take your hand away from there. Sit down!"

His good sense reasserted itself; he obeyed. But still his face was red and

hard. Then—though Inspector McGee was some minutes in noting it consciously—a change crossed the countenance of Rosalie Le Grange. Little by little, the life came back. One by one, the lights of her began twinkling in mouth and chin and dimples.

"Martin McGee," she said, "you're free to look for that Perez man wherever you want. You won't get him. You'd stand a chance if you had just him on the other side; but you've got me, too. An' you know me! Now listen. Maybe this is the last talk we'll ever have together, an' I want to put it straight. You're out to send that boy to the electric chair, just like you'd send a piece of stove-wood to be burned up in the fire. You ain't thinkin' about anythin' else. I know how you and the district attorney would put it to the jury. He was committin' burglary—he stabbed his man—he's a dago with no pull—that talk about apoplexy is to laugh. But I ask you private—do you think he deserves it?"

"Well, that's the law, ain't it?" growled McGee. "That's what I'm here for."

Rosalie's heart gave a little jump; but she controlled her expression. He was willing to argue the case—the first skirmish was won.

"The law!" exclaimed Rosalie. "That for your law! I could carry a 'votes for women' banner when I think about it! You men have been makin' the law all these years; an' you've run it on rules—nothin' but rules—diagrams. Did he do it? All right, hang him! You can't look at things except on the outside. I wish you did have a few women to look at 'em inside an' out. Once in a while one of your cussed juries uses its common sense an' lets a man go when the police evidence is against him. But they don't do it themselves. No, sir! It's their mothers in 'em—"

"That will do," snarled McGee. "This suffragette dope has nothing to do with the case. Where's Perez?"

"Now this Perez," pursued Rosalie, treating the inspector's anger as if it had not been, "was a fool—worst fool I ever saw—as those cute little men generally are. But what was he doin' when Hanska died? Gettin' his own from a crook, the property that belonged to him, in the only way he knew. Suppose it's true he killed Captain Hanska—did ever you see a man that deserved killin' more? Besides, he didn't."

"You aren't swallowing that yarn about apoplexy, are you?" asked McGee.

"In the first place," said Rosalie, "who knows Margarita Perez better—you that pumped her yesterday afternoon, or me that watched her for a month? Me that heard her talk her soul out to her mother an' her lover? I tell you, she told the truth."

"Yes, and how did she know he died of apoplexy? She wasn't there."

"She didn't know except on hearsay. But I do."

"How?"

"Because, Martin McGee, just because. That don't go down with you, though comin' from me it's the best reason that is. But this ought to fix even you. You know Cleary—I don't mean the sergeant, I mean the coroner's physician that made the Hanska autopsy. There's some coroner's doctors I'd trust my life with as soon as any, but Cleary—political appointment—you know. Do you think that Cleary, when they handed him over a man stabbed in the heart, looked any further into the cause? I'm betting, though, that even Cleary must have seen one thing which would have meant something to anybody but a political doctor. I saw it that night. And this Perez—Estrilla—fellow saw it."

"Oh, you've talked to him, then?"

"That'll come in later—if you're still listenin' to me. Before he knew what I knew, this Estrilla told me that Captain Hanska, after he fell, was bleeding at the nose. I'd seen that, too—when I came into the house ahead of the doctor. Now here's the thing to do," she added. "You call up Cleary right now. You see if he didn't notice it an' just walk away from it—"

Inspector McGee, with the air of one who punctures bubbles, opened his telephone.

"Spring double O," he said; and then to Rosalie: "You can listen on the extension if you want to."

His voice was formal, and he averted his eyes. While they waited, neither spoke. Rosalie, however, regarded him with an expression whereof the main tint was anxiety, and the undertone soft mischief.

"Dr. Cleary?" inquired the inspector. "Inspector McGee. Doctor, have you your notes on the Hanska case? The autopsy, I mean. In your pocket note-book? Well, just one little thing. Did you find any blood on the nostrils?"

"Here's the record," came back Dr. Cleary's voice after a half minute. "Slight bleeding from the nostril, caused probably by the fall—"

"That will do," said McGee. "Wait a second. You didn't perform any autopsy on his head? You didn't look into his brain?"

"What was the use?" came back Cleary's voice, a little defiantly. "He was stabbed in the heart, wasn't he?"

"Now who's lyin'?" said Rosalie Le Grange, as she hung up the telephone.

But there was still a snarl in McGee's voice as he spoke:

"You think you can monkey with the law! You! You think you can set crooks loose just as you please and get away with it! It's all very well for you, but look at the fix you're leaving for me. The Hanska case is cleared up. Wade is innocent. We've had the wrong man all the time. That's joke enough on us. But when we find the right one, he gives us the slip. The big commissioner will get roasted by the papers. He'll hand it to the deputy commish, and the deputy will pass the buck down to me, and I'll have to report how it happened. Yes, and I will, too!" he burst out. "I'll tell, all right! Conniving at escape. You know what that means?"

"Is it a felony or a misdemeanor?" asked Rosalie. "I sort of forgot which it was at the time I committed it."

"You'd better worry," replied McGee. "I'm going to do my duty by you."

"Your duty! Yes, I forgot that. You always do your duty. When a cop's involved, for instance. When Leroy went blind drunk and beat in the head of that boy—you did your duty in his case, like little men. That's how it comes Leroy's livin' on Staten Island this day, without once seein' the inside of a State's prison. Talk to me about duty!"

"Look here," said McGee, "you can't bluff me."

"I know I can't," said Rosalie, "an' you can't me, either."

"Come out with it, then—what have you done, and why did you do it?"

"As for what I've done," said Rosalie, "tellin' you would be spoilin' it. Why did I do it? I've answered that. I couldn't trust you or any man alive to let that poor boy off. Apoplexy? You snorted when his sister said it, an' you'd be snortin' now if you had him here. They'd laugh him out of court on such a plea. They'd laugh him to the chair. I've saved you the necessity of killin' an innocent man; an' I ought to be thanked, not kicked."

"You'll get worse," said Martin McGee. "You'll go up—that's what you'll do!"

"Now, will I?" mocked Rosalie, breaking out her dimples, full blazon, for the first time in two days. "What an awful trick on a lady! Especially when you'll have to do it yourself. You're the only witness—the only person who knows that I promised to deliver Estrilla. You're the only person that's heard me confess I let him get away. So you'll be put on the witness-stand, an' then I'll be put on the stand. An' I'll testify how the New York police were baffled with the real criminals passin' right under their noses twenty times a day, an' how a poor boardin'-house-keeper that used to be a medium—jest a plain, good old soul—took a hairpin an' a thimbleful of common sense, an' got a confession, an' made you all fools. My lawyer'll get it in; an' if he don't, the papers will, because I'll tell 'em. I'll be at home in my cell to every reporter in New York. There's a lot of 'em would like it, right now. But, of course," she added, flashing her dimples, "I won't try to bluff you. No, indeed! You can't be bluffed.

"Marty McGee," she added, "let's git down to cases. You can't do a thing to me that'll help your position. I'll go to jail an' never tell where Juan Perez has gone; but if you'll listen, I'll show you just how to fix this without trouble for anybody."

McGee was playing with a flexible paper-knife, his downcast eyes fixed upon it as he twisted it back and forth.

"How?" he asked, in a voice from which the bluster had gone.

Nothing could have better proved the logic in Rosalie's combination of woman-wit and common sense. She established herself comfortably in her chair.

"Well, it's a funny thing for us to do—you an' me—to tell the truth. Not quite the truth, either; the truth fixed up a little, which is the best kind of a lie that is. Give out what happened, but say your own smartness cleared up the case, not mine. Get Dr. Cleary to certify that he found apoplexy at a more careful autopsy, made after the coroner's inquest, but that he suppressed the report at the request of the police. You can force him to do that, to save his skin; his work is gittin' careless enough so's one more slip would make his political backers drop him. Say the theory that a man died of apoplexy, just when a knife was held at his breast ready for him

to fall on it, was so strange an' unusual that you couldn't believe it in the beginnin'; so you held Lawrence Wade until you made sure. Say you suspected Miss Estrilla—Miss Perez—from the first, an' learnin' that she was superstitious, had her worked by a police stool-pigeon who played at bein' a professional medium. Say your men listened to the séances, an' broke in at the end an' pulled the whole story out of her. An' if that ain't awful near the truth, I never made up a lie that was."

"I fail to see how that excuses us for letting Estrilla—Perez—go," said Inspector McGee, with a stir of sarcasm.

"That point," said Rosalie, "is the best thing I've thought out—the very best. Up to the confession—that's our story—you hadn't the least idea but Miss Estrilla done it all herself. We'd never thought about their changin' clothes. An' when you got the confession, you sent out to arrest him, but he was gone—probably tipped off somehow. How, search me. I haven't thought out a good lie there. Maybe you'll have to invent that yourself. Otherwise, it'll just be one of the mysteries of the New York Police Department. Reprimand you! Why, they'll give you a medal!"

McGee still looked down at the paper-knife.

"That ain't all," he said. "You fooled me, that's what you did. You made a fool out of me!"

At this Rosalie fired. A light came into her eyes that rolled ten years from her age—the light of anger. A color came into her cheeks that took off another ten—the pink of contempt.

"Make a fool of you, Martin McGee! I only made a fool of one person—that's me, Rosalie Le Grange. Who took all the risks in this job? You? Not a bit of it! Me, Rosalie. And what's more, Martin"—she paused and gulped, and something came into her face that reduced her to a girl—"who did I do it for? Me, Rosalie? I guess not. What was there in it for me? When this thing broke, I was independent and living my own life—an' a clean, self-respecting life. Do you think I wanted to do it? Well, you can bet not. I started this job mainly 'cause I didn't want to see that fine young fellow Wade go to the chair, an' because I didn't want to see that beautiful young thing broken for life—I mean Constance Hanska. But after I got into it, I realized that I was workin' more for some-

body else than I was for them. And that somebody else was you, Martin McGee. I'd 'a' given it up long ago if I hadn't kept my mind on you. I'd become fond of that sick Estrilla woman and of that little brother of hers; but I went right on. Do you suppose I like to do what I did to them? Well, you never made a bigger mistake. I ain't what I used to be. When I brought back her father and mother to trick that poor Miss Estrilla, I just gagged. But after I found that she wasn't guilty, nor him—in a manner of speaking—I had to hand them a square deal just like the rest. I'd done everything I could think of, Martin McGee, but I couldn't kill a man I liked and sympathized with, just to help your career. An' so I done the next best thing. I fixed it so nobody would be involved in it but me. I could have told you, an' persuaded you, maybe, that the right thing was to let this Perez get away; but you'd have been my accomplice. You couldn't have gone on the stand an' sworn clean—as you can now—that you had nothin' to do with it. I kept you out of it. I'm here to take my medicine. I never whimpered yet, an' I won't now. An' that, Martin McGee, is why I fooled you!"

Never had words poured so fast from the lips of Rosalie Le Grange; and as they poured, many expressions chased across Inspector McGee's clean-shaven police face.

"Is this the truth, Rose?" he said—and gulped. "Is it the truth?"

"It's the truth, if anybody ever told the truth," she replied.

He was on his feet now; she rose also.

"You're a wonder of the world!" he said.

"I've always maintained that," she replied, her old self dancing in her dimples.

Martin McGee, who had never perceived that an intelligent woman may look twenty and forty in successive hours—whose heavy police mind, in short, had little skill to weigh finer values—knew not that love goes by contrasts, that the Lord Archer smites never so surely and certainly as in the moment when jealousy or suspicion are departing. He never understood why his defenses fell all at once—why his arms, working as if in defiance of his will, encircled Rosalie Le Grange.

A month before, when Martin so exploded in her presence, Rosalie had wrenched herself away. If she lay unresisting in his arms now, it was because she

had seen his face; and Rosalie Le Grange knew above all things how to read faces. She yielded her waist, but not yet her lips.

"Martin," she asked softly, "is this on the level?"

"It's on the level, Rose! I don't care—for anything. I want you to marry me!"

The doorkeeper had been told not to disturb Inspector McGee. We will join the doorkeeper. It seems more tactful.

Let us merely glance in upon them ten minutes later. They are seated again, and McGee is patting her hand, ponderously but yet softly. Rosalie's eyes, usually so big and grave—in such contrast with her smiles and her dimples—are shining as we have never seen them shine before.

"How did it come," asked Martin, "that you could ever take to a great, big cow of a fellow like me?"

The mischief danced in her dimples.

"Because you *are* so big an' mutton-headed!" she said. Then the dimples went away, and the eyes again reigned over her expression. "Because you're a real man, Marty. Because you've plugged ahead and done things; an' because you're a brute, too, I guess. It ain't good for a man to be too kind an' smart. That's for the woman—that's my part in this combination. An' besides, the way your hair grows in front is rather cute—"

"Aw, cut that out, Rosalie!" This in a tone of infinite tenderness—a tone as playful as comports with the dignity of an inspector.

And—but we had better rejoin the doorman. Only we should glance in just once more. Inspector McGee, as if struck with a sudden, humorous, idea, is saying:

"It's funny, Rosie—here we've got engaged, and I don't know your real name!"

"That's how I'm sure you love me, Martin. When folks are in love, they don't ask no questions. Well, it's Rose Granger, if you've got to know. Born Smith. A widow—sod, not grass. I married Jim Granger. He was no good, but I cared for him till he died. You've got thirty years or more—because I sense we'll both live long—to listen to what Jim Granger did to me. We've other things to talk about first. Marty, you haven't given me an engagement present."

"You'll get a diamond solitaire as soon as I can beat it up-town," said Martin.

"Somethin' else first. I want you to fix it so the New York Police Department

makes an awful bluff at findin' Juan Perez, an' never looks in the right place."

"I guess I can promise that," laughed Inspector McGee.

Less than a half an hour before, he had been talking about his duty; but one's ideas of duty vary according to the shifting lights of circumstance.

"An' for a weddin' present," pursued Rosalie, "I guess you can see that this poor sister never gets put through."

"That's easy, too," replied McGee. "Say—now that everything is fixed up, where's that Perez person, anyhow? What did you do with him?"

"That information is goin' to be my weddin' present to you," responded Rosalie.

XXXIII

THE hansom rounded the Sherman statue and turned down the broad esplanade into Central Park. The day was raw November, with a wet, sticky suggestion of rain in the air. The park rolled away over its hills and rocks, cold and naked. No leaves overhead—the grass alone held a suggestion of green.

Hardy nurse-maids, wheeling hardier babies, sent out for health's sake in such weather, forbore to cluster or to gossip. Smart footmen, holding mangled horses from the riding-schools, stamped and shivered. Athletic girls, scornful of the cold, blazed in cheek and eye as they drove their four-mile-an-hour walk against the wind.

But the man in the hansom—fine-drawn, clean-cut, yet a little pale and pasty withal—regarded the landscape as one who beholds the fulness of June or the triumphant burst of spring. He squared his shoulders to drink the wet air that bit like sleet-drops. As they turned into the main drive, he settled back in utter content. As for the woman at his side—she was regarding not the landscape, but him.

Lawrence Wade sighed.

"Of course, you're here, and this wonderful out-of-doors is here, but I don't really believe it. I've dreamed it too many times to trust myself!"

Her hand crept down and touched his, held it with all her strength.

"That's helps a little," he said. There was a sudden movement on his part, and his hands were holding hers. "Constance," he went on, "you are undoubtedly the most beautiful woman in the world!"

"It would be interesting to know," Con-

stance said with a demure air—as if her curiosity were purely scientific—"how many men in the world are saying that very thing this minute?"

"Millions, without doubt," Lawrence answered promptly, "but I'm the only one who's telling the truth. Who should know better than I?" he went on. "I've seen that face for weeks in all my waking and sleeping hours. It's been my sun, my moon, my stars. It's been my woods and fields. It's been my theater and my opera. There's not one tint or line of it that I don't know by heart. And, moreover, I've seen it through the glasses of discouragement and despair and misery. Through those glasses you see truth. I thought you beautiful before, but now you seem supernal to me!"

He paused.

"Say some more of this to me," Constance murmured, and then, with a little thrill of joy: "Oh, think, think, Lawrence, I've all the rest of my life to listen to these things!"

"You've the rest of eternity," said Lawrence; "and that's all too short."

"If it will only wipe out the eternity that we've just passed through!"

Constance stopped to shudder.

"I don't regret it," Wade said. "It taught you to love me. You didn't really love me before—you realize that now?"

"I did not *want* to love you," Constance said. "I did not want to trust love. Life had done such cruel things to me. But you believe that I love you now?"

"I know it," Wade smiled. "But I had to go to prison to pay for the knowledge. And it was cheap at the price."

They approached a cross drive. A policeman appeared from the shrubbery and held up an imperative finger to the cabman.

"You ought to know this drive is for autos only," he said. "Can't you read, you mutt?"

The driver, mumbling, pulled up and turned back.

Lawrence laughed.

"I chartered this antiquated vehicle instead of a taxicab because I wanted to drink freedom slowly, and because I feared to break the speed laws," he remarked. "But it seems, Constance, that I can't avoid giving offense to the Police Department of New York. I am a congenital criminal, I suppose. They release me, cleared on the charge of murder. I go for a quiet drive in the park in order to enjoy my liberty. At

once the cabman, my legal agent, commits the frightful crime of trespass—inspired thereto by my presence, I suppose. I understand now why burglars, who have stood all that prison means, return to burglary after their release. It isn't the natural criminal in them, it's the fact that the sense of values has gone. That's what we call reformatory punishment."

But Constance, woman that she was, looked through the general statement to the individual behind it.

"It will never affect you that way, Lawrence—not if you stayed there all your life," she said. "Your bravery is too fine."

"Bravery is part pride, part force of will, and part lack of imagination. I hope I don't lack imagination. Perhaps I have too much, in fact. It had its way occasionally when I was alone. Innocent men are convicted sometimes, you know. It's strange, our attitude toward death," he added, his thought taking a sudden turn. "I suppose every intelligent man who has been in my fix has had the same thoughts. We must all die; the sentence was passed when we were born. Most of us die more painfully than—that. But what is it that makes us fear it so especially when it becomes absolutely certain—the moment set? I don't know yet. I haven't thought so far as that."

"Then don't—don't try to think it out any further. But Lawrence—" and she paused.

"Yes, Constance."

"You were afraid all that time?"

"I have to confess it. Deep down here, I was."

"And you never showed it to me—or your father—or the police! You kept us all up by the heart in you. Oh, I love that! Better than I thought, I love that!"

"Constance!"

"Yes, Lawrence."

"When? I have never asked you that—but when?"

"Whenever you say, Lawrence. The rest of my life is living for you."

An automobile shot out of a cross driveway. It pulled up abruptly, blocking the hansom. Out scrambled four or five young men in ulsters and college hats, the last of the group carrying a black box. The leader held up his hand to the cabman, who stopped to make parley.

"The reporters!" cried Constance. "I'm aching to say 'I told you so' to them!"

"Oh, hang it, yes!" said Lawrence. "By Jove, I wish that a decent respect for the recent decease of the late lamented Captain Hanska didn't prevent my making the announcement right now!"

XXXIV

"How's this head-line for that stocking job?" asked Tommy North, suddenly looking up from his writing. "'Mountain-climbers wear our hose and come back without a hole'?"

"Pretty good," replied Betsy Barbara, from her corner by the typewriter. "Now get the rest of it."

She resumed her little stabs at the keys.

The sudden climax of the Hanska case, and the removal of Constance to a spot from which she might avoid newspaper interviews, left Betsy Barbara afloat. She could not go back to Arden if she would, and she would not if she could. It was her whim to remain in New York; but the select young ladies' seminaries of the metropolis hesitated to employ a young woman who had figured so consistently on the front pages of the yellow newspapers.

Between trips in search of employment, Betsy Barbara continued to typewrite the correspondence of the Thomas W. North Agency. Tommy, indeed, had offered her regular employment as his clerk. She spurned that offer, holding it to be mere gratitude. When she had learned the trade, she said, she might accept a position as typist, and not a minute before.

Betsy Barbara was vastly improved in technique. She could draft a passable circular letter in not more than three attempts and twenty-five minutes.

Tommy, unruffled by her businesslike reminder, continued to view Betsy Barbara. Presently the pencil dropped from his hand. He turned in his swivel chair and called, in a tone wholly inappropriate to office hours:

"Betsy Barbara!"

Being a woman, she caught it.

"Tommy North," she said, without looking up from the keys, "read me that motto over your desk!"

"Business thoughts in business hours," read Tommy obediently.

"Well, what does that mean?" asked Betsy Barbara.

She continued to write—"respectfully solicit your patronage for the Thomas W. North Agency." At least, that is what she

thought she was writing. As a matter of fact, what she produced was this:

respec fully silicityour patrona nage for teh
2Thomaw North agency.

"But what I want to talk about now," replied Tommy in a wheedling tone, "is a matter of business. I've been taking stock. This fine, going concern made last month one hundred and fifty dollars above light, rent, office expenses, and overhead charges. That revolver contract and that beauty-parlor deal are as good as permanent. By Christmas we'll be making a hundred dollars a week."

"*You'll* be making," corrected Betsy Barbara as she jerked back the typewriter carriage to begin the struggle with another line.

"That's the point of these remarks. You ought"—he paused here—"you ought to have a share."

"If you'll kindly turn your eyes to the panel beside the door," said Betsy Barbara, "you'll see a card which reads: 'Business is business.' The idea of talking partnership to a mere stenographer who hasn't learned her trade!"

"That isn't fair. You always put me in the wrong, somehow. You know you're responsible for the whole thing. Who made me cut out the booze and go into business for myself?"

"Well," replied Betsy Barbara, "a tract or a preacher might have done that—anything which set you on the right way at the right time. And you wouldn't think of offering a partnership to a tract or a preacher."

"Betsy Barbara!" called Tommy again. And on that name, uttered all too gently for the address of a stern employer to an inexpert stenographer, he rose and crossed to her side. Somehow she did not protest. Although she continued to look down upon the keys, her fingers stopped.

Tommy gulped; and his first words, as he settled on the stool at her side, were far from his original intention—and further still, from strict business.

"Betsy Barbara, why did you play around with that poor devil Estrilla?"

"If I wanted to be impudent, I'd ask how that concerns you," replied Betsy Barbara saucily. "Well—because I liked him, I suppose."

"You didn't like him too well?" inquired Tommy.

"Of course not—now, I'm just sorry for him," she replied.

Then, as if duty drove, she picked up an eraser and began furiously to eradicate a figure "2" which she had printed for a quotation-mark.

"Do you remember," Tommy pursued, "the last time I got drunk—the last time I ever will?"

"The shoe-buckle night? Yes."

She resumed typewriting with furious energy and utterly incommensurate results; but even the noise of the typewriter could not silence Tommy now. And when she finished the line, she stopped again.

"You never knew why, of course!" said Tommy. "Do you remember some one coming into the front hall and going right out again? That was I. You were sitting—I saw you looking at him—I thought—"

"You didn't think right," responded Betsy Barbara. She paused, while the truth in her struggled against woman's instinct to use strategy in that branch of human activity which is woman's chief business. The truth won. "That was funny. You saw me when I was nearer—well, liking him—than I ever was before or after. You couldn't help being amused and flattered by him—but nothing else."

"Why didn't you like him really? What held you back?"

Betsy Barbara pulled over the carriage for another line—not with a jerk this time, but slowly and softly. At the same languid pace, she resumed striking the keys.

"Do you call this business?" she asked, but very weakly.

Tommy North laid a hand upon hers, stilling the keys under her fingers.

"Betsy Barbara, this is business. I was talking partnership. I didn't mean that kind. You know—I meant—why did I brace up and go to work, anyhow? It was because—I love you—there, that's out!"

Betsy Barbara, her hand still helpless between the keys and his larger hand, raised her face. If she had shone before with elfin light, she shone now with the light of many angels. The sheen and glitter of her hair, the fire of her eyes, the sparkle of her little teeth behind her parted lips—all the glory which makes stars and systems and beasts and the generations of men—illuminated and transformed Betsy Barbara. An instant so, and that light faded. The elfin light shone again. And—

"Tommy North," she said, "are you

proposing to me right in business hours? Get back to your seat! Your answer will be transmitted to you in business form."

There was hope, and yet there was wonderment, in Tommy's face as he obeyed. Betsy Barbara tweaked the sheets from the roller, inserted a new page, and began to type very fast—for her. She finished. She was suffused with color as she drew out the page and laid it on Tommy's desk. He turned to read; and Betsy Barbara's hand brushed his cheek ever so lightly.

mR Thomas WNorth;
dear sir;

Your pro positin is acceptedand I trust tha t the ensuing partnership will be long and prosperous

yours sincerely
ElizabethLane.

"Business forms must be maintained even in this solemn and awful moment," said Betsy Barbara.

XXXV

"WELL, there's one thing about being a high cop," remarked Martin McGee. "You certainly do get attention in a lobster-palace!"

Inspector McGee, in his dinner-coat, sat in the preferred corner farthest from the music. Rosalie, reigning opposite in two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, eight hundred dollars' worth of clothes, three hundred dollars' worth of massage, and a hundred dollars' worth of hair-dressing and hat, followed, with smiling eyes, a wave of agitation which ran from waiter to waiter until it broke, in a spray of Italian-Swiss-French gestures, against the head waiter and majordomo.

The lady with Inspector McGee, the lady whom he brought regularly—so an excited waiter-captain explained to his chief—had complained of a tainted clam. It was frightful, terrific, the head waiter replied. Some one must suffer. Inspector McGee might never come again. Some morning after hours the bar would be raided. *Verogna! Accidente!*

When McGee had condescended to accept apologies, he resumed, to Rosalie:

"I don't even have to pay for my New Year's Eve table reservations. That's what it is—being a cop!"

Rosalie dropped her pink right hand on her pinker left one, and fell to playing with a new diamond solitaire which, for size and

luster, dimmed all her other jewels. Her dimples threw back an answering flash.

"Enjoy it while you can, Marty," she said. "It won't be long."

Even yet, Inspector McGee reflected, Rosalie Le Grange had surprises for him. He did not realize, for he was no seer of the future, that she would be giving him just such surprises all his life long.

"What's new with you this time?" he inquired, smiling indulgently.

"Nothin' with me," replied Rosalie; "only I'm breakin' the news to you. Inspector is as high up as a policeman can get. Your days on the force are numbered, Martin McGee. An' I haven't made up my mind yet," she added, dimpling now, not on the diamonds, but on him, "whether to make you Democratic boss of the State Senate, or just leader of Tammany Hall!"

XXXVI

A LETTER addressed to Señor Juan Perez, Peralta, Argentine Republic:

DEAR FRIEND:

Received your letter last month, and was glad to hear that everything is going well with you. Thank you for the picture. I see you're just as handsome as ever. If you wear those clothes all the time, though, your laundry bills must be something fierce. Both Martin and I are glad you're doing so fine in a business way. I knew you would, once you settled down. Guess the jolt helped you. Trouble with you, at the start, was that you went up against the big game too soon. But I am most pleased to hear that your sister is beginning to get kinder in her feelings to me. Lord knows, everything I did was for the best. Am also glad to hear that her health is good and she is getting stout. I bet she's as handsome as a picture, now she hasn't anything on her mind.

In regard to a certain event three years ago, would say that it's all blowed over. Marty still drops in at headquarters a good deal, and I had him look it up. He says it would be perfectly safe for a certain party to go back to Port of Spain, though he wouldn't advise visiting this land of the free for quite some time. Not that he expects anything would happen; but it's best to be on the safe side.

Well, Martin and I are getting on fine. He comes up for reelection in November—fact is, we're campaigning now—and it looks like a sure thing. Martin still thinks I'm the smartest and prettiest in the world, and I take care that he won't get on to me—but oh, my dear, my massage bills are something fierce!

We just live in a whirl. Seems like we're

never both home to dinner unless we have company. Marty is going ahead so fast I'm afraid he'll be President of the United States before I've learned enough law to run this country. We go to church regular—in our own district. I'm getting so careful with my grammar that I almost never talk like I want to, except when Martin and I are alone.

Now, as regards friends of yours and mine, I'll tell you all the news I've got.

Do you remember that Miss Harding in the boarding-house? She's Marty's stenographer now, and a mighty good one. We're so afraid she'll get married some time, and Marty will lose her. Miss Jones is married—lives somewhere up Yonkers way. Mrs. Moore has gone over to Jersey, to keep house for an old uncle. Guess she expects some money from him when he dies.

Poor Professor Noll broke down last winter, and was in the hospital for a month. I knew it was coming—no human stomach could stand those slop victuals. I went to see him as often as I could, and talked to him like a mother. Well, he's eating his steaks and chops now as regular as the day comes round. He's very much interested in a new fancy kind of religion—it's called the Thought of the Age. I can't seem to get the hang of it—but the point is that if everybody will get together and think the same thought all the time for a piece, why, something's going to happen. I guess likely.

Betsy Barbara and Mr. North live in a little house on Long Island, and Mr. North commutes. He's making so much money he says he's ashamed of it. They have twin boys, and if ever I saw *limbs*—well, Betsy Barbara is on the jump all the time keeping them from committing fifty-seven varieties of murder and suicide they've thought out for themselves. Martin says he's glad he's given up his old job, for it certainly would be up to him to get them both life some day. But I notice he's ready to go over there every time we're invited, and he spends the whole time playing with those youngsters.

The Wades are still abroad. Their little daughter was born in Florence. Mrs. Wade nearly died, but she didn't mind—that child, judging by the pictures they've sent, is a perfect little angel. Mrs. Wade says her name is Betsy Barbara, and she's the apple of her father's eye. They'll come back next spring.

Well, I guess that's about all. I gave Marty your invitation, but he says he can't see time ahead to take a long vacation. If we ever can, we'll come down there and visit you with great pleasure. And so, with love to your sister and best wishes to yourself, in which my husband joins me, I remain,

Yours truly,

ROSLIE McGEE.

THE RANGE RIVALS

BY R. K. CULVER

AUTHOR OF "THE FIVE GOLD BARS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

A STRANGER, riding a flea-bitten gray, arrived at the Larabee Ranch one Sunday afternoon. For reasons of his own, he had recently annexed the horse in great haste.

The tired gray, when fresh, could make the posts of a barbed-wire fence go past so fast that they looked like pickets. Without slackening its speed, its rider could bunch six shots, at a considerable distance in any necessary direction, into a space no larger than a hat. He could also throw a rope; but it was the skill with which he played the mandolin that decided things that Sunday afternoon.

He could make a mandolin talk. His own he had left behind, having had no thought of music on his hurried departure from Cochise, two days previous. The instrument that had been lying in the raw-hide-bottom chair on the veranda of the Larabee hacienda gave forth a pleasing sound as he thrummed it with his thumb, carelessly, by way of investigation.

"The *señor* plays the mandolin?" said Valema Larabee.

She occupied her throne at the end of the veranda, where Ben Scone, foreman of the ranch, sat in humble vassalage. Other privileged subjects gazed from tilted chairs along the whitewashed wall.

"I used to tinkle some," said the stranger, running his hand over the striped back of the instrument. "I have been known to extract sounds from the insect."

Then he played, and Valema Larabee listened with the rest. That was the beginning.

No one on the ranch knew where the stranger came from nor his name, but because he could play a mandolin "in a way

to charm birds," as the Larabee outfit put it, they called him the Mandolin Kid. It took too long to say that, so they shortened it to the Mando Kid.

After the musicale, Valema whispered something to her father. Later he told Ben Scone, the foreman, to add the Mando Kid to the pay-roll.

"Valema," he remarked, "is dead tired of that phonographic brand of canned music we've been subsisting on, and this *hombre* I'm discussing can sure produce the other kind. Don't let him get his hands burned with a rope."

"We could get along without another man," said Scone, "but I'm for whatever Valema says, just the same as you are. There ain't no use trying to disguise the fact that the Kid is a trained canary on the music proposition. I've heard mandolins tuned up, but I never heard one really played before. What was that one he gave us toward the wind-up—the one with the Spanish words? I didn't get it all."

"I forgot the name. It's an old Spanish love-song I haven't heard for twenty years. I used to sing it to Valema's mother before we were married."

"Look here!" said the foreman. "Do you suppose that maverick meant anything?"

"Never in a thousand years. Didn't even look at her. He was only playing for a job—a place to stop a while. It looks bad for him, the way he showed up here. That gray has been used hard. I wouldn't wonder if he borrowed it; but he can't do any harm around here if you watch the stock. Some day he'll disappear, but keep him while you can—Valema's orders. It's the music, that's all." The old ranger

slapped his foreman on the back. "She's yours," said he. "All you've got to do is to round her up. That ought to be easy, from the way things look"; and humming the old Spanish air that the Mando Kid had played that evening, he turned in.

After smoking many cigarettes, pondering long upon the power of music as against the ordinary human voice, and coming to no definite conclusion, Scone also turned in for the night.

Early the next morning he found the Kid in the corral.

"How's the orchestra this A.M.?" he said.

"So-so," replied the Kid. "Does it get a job? It can throw a rope some."

"It stays at forty per, until I change my mind."

"What you might call a kind of removable fixture! Well, that exactly suits me. Maybe I won't want to hang around more than a month. I ain't used to working long in one locality. I'm called elsewhere quick, sometimes."

"Yeh, I guess so. That gray must have come a long ways fast—he's sore and lame this morning. Looks like a fine horse, though!"

Scone's eyes scanned the other's impassive countenance.

"Fair," said the Kid, looking at Scone from the corner of his eye. "He was picked for speed."

The direct question being barred, according to the code applying in such conversations, Scone learned no more about the gray. About himself the Mando Kid professed little information.

II

BEFORE the week was over he had become familiar with the routine of his work. Every evening he sauntered over to the wide veranda, picked up the waiting mandolin, and played—played to Valema. The rest were there, but he played to one only.

The Kid had eyes that saw. Never had he played to so beautiful a woman, and he had played to many. From beneath the shadow of his sombrero, thrown by the oil-lamp hanging overhead, he looked at her oval cheeks, olive against her jet-black hair; at her lips, red as the rose she wore; and at her marvelously dark, soft eyes, set in long, thick lashes. They were eyes that spoke as they gazed steadily into the shadow underneath the hat-brim. He played to

them. He sang. He improvised. Many melodies he blended into one, harmonious and soft and full of tenderness.

One evening Valema tossed a red rose to the player—a red rose that she had worn. Scone, always at her side, picked another from the bush along the trellis, and put it in her hair. This one, also, reckless of all consequences, Valema threw to the mandolin player.

The rivals met in the morning. The Kid wore two roses in the band of his sombrero. As he rounded a corner of the corral, Scone, who was waiting, reached toward his holster; but the Kid was quicker. Scone grinned sheepishly as he looked into the muzzle of the forty-five.

"Ain't you a little previous?" he said.

"Generally am," said the Kid. "I have to be, to keep alive."

"Guess you're nervous this morning," Scone muttered. "Just step to one side. You're in direct line with that speckled rooster I'm about to slaughter for the old man."

The Kid walked over behind him.

"Just a little habit I've got into," he remarked.

"That's all right," said Scone, as his gun flashed. "Accidents will happen. Looks like I only grazed his wattles."

The Kid shot as the speckled rooster disappeared behind a water-trough.

"When an obstacle gets in my way, I generally shoot clean through it," he said, as the headless rooster flopped and fluttered behind the trough, which was perforated just above the water-line.

As the two men stood eying each other, Valema appeared, larger-eyed than usual, and a trifle pale.

"Who shot?" she asked.

"Chicken dinner," said Scone laconically. "Sorry to disturb you." Turning to the Kid, he added: "I guess you better ride out on the range to-day. Go and count that far bunch of calves down by the wash."

From that time on, Scone, with some pretext or another, kept him always on the range. This was what the Kid had wanted. His time was as good as his own. Mounted on the gray, he cantered leisurely about, examining the trails, and following them out until he had a picture of the country in his eye.

He knew that in leaving to the north, time could be gained by skirting a fringe

of greasewood and bearing toward the east, thus avoiding a rather deep arroyo, and striking the north road two miles up. Directly to the east, far out on the mesa, the dry creek-bed would furnish shelter for as many miles as any one might need in a pinch. He discovered that the shortest cut to the main road leading south passed through a scattering growth of cactus and mesquit to the southwest; beginning at a point where three dwarfed oaks leaned together like three thieves whispering.

Westward, some miles from the ranch-house, loomed the mountains. Running approximately north and south, they sent out spurs like the legs of a gigantic centipede. Between were gulches, cañons, and ravines.

Toward the wildest and densest of these cañons the Kid one day turned the good gray's nose. The entrance was guarded by a regiment of Spanish bayonets and tall, spearlike ocotillas, which could be seen for miles across the mesa. Under and around these, and up the cañon, spread a growth of greasewood, mesquit, and cactus.

An expert at the game of hide and seek, the Kid knew well the necessity of reconnoitering the place as a possible hiding-spot for one on bad terms with the laws of Arizona. Arriving at the mouth of the cañon, he slowed his horse down to a walk, and gazed along the rocky walls of the wide defile.

As the gray wound its way leisurely in among the brush, and over the sandy wash, which the sun had long since dried to powder, its rider's eye fell upon the hoof-prints of a horse. Fetlock-deep, it had passed diagonally across the wash, leaving no trace on either side, but its general course had evidently led up the cañon.

The Kid pulled up the gray, threw one leg over the pommel of his saddle, and for a long time sat in deep reflection. In the game that he was playing, with his mind alert and open to suspicion, the trail of a lone horseman in that secluded spot was to be reckoned with as carefully as if it were a coiled snake at his feet. Possibly, from some vantage-point far up the cañon, his movements on the mesa had been watched.

It was a rule with him always to see the other man first, or, if he could not see him first, to locate him in advance, and to prepare for all contingencies that a knowledge of the other man's identity and purposes might foreshadow.

While he sat pondering the situation, the cool draw, fanning his face as it swept gently past him toward the range, brought with it, from a distance up the cañon, the peculiarly shrill neigh of a horse. The Kid's trained ears caught the familiar sound distinctly enough to cause him to finger his forty-five, and to exclaim, with a strange mingling of contempt and animosity:

"Dead right! I knew it—it's the little bay, or I'm deafer than a snake! And he ain't up there alone, or I'm loco in the head. It's just like I figured it, but I won't bother with him yet; he'll keep another day."

Patting his horse's neck, he leaned forward, and whispered confidentially:

"The little lady sure has roped me, and I've got to have a private talk with her before I take the big chance that winds up this game!"

Turning the gray, he rode out toward the range.

III

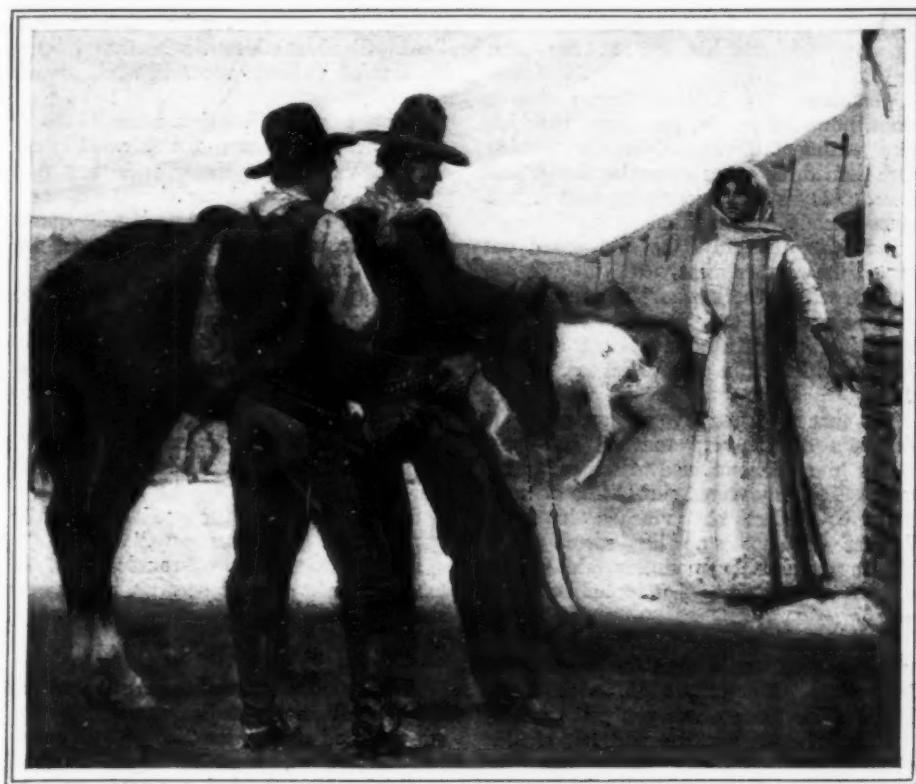
HALF an hour later, while meditating under a thick mesquit, a mile to the north of the cañon, the Kid, whose eyes had been roving the mesa from long force of habit, noticed a horseman coming from the south. He led the gray to cover, picked his way along the edge of the mesquit, and finally stretched himself at full length on a brushy hummock, where he had a good view, but was well concealed. His forty-five lay at his side.

When he reached the cañon, the horseman paused, and gazed long in its direction. Then he touched spur to his horse, and, casting backward glances, galloped toward the Kid.

As he approached, the Kid picked up his forty-five and shifted his position slightly. When he recognized the rider as the sheriff of Cochise County, decked in the habiliments of war, he partially arose. Then he settled down again; the sheriff had turned his roan toward the ranch-house.

The Kid had never had an opportunity of seeing Valema alone. Now she would come to him; he knew it as he knew that the sun would set. His one weakness—the love of a practical joke—had got the better of him, and this service that the gray old sheriff was about to perform for him—unwittingly—pleased him much.

In spite of the intense anxiety which he knew the situation would cause Valema,



"WHO SHOT?" VALEMA ASKED

the fact that the ruse would bring her to him was excuse enough, to his mind, for adopting it. For the first time, he would see her alone; and there was much that he desired to tell her. So he smiled and waited as he watched the roan move toward the little group of dull brown buildings that shimmered in the heat, far out on the range.

Arrived at the ranch-house, the sheriff made inquiry:

"Have you seen a flea-bit gray in this locality, with a star and circle brand, and with a stake-rope burn up around his left hock?"

"It'll be in to-night," said old man Larabee, "and with the party that you want. I thought you'd be around. Wanted bad?"

The sheriff held up three fingers and tapped his gun.

"Besides the killings, he's wanted all along the line for a lot of borrowed stock. Everything pointed this way. About a month ago he killed Jeff Evans behind the

bar, and walked out with four hundred dollars. It was late, and he got away on the first horse that he come to. It happened to be this gray. Last week reports come in that the gray was seen headed in this direction. All the way up, I've been hearing about personal property that has been removed without permission. He shoots whenever anybody gets in front of him. He's bad medicine!"

"I thought so," said Scone, who was seated near, on the veranda steps. "He looked bad to me—and I've seen him make a gun-play that would get most men before the draw."

"We don't go to town for a month, sometimes," said Larabee; "but I suspected something wasn't right, the way he showed up here. He'll be in this evening. Better put your horse up; you've got three hours to wait. That'll be the easiest. You can get him in the bunk-house."

Whereupon the sheriff, weary from a two-days' trip, was shown to the best room,

where he peeled off his boots and lay cogitating on his chances at the next election.

Meantime, the Kid, sitting beside a yucca, hummed an air, the words of which were sentimental. It had been something more than three hours since the sheriff had passed. Dusk was setting in, and a full moon already glowed dimly.

Mounting the gray, the Kid gazed out toward the somber mesa.

"She will be here soon," he mused.

As he watched and waited anxiously, he heard the thud of a horse's hoofs, and saw Valema riding like the wind across the range.

He turned the gray at an angle to Valema's course, and touched its flank. Seeing him, she motioned to the cañon beyond. The gray veered slowly in a graceful crescent. When she reached his side, Valema did not stop her sorrel. Still pointing toward the mountain, she said in a soft, low voice that trembled with emotion:

"*Al cañon—apuraos!* He is here—the man they said would come for you one day. I saw him. He waits. *Ah, mi adorado!* There is one place where you will be safe."

Riding beside her, the Kid felt reckless of all danger. His clear eye kindled as her rounded arm swept toward the grove of Spanish bayonets that sheltered the entrance to the cañon.

"Listen!" she said, when they had reached the tangled, brushy growth that spread upward. "Listen well—far in the cañon stands a little *casa*, forsaken, very old—it crumbles. There you must hide—go! Fear not—he shall not find you. I will bring food." She untied a buckskin thong on her saddle. "See what I leave with you. You will remember—always, *mi adorado!* Always!"

He took the mandolin she handed him. As he touched it softly, it could not have been heard twenty feet away. In the moonlight, under the brilliant stars, it whispered to Valema a story old as the granite hills around.

"*Volgame Dios!*" she said. "While you play, I cannot go, and they will look for me. They will find you. Go! You must escape! To the cañon no one comes—there you will be safe!"

From his saddle he glanced for a moment toward the cañon. Under every bush and cactus the moon threw grotesque shad-

ows—crouched forms, grim, sinister, and silent. Slowly shaking his head and turning toward Valema, the Kid said, almost inaudibly:

"No—I guess I'll wait a while."

"What! You are not afraid!" exclaimed Valema. "Never will they find you there—it is safe, I say!"

The Kid's eyes moved searchingly among the threatening shadows. He turned the gray out toward the mesa.

"Plenty of time," he said. "I'm going to see that you get home O. K. It ain't polite to leave a lady all alone in a place like this. You asked me if I was afraid—it would look some that way if I left you now."

She caught his horse's bridle.

"*You* could not be afraid. It is *I* who fear—for you!"

"Well, there ain't no need of that," he said. "Don't you worry any."

Lightly, with the long-roweled spur, he touched her horse and the gray, which were standing flank to flank.

IV

As they rode out upon the mesa toward the ranch-house, with Valema still remonstrating and urging the Kid to seek safety in the cañon, a dark figure stepped stealthily from behind a yucca, mounted the horse it led, and, like a moving shadow, wound through the thinning brush and cacti. As Valema and the Kid became dark blurs on the mesa, the horseman followed softly. It was Scone.

Far ahead Valema argued desperately.

"*El hombre* with the fierce eye—he is waiting," she was saying. "He shoots straight. He waits long—he will shoot quick. Leave me! Go before it is too late! See!" she whispered, trembling as they neared the ranch-house. "It is close—somewhere he watches."

"Softer!" said the Kid, as he stopped his horse, and, dismounting, helped Valema from the sorrel. "I'd hate to bother him—maybe he's asleep!" There was a touch of humor in the Kid's voice, which was calm and steady. "I'm going to see you to the door and put your horse away."

Valema, overcome by his audacity, clutched his arm and held him back. Leaning toward him, with her head pressed tight against his shoulder, she looked up at him, wide-eyed with fear and admiration.

"*Mi adorado*, you are brave!" she whis-

pered. "I care not what they say. All are against you. I alone might save you—and you will not go!"

"Little girl," he said, "they don't make 'em any gamier than you are, nor any finer, anywhere. I never said so just this way before, but I want to tell you, right now, that I'd go against that Scone person and that sheriff and the whole of Arizona, blindfold and hobbled—just for a chance to win you!"

For a moment he looked down into her face, pressed against his shoulder and modeled to an amazing beauty in the moonlight. Then he threw his arms about her. "You don't need to worry," he said. "Wait till I explain—why, there's no more danger of Scone or the sheriff getting the drop on me than—"

"Up with 'em quick!" called a voice.

In the shadow of the ranch-house Ben Scone stood leveling a forty-five.

"Congrats!" said the Kid, as he stood with his hands raised high above his head. "First one that ever got the drop on me."

Valema, with a sudden movement, drew the Kid's gun partly from its holster, intent on defending him; but he commanded her to drop the weapon, speaking in a strange new voice that startled her.

"Leave it there," he added in a whisper. "You don't know this game. Let me play it out!" To Scone he said loudly: "Have I got to stand this way all night?"

"Most horse-thieves would consider that a privilege," Scone re-

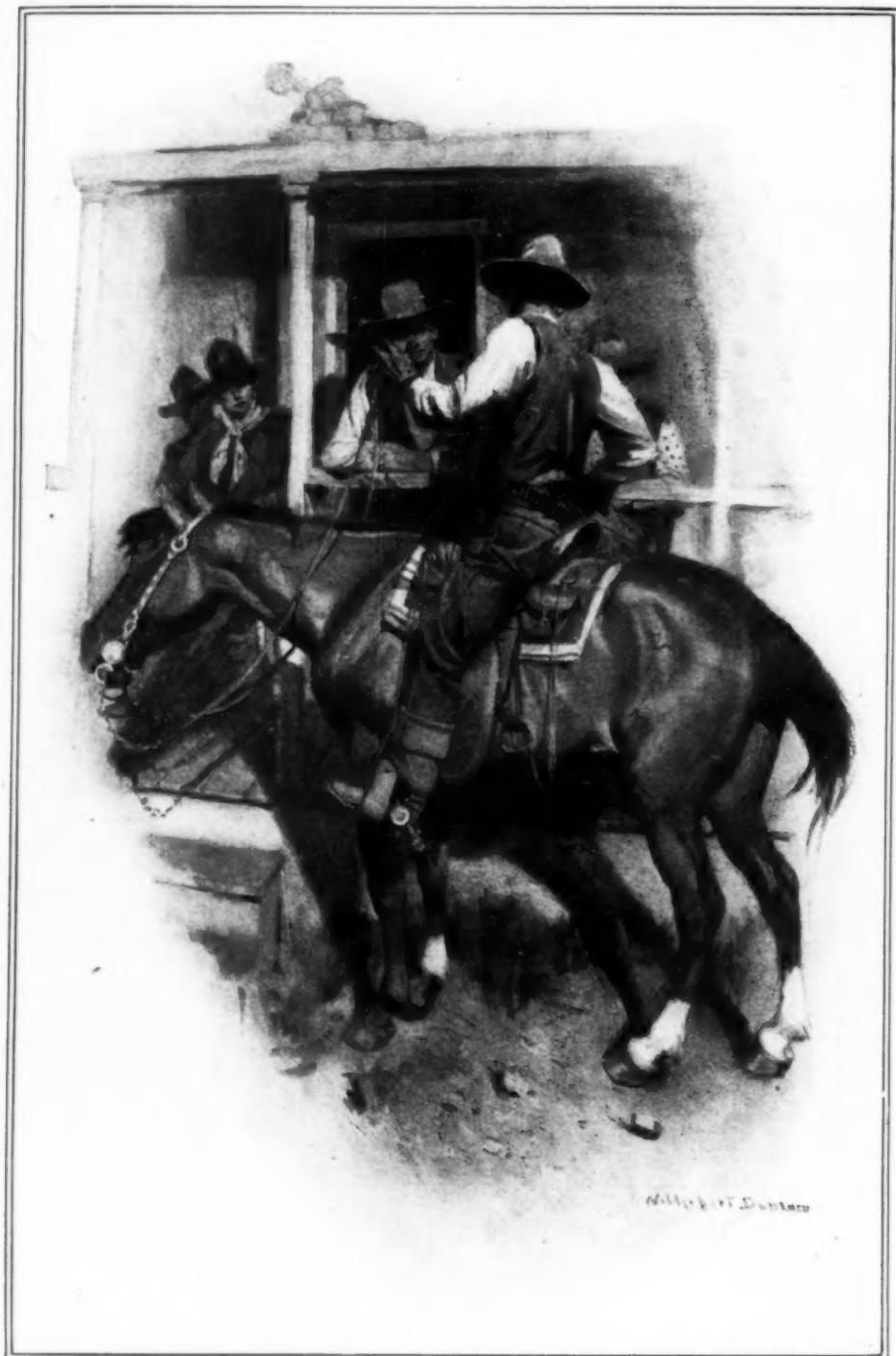
plied. "They'd rather stand than swing from a limb somewhere. You're lucky, that's what *you* are! The sheriff's inside—he'll protect you."

There was a sneer in Scone's voice. The Kid, calm and unruffled, and with the faintest shadow of a smile, remarked:

"Well, hurry up and get that sheriff out here before a tree grows up alongside of



ITS RIDER'S EYE FELL UPON THE HOOF-PRINTS OF A HORSE



"BESIDES THE KILLINGS HE'S WANTED ALL ALONG THE LINE FOR A LOT OF BORROWED STOCK"

me. I'd hate to see you tempted—you might get real harmful!"

Scone, stung with ridicule, stepped forward just as the sheriff, roused by the voices of the two men, strode out of the door, with one boot off. Leaning over the railing of the wide veranda, where the Kid had sat so many times and charmed the outfit with his mandolin, he blinked and peered out toward the little group, while he held his forty-five ready for quick work.

Valema had thrown herself in front of the Kid, who stood with his arms raised toward the stars. He grinned broadly as he looked over her mass of black hair, pressed against his breast, squarely at the puzzled sheriff.

In the background the gray pawed restlessly, and—good cow-pony that it was, in spite of all the trouble it had caused—trotted to the Kid's side and whickered anxiously as it rubbed its nose against his back. It understood the meaning of harsh voices and the sight of upraised hands and pointed forty-fives. The Kid had made a pet of it, though he had not ridden it long.

For a moment there was silence. Then Scone, turning slightly toward the sheriff, but still covering the Kid, said:

"There's your horse-thief, sheriff. Take him off my hands before I put a hole through him."

"Horse-thief?" said the sheriff incredulously. "Horse-thief? Where?"

"If this gun should happen to explode,"

said Scone contemptuously, "which it's liable to do, it would get him just below Valema's chin, right about where his yellow little heart is."

Glancing in the direction indicated, the sheriff's eyes focused on the Kid, standing with his hands held high. As he gazed, he brought his gun down with a slam against the railing over which he leaned, and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Horse-thief!" he shouted. "Why, that ain't no horse-thief! That's Joe Stevens, the best deputy I ever had!"

"Joe," the sheriff finally chuckled, "I thought you was out on that other trail!"

"I was," said the Kid, "but that horse-thief party you're up here after traded this stolen gray, when it was all in, for my little bay, one night. I took his trail and followed it here. I laid low and didn't talk—you know me. I was dead sure he was around here, somewhere. To-day I located him up in that cañon you looked into when you passed this afternoon. Tomorrow, early, we'll go get him. Savvy? I thought I'd get the drop on you to-night and surprise you with the news, but I got kind of careless talkin' to Valema here."

As Joe Stevens, deputy sheriff, *alias* the Mando Kid, lowered his arms, they naturally and easily encircled Valema Larabee. Ben Scone, putting up his gun, stepped forward with his hand extended.

"You win," he said. "Shake—if you ain't too busy!"

AT EVENTIDE

I HAVE a little boy, and every night,
As I bend over him, where, flushed with sleep,
He lies like slumbering Love in evening light,
Resting in shadows that are never deep—
I pray, with wistful, pain-encircled joy,
That he may always be "my little boy."

I have a little girl, so winsome-sweet
She seems like some stray elf from fairy-land,
Except that fairy lips could never meet
To make such kisses, and no fairy hand
Could hold such dimples, or could reach so far
Into worn hearts where hidden smile-beams are.

And as I bend above her, where she lies
All cozied up to teddy-bear or doll,
Or holding fast to some delayed "surprise,"
Or some strange animal called "Pretty Poll,"
I know that, be she dross or purest pearl,
Always my heart will call: "My little girl!"

George Foxhall

THE DOMINANT O'MALLY

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "A MAN'S TREASURE," "THE PULL OF THE FINGER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. N. MARCHAND

THEY were building a railroad. It was a hot job in a hot country. They had finished their evening meal of curried chicken, yams, coffee, and native rum, and were now smoking and sweating, each prone on his canvas cot beneath his mosquito-net.

"Thunder!" exclaimed O'Mally. "This is the limit! We live dogs' lives—we fellows who really do the work. Amuse me, Charlie! Buck up and tell me all about your girl again—about the first time you kissed her, and all that. It was in a snow-storm, wasn't it? I've been knocking about these infernal hot republics so long I've forgotten how snow looks. Fire away!"

Astounding as it may seem, the man on the other cot complied with the request. In a quiet voice he told about his girl in the north—the girl he was engaged to marry—for his companion's entertainment. It was not the first time he had told it to O'Mally. He even described the first kiss, which had taken place in a flurry of snow during a snow-shoe tramp. Great Heavens!

O'Mally laughed heartily but not pleasantly. Charlie Simpson continued to talk, to sweat, and to smoke his cigar.

"What beats me," said O'Mally, at last, "is how a hemming and hawing, white-livered cuss like you ever got up courage enough to kiss her. You must have had more sand in those days than you have now, Charlie. Tell me the truth—didn't she ask you to kiss her? Out with it!"

Charlie groaned. In the sultry, breathless dark his thin face flushed crimson.

"She—said that I might kiss her," he confessed.

O'Mally fairly roared with laughter.

"Oh, Charlie, I'd die without you!" he exclaimed. "For a man without humor,

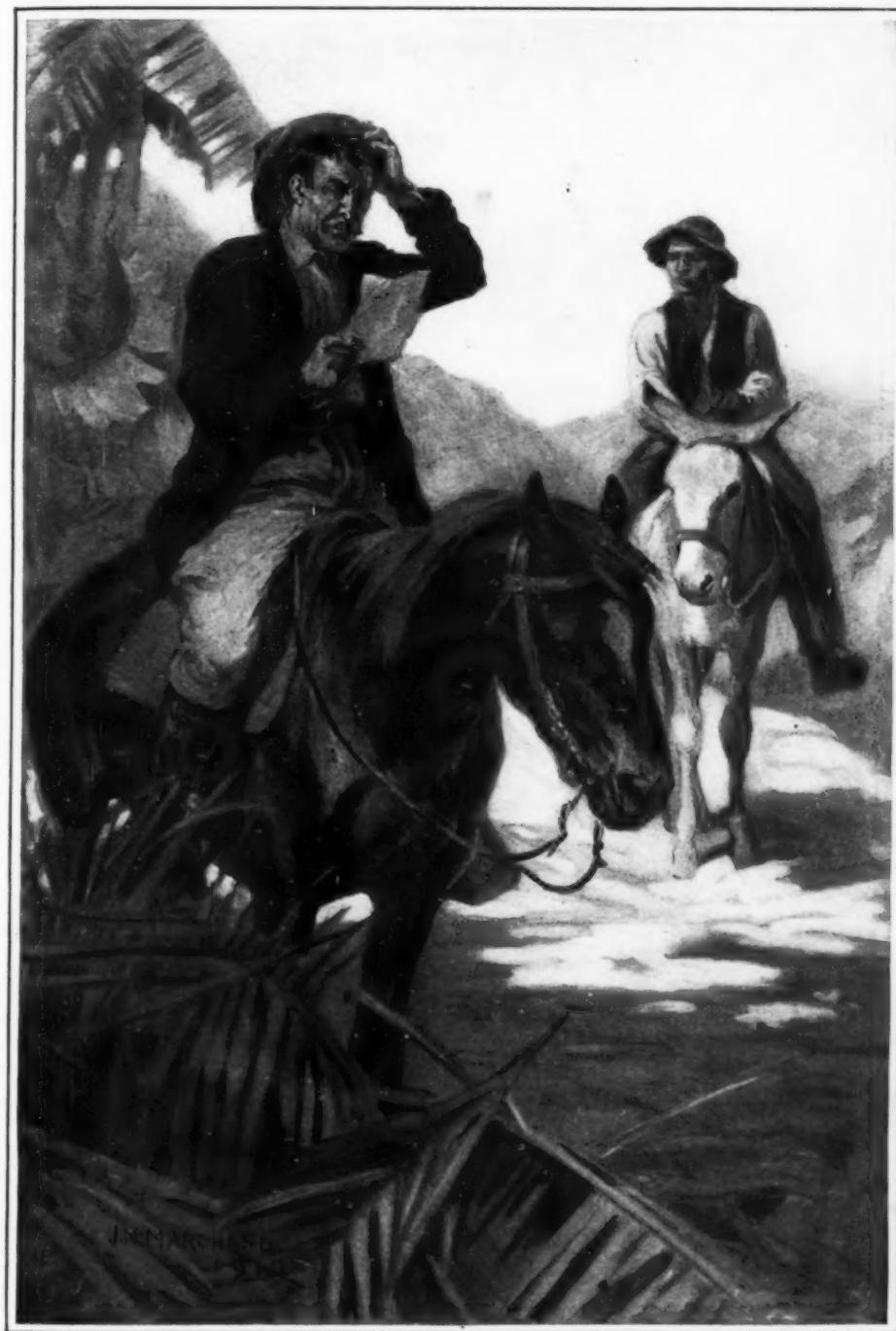
you are certainly the funniest thing I ever struck. A man, did I say? Lord, you're not a man, Charlie! You haven't as much backbone as a bowl of junket. Gad, if you were half a man, you'd have knocked my head off long ago—or tried to, anyhow. What would that girl say if she could hear you telling me about the first kiss? Oh, ye gods and little fishes!"

The two men were engineers. O'Mally was in charge of the job; Simpson was his assistant.

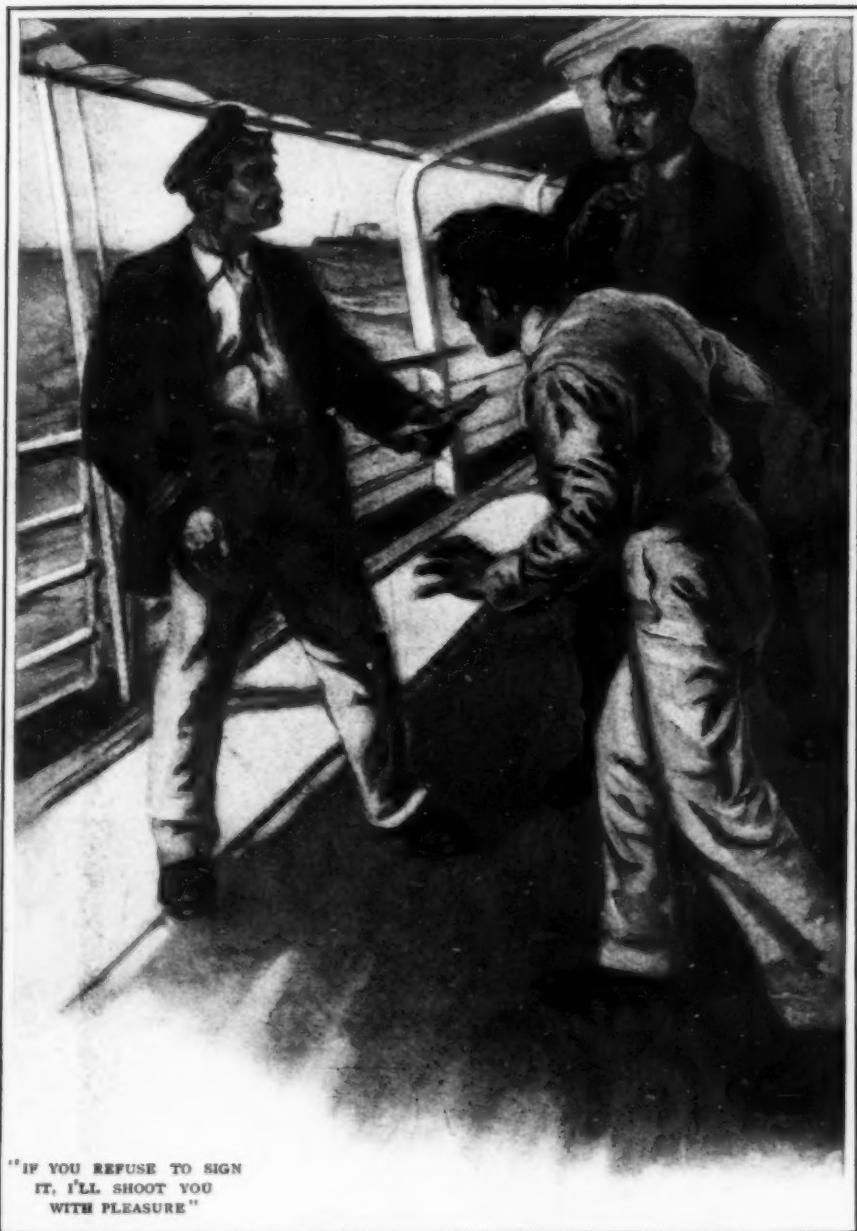
O'Mally was the older of the two by six or eight years. He was a heavy-set fellow, with hairy hands, a red face, and a thick neck. His gray eyes podded out. His chin was almost as broad as his forehead. He knew a great deal of the world, a great deal of human nature, and very little of the mysteries of his profession; but he possessed force. He was as strong in spirit as in body.

Charlie Simpson, on the other hand, possessed no strength of body save that of moderate health, and no strength of spirit at all. His was a small and timid soul. He would not hurt a fly, as the saying is; and he was quite as unlikely to try to hurt a mad dog running amuck among women and children, if the opportunity offered.

But his brain—ah, that was another story! Even O'Mally admired his brain. He was a fine engineer, brilliant and at the same time profound. In spite of his youth and limited experience, he was equal to any problem of construction. Natural obstructions fell before him, or stood aside from his right of way. O'Mally, the master spirit, drove him on from problem to problem, from cutting to cutting, from bridge to bridge. And all the credit of the good work was given to O'Mally.



"I THOUGHT I HAD THE FELLOW UNDER MY FEET! HE'D BITE ME NOW,
WOULD HE—IN THE DARK?"



"IF YOU REFUSE TO SIGN
IT, I'LL SHOOT YOU
WITH PLEASURE"

O'Mally looked into the future and saw clearly; so he mastered Simpson, and then shaped him to his own aspirations. He read his correspondence. Sometimes he bullied him; again he derided him; yet again he was kind and fairly paternal in his manner. If he drove poor Charlie for

a week, he was quite likely, at any sign of fatigue or fever, to nurse him for the following ten days. He saw in Charlie a great future for himself; and in the mean time he lightened the sultry hours between work and work by making the genius jangle his bells.

Nothing was sacred to O'Mally. With his grip firm upon Charlie, he studied that poor fellow's inmost emotions, and all the feeble and foolish secrets of his past, with chuckles of derision. All he had to do was to ask.

He learned of the many indignities which Charlie had suffered at the hands of the young woman's father. It was only too evident that the father had not approved of the daughter's choice.

"I know your blooming Flora as if I had kissed her myself!" said O'Mally, with his delightful frankness of expression. "I know her better than you do—and, by gosh, I shouldn't object to knowing her better still. She admired your brain, Charlie, but she never gave you a serious thought as a lover until her old man began to cuss you out for the fool that you are. Oh, I know that kind! Not much green to that sort of salad, but plenty of pepper and mustard in the dressing. And a good-looker, you say! Most of those high-headed ones are. Well, Charlie, if you ever get around to marrying her, you'll have a fine time of it. She'll make you wish you'd left your bones right here, my boy. She'll chase your flabby soul around until you'll think of me with regret. She'll not have the sense to cherish you as I do. But it's time we wrote her another letter. We'll put a little snap into it, just to make her sit up and take notice. We'll fool her into the belief that this job is making a man of you. Get out your fountain pen, Charlie, and take your dictation!"

And so it came about that Miss Flora Kaye, up in the north, began to remark a great change in her intended's letters. At first she regarded it with something like consternation, and a vague sense of offended dignity; but before long she began to like it and to look for it. There was a force in the new letters which she had never noticed in Charlie; and there was a freedom of manner of which she had never suspected him.

The months passed; the road surmounted the last spur of the mountain; O'Mally produced a long, blue envelope and handed it to Charlie.

"It's a good offer, and I've accepted it," he said. "You'll notice that the pay is just double what we've been sweating for here, Charlie. My fame is going abroad!" He winked derisively. "But I told them flat that I'd have no other assistant than you, my

boy. You'd be lost without me; and I'd certainly be stumped without you. And how would Flora feel if she was suddenly thrown back on your uninspired and unvitalized correspondence? We'll stick together, Charlie! Some day we shall wear diamonds."

Charlie nodded. He knew that it was *his* work that had attracted the attention of the Argentine Republic to O'Mally. He knew that by *his* work the new job would be accomplished, even as the old job had been. He knew himself for a genius and a fool as surely as he knew O'Mally for a blockhead and a tyrant; but he accepted the new engagement and the change of base without registering any spoken or unspoken protest.

And so it came about that these queer companions bestowed the distinction of their presence and activities upon the Argentine Republic. O'Mally was in charge; Charlie Simpson did the work; both kept away, during work-hours, from other engineers connected with the road. The successes of Bolivia were repeated, and more letters were written to the girl in the far north. O'Mally went often to the nearest town, to flavor the rewards of success and fame, to swagger a little, to pull upon wires the home ends of which were pegged down in distant London.

II

AFTER seven months of distinguished work in the Argentine, the reward of the wire-pulling came. It came to the nearest town, addressed to J. M. O'Mally, Esq., C. E. He read it in the club, and then called some of his admiring friends around him and ordered wine. He drank heavily the while he spoke lightly of his appointment in London; and while he and his friends quaffed the chilled vintage and lolled at ease in the deep chairs, poor Charlie Simpson, toiling late at night in his shack thirty miles away, solved the last problem of the road.

O'Mally reached his headquarters toward evening of the following day, with fur in his mouth and a wish in his heart that certain grapes had never found their way to the press; but his spirit soared high. He discovered Charlie asleep on the floor of the office.

He glanced over the work on the table—sheet after sheet of drawings, calculations, and directions.

"I guess my job here is finished," he said. "We'll be able to hit the trail for London in a couple of weeks!"

He ordered his boy to bring a pot of strong coffee, then sat down and gazed owlishly at the limp figure on the floor. He wagged his heavy head.

"Poor old Charlie"; he muttered. "You are the worm and I am the butterfly; but you are a faithful and inoffensive worm, and you shall have your reward. So long as I live and prosper, and so long as your brain holds out, you shall never want for food and clothing. You were born to derision and toil, my boy, as surely as I was born to glory and love!"

He drank a cup or two of the coffee, and then fell asleep in the chair. The lamp was lighted when he awoke. He felt better, and awakened Charlie with his foot, not unkindly, but firmly. He produced the communication from London and flashed it at his bewildered companion.

"Charlie, I've got another job for you," he said. "It's a swell job this time, no mistake about that! London, Charlie, London! An office as big as a bank, with carpets four inches thick, and nothing for us to do but sit back in the best room and give out advice. How's that, Charlie? Your light is hidden under a bushel, my boy; but thank your lucky stars I happen to be the bushel. I treat you like a father and a mother, Charlie. Thanks to me, you are a power in the world!"

"How long are we to remain in London?" asked Simpson.

"I've signed for a three years' engagement," replied O'Mally.

Simpson looked distressed.

"That's too bad," he said. "I'm to marry Flora this year, you know. Can't you give me six weeks off now? We'll join you in London."

O'Mally's big face hardened and his podding eyes chilled. He stared fixedly at his companion.

"Can't manage it just now," he said. "A few months later, perhaps, after we get things running smoothly in London. Now none of your sulking, Charlie! You know blamed well I won't stand for it. We'll write a letter to Flora, after dinner, and tell her the news."

Charlie submitted without sulking or further protesting. They dined; and after dinner Charlie took his fountain pen in hand and O'Mally dictated a letter to Miss

Flora Kaye. O'Mally seemed to enjoy his self-imposed task. It was a masterpiece of a letter.

Four days later O'Mally, riding homeward from a tour of inspection, encountered Charlie's black groom mounted and evidently intent on business of importance.

"Hold up, Pedro!" he commanded. "Where are you going?"

"To the post-office, *señor*," replied the boy.

A sudden, swift suspicion crossed O'Mally's mind. Heavy-witted as he was, the fellow possessed an instinctive sense that often served him better than the ability to reason profoundly.

"Let me see the letters, Pedro," said he, extending his hand.

The boy produced a single envelope and gave it to him. O'Mally swore at sight of the inscription. His big face flamed with anger. He tore the envelope and pulled out the letter. Rage and astonishment gripped and shook him.

"I thought I had the fellow under my feet!" he cried with a resounding oath. "He'd bite me now, would he—in the dark?"

He read the frantic, truthful, hysterical communication again, then tucked it into his pocket and put spurs to his horse.

A single terrified glance told Charlie Simpson what had happened. His miserable heart seemed to turn in his side and slip away like spilled water. His thin face took on a chalklike hue; a blankness dulled his vision; his lips, all unwittingly, twisted into a sickly grin.

"Here is your letter," thundered O'Mally. "Confound you, I thought I had taught you better than this!"

He stepped forward, swiftly and furiously, swung his right hand, and dealt Simpson a thumping blow on the side of the head. Simpson staggered, reeled, and fell to his knees and hands.

"I'll teach you to know your master, you spineless fool!" cried the other. "You'll go sneaking to the girl behind my back, will you? If you were half a man, you'd pull a gun on me, you white-livered fool! But you daren't do it!"

He turned and snatched a heavy, short-stocked, long-lashed whip from the wall.

"Now let me hear you sing!" he cried. "Yelp, you dog!"

He applied himself to the whip with all his strength, and Charlie Simpson both

sang and yelped. Charlie went even further—he prayed for mercy and shed tears.

Charlie retired to his cot early that day, and remained in it throughout the next.

III

O'MALLY took passage for himself and his assistant on the Savannah. She carried nine other saloon passengers and a freight of tallow and hides. Her commander was a German—a huge man with a sound digestion but a tricky heart. The first officer, despite his youth, had once commanded a liner running between Liverpool and Montreal. He was a clever sailor, but an occasional drunkard.

Some time during the fourth night out the captain's heart played its long-threatened trick, and in the morning he was found dead in the chart-room on the lower bridge. So the first officer took command of the ship, and the whole ship's company took one step upward. Only the purser, the doctor, and the passengers did not get promotion.

O'Mally congratulated the new captain. Wine was carried up to the chart-room in a basket covered with a napkin. Charlie Simpson was invited to the party; and he made a most astonishing fool of himself for the entertainment of the commander and the distinguished engineer.

One magnum had been emptied before O'Mally said:

"Our young friend here is by way of being a marrying man. He is engaged to a fine girl in Toronto, Canada. You'd never suspect it to look at him, would you?"

Mr. Wilson, acting captain, had once been known as the politest and youngest commander of a great line.

"And why not?" he returned. "Steward, get busy. Mr. Simpson, your very good health! Steward, you may go."

"You would laugh if you really knew Simpson as I know him," said O'Mally.

"I shall be delighted to know him well," returned Mr. Wilson.

A second magnum was emptied.

"The joke is that I am going to marry the girl," said O'Mally.

Even poor Charlie stared at this. Mr. Wilson stroked his chin.

"Very good," said he. "What girl, may I ask?"

O'Mally laughed and unwired another bottle.

"Charlie's girl," he said. "Most amazing thing. Too fine a girl to let Charlie get away with. Several months ago I decided to marry her. She is ignorant of my intentions. Fact is, we've never seen each other, and she has never heard my name. Yes, I'll marry her, by thunder! She's just the kind of woman for a strong and successful man. Charlie, this is news to you, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Charlie.

"I don't understand," said Wilson. "It sounds a bit off-color to me; but that may be the fault of the wine. These little boats always carry poor vintages. What I should like to know is, how on earth are both you chaps going to marry one and the same young lady?"

"Not on your life!" returned O'Mally. "I'm going to marry this Flora Kaye, and Charlie is not going to marry anybody. Charlie is too useful an engineer, and too great a fool, to be permitted to marry. I will tell you the story, and then you'll see just how things stand."

Which he did. It was a long story; and when he came to the end he promptly fell forward on the table and went to sleep, without waiting to hear the acting commander's comments.

"Worst thing I ever heard!" said the acting commander thickly. "Walk right out of this room, you blackguard! Right out! No—gentleman—stand it! Kick—you—out!"

Then Mr. Wilson, overcome with wine and disgust, also sank to sleep. Charlie had dozed off before the end of the story.

And so the captain's steward found them at three o'clock in the morning. He was a methodical person, old and seasoned, who had served many skippers upon many seas. He put the empty bottles in a locker, mopped up the chart-table, and removed the glasses. He closed one port and opened another, then summoned a dining-room steward. Together they carried the two passengers below and tucked them away with their boots on.

IV

WHEN Charlie awoke, he had sense enough to wish that he was dead, and to sink sluggishly back to his dreamless, eddying pit of sleep.

When he awoke the second time, his head felt clearer, and an indefinite but keen sense of fear possessed him. The cabin,

which was forward of amidships, was dark. There was no light of sun or stars or moon to mark the round port. He could hear O'Mally's muffled snoring from the upper berth. Save for the snoring of the engineer, a strange and daunting quiet filled the ship.

Charlie crawled dizzily from his berth, reached up, and tried to awaken his companion and master. The big man swore in his sleep and slumbered on.

Then Charlie fumbled at the narrow door, opened it, and staggered out. All was shrouded in darkness. He fumbled his way toward the main companion, feeling all the while as if he climbed a hill. Bewilderment and terror set his miserable soul trembling.

In time he reached the deck. There was no breath of moving air. The sky was black, and the black sea was laced with white fire that swam up from the depths and broke upon the surface in silver veillings. Forward, upon the bridge, shone a single, weakly light.

Charlie stumbled forward, going downhill with the slope of the tilted deck. He mounted to the lower bridge, and then to the upper. He saw a candle stuck in the neck of a bottle, its small flame as still as a daub of yellow paint in the motionless air. And then, by that feeble illumination, he beheld Mr. Wilson. The acting commander stood with his arms folded and his chin on his breast.

"What— is — the — matter?" asked Charlie, sprawling half on the bridge and half on the ladder.

Wilson turned and stared down upon him.

"So there you are!" he said, in a quiet, bitter voice. "Where is that unspeakable blackguard, your master?"

"What—what—is—the—matter?" repeated Charlie.

"We are going down," replied Wilson. "We are sinking, you poor whelp in man's shape! We struck something, and sank it, and knocked in our bows. God only knows what it was we struck. He also knows that I wasn't on duty at the time it happened—but that it would have happened just the same if I had been on the bridge. I was drunk. I'll die sober, anyway, thank God! I sent them all away in the boats; but I didn't go myself, and I wouldn't let them take you and O'Mally off the ship. We three are better dead than

alive. You—you are compounded so absolutely of utter nothingness that you offend the world more than a murderer. O'Mally is a beast and a blackguard. I am a beast and a fool of my own making; but less of a beast and less of a fool at this moment than ever before within the past five years!"

Charlie Simpson did not answer. Terror of death had him by the vitals, like the iron instruments of a torturer. He lay limp, moaning, and slobbering. Wilson paid no attention to him, but continued to talk.

"The fact is," he said, "I feel almost happy now. I shall die as I was born—a gentleman. The good that I am doing the world by going down in this ship along with you and O'Mally is more than passive. There is active virtue in it. Cameron was on the bridge when we struck. Cameron is a sober, clever, decent young fellow, with a career before him and a family that loves him. It was not his fault that we struck, though it would be held against him to his ruin if the truth were known. No human eye could have saved the ship from that stroke. By staying here, I take the blame, and Cameron goes free and clean. My last act is that of a good man and a gentleman!"

The long, sweltering, black hours crawled away. The ship had struck before midnight, upon some floating hulk of wreckage, exactly twenty hours after O'Mally and Simpson had been carried to their cabin.

Dawn came; and still the steamer floated. She lay in the oily water with her torn bows sunk deep. Mr. Wilson left the bridge and went below. He remained there for perhaps half an hour; then he returned to the bridge, and kicked Charlie Simpson to a sitting position.

"The compartments are holding," he said. "We'll float like this until a bit of wind fans up from somewhere."

He went below, made coffee, and hunted out some food and biscuits. After eating and drinking himself, he carried breakfast up to the poor object on the bridge. Then he returned below and entered O'Mally's cabin.

"What's the matter with this old scow?" demanded the engineer. "I've rung twenty times and got no answer. I want a hair of the dog that bit me, and then my bath!"

"You'll get both before many hours," returned Wilson. "The devil is the dog that bit you, and you'll get your bath in the deep Atlantic. Now don't get excited and answer back, for I won't stand it. For two pins, and if death wasn't coming to you very soon by a surer hand than mine, I'd kill you where you lie! O'Mally, you stink to heaven. Drunk as I was when we were last together, horror and disgust filled me at that story you told. And more than that, O'Mally, fear took hold of me. Your story meant more to me than you need to know. That does not matter now, for we'll soon be dead together; but the fear! I wish I had seen a year ago—a month ago—how low a man may fall!"

"What the deuce are you preaching about?" roared O'Mally.

Mr. Wilson turned and went on deck. O'Mally appeared an hour later. Upon discovering the truth with his own eyes, he raved and cursed like a madman. He called Wilson a murderer, and rushed at him like a bull. Wilson cooled his brain by letting a little blood out through his nose.

The wounded ship continued to float. About mid-afternoon a tiny smudge of black appeared on the horizon. Wilson studied it through his glasses. It grew steadily nearer. He ran up a signal of distress. Then he entered his chart-room, and presently came out again with a revolver in his hand. He descended to the deck and walked aft to where O'Mally and Simpson lay in the shade of the awnings. They sprang up as he approached, but he waved them back.

"We are not to die just yet, after all," he said. "Stand back, you blackguard, and listen to what I have to say, or I'll shoot you! The ship that is steaming toward us will pick us up and take us back to the world. This fact forces me to tell you something that I had not intended to disclose. I used to know Flora Kaye, of Toronto. That was five years ago. She was beginning to care for me, I think—but I was a fool even then. I lost her when I lost my berth aboard the old Quebec City. I have been down ever since. Now what I have to say to you is this—*neither of you is ever going to exchange another word with Flora Kaye!* I don't ask you to swear it, for I wouldn't give a fig for the oath of either of you. I have a little paper here which I'll trouble you both to sign." He

produced the paper from his pocket. "If you refuse to sign it, I'll shoot you with pleasure. That is what this revolver is for!"

The paper was signed.

V

WHEN Mr. Wilson learned that Mr. Cameron had told the whole truth of the Savannah's misfortune, he went immediately to the owners and pleaded for Cameron. Under the circumstances, what he had to say carried weight; for had not Wilson stood to his ship when all others had deserted her, and so saved these gentlemen many thousands of dollars? And was he not a popular, two-days' hero into the bargain? So it came about that he was offered the command of the Savannah, and Mr. Cameron sailed a voyage with him as first officer.

The captain made the voyage soberly and thankfully, having learned self-respect and self-fear. Memories of O'Mally and Charlie Simpson haunted him through long night watches on the swaying bridge, filling him with awe and disgust. He reflected—and he humbly thanked God for it—that though O'Mally was terribly destructive as a master, he was terribly beneficial as an example.

Having completed the round trip to the satisfaction of himself and all concerned, Captain Wilson obtained two months' leave and took passage for Montreal. In Montreal he wrote a long letter; and on the following day the reply he waited for came by wire.

"I want to see you," it read; and it was signed "F. K."

It was nine o'clock in the evening when Captain Wilson left the cab at the gate and went up the path between the shadows and the roses. A slender figure in white crossed the deep veranda and stood at the top of the wide steps. Wilson advanced slowly, hat in hand, and halted half-way up the steps.

"I have read all that was in the papers," she whispered unsteadily; "and your letter, and I have seen—those two. But I do not understand!"

"You saw them?" repeated Wilson. "Look at this—signed by both of them."

Flora took the folded sheet of paper from his hand, and stepped to a ray of light that escaped between the curtains of an open window.

"And yet they came to me!" she said. "Mr. O'Mally came alone, at first, and told me terrible things of you—speaking as if he thought you a stranger to me. He told me that Charlie Simpson had died in London. And—and he came again; and the thing that had been Charlie—the man who he had told me was dead—came into the room with a revolver in his hand. O'Mally beat him like a dog, and the other dropped the revolver and crouched on the floor."

They stood facing each other, in silence, for a long minute. Their faces were white.

"And now—where are they?" asked Wilson.

"I have not seen them since," replied the girl, her voice flat and low. "That was ten days ago. They have gone away, I think."

"And yet you say you do not understand?" he queried.

She shook her head.

"Why did you ever pretend to yourself that the fellow was a man?" he asked.

"I do not know," she whispered, and turned away.

"You never loved him," he said breathlessly.

She did not answer that, or turn to him.

"Flora, did you care when I—disgraced myself?" he asked.

"It was that," she whispered. "Don't you understand? I saw a strong man fall, and I thought it—safer—to try to care for a weakling."

"I will prove my strength," he said, and he put out his hand and touched her wrist. "In a year I will return!"

"You need not go!" she whispered, without turning to him.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF LOVE?

Ah, sterile, silver moon on high,
Rare jewel set in velvet sky,
While feathered clouds of night drift by,
 What know you of love's bliss?
The pulse that beats to passion's pain,
And throbs within the purple vein,
The clinging kiss that leaves a stain—
 What do you know of this?

Ah, golden stars that brilliant gleam,
So cold, so distant do ye seem,
Bright eyes that know not sleep or dream,
 What know you of love's flame?
The heavy blood of red desires,
That sears the soul with scorching fires,
Burns to gray ashes, then expires—
 What do you know of shame?

Ah, winged wind, so strange and fleet,
Whereon the North Sea's chill may meet,
The southern perfume, warm and sweet,
 What know you of love's joys?
The gilt and glamour of first love,
New summer and the bloom thereof,
The tender leaf, the nesting dove—
 What know you of such toys?

Ah, gray-green sea, by storm lashed white,
Or fair and calm with turquoise light,
Ice-bound or phosphorescent bright,
 What know you of love's wane?
Of lips that cloy and satiate,
The stolen sweet that is blind fate,
The pangs of death, the thrust of hate—
 What do you know of pain?

Faith Baldwin

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GOSSIP

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

ACCORDING to the old Scandinavian fable of the cosmos, the whole world is encircled in the coils of a vast serpent. The ancient name for it was the Midgard serpent, and doubtless, for the old myth-maker, it had another significance. To-day, however, the symbol may still hold good of a certain terrible and hideous reality.

Still, as of old, the world is encircled in the coils of a vast serpent; and the name of the serpent is Gossip. Wherever man is, there may you hear its sibilant whisper, and its foul spawn squirm and sting and poison in nests of hidden noisomeness myriad as the spores of corruption in a putrefying carcass, varying in size from some hydra-headed infamy endangering whole nations and even races with its deadly breath, to the microscopic wrigglers that multiply, a million a minute, in the covered cesspools of private life.

Printed history is so infested with this vermin, in the form of secret memoirs, back-stairs diarists, and boudoir eaves-droppers, that it is almost impossible to feel sure of the actual fact of any history whatsoever. The fame of great personages may be literally compared to the heroic figures in the well-known group of the Laocoön, battling in vain with the strangling coils of the sea-serpent of Poseidon. We scarcely know what to believe of the dead; and for the living, is it not true, as Tennyson puts it, that "each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies"?

THE ANCIENT ALLEGORY OF JOB

What is this evil leaven that seems to have been mixed in with man's clay at the very beginning, making one almost ready to believe in the old Manichean heresy of a principle of evil operating through nature, everywhere doing battle with the good? Even from the courts of heaven, as we learn from the Book of Job, the gossip was not

excluded; and how eternally true to the methods of the gossip in all ages was Satan's way of going to work in that immortal allegory! Let us recall the familiar scene with a quoted verse or two:

Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan [otherwise, the Adversary] came also among them.

And the Lord said unto Satan, "Whence comest thou?" Then Satan answered the Lord, and said: "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

And the Lord said unto Satan, "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?"

Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, "Doth Job fear God for nought?"

Here we have in a nutshell the whole *modus operandi* of the gossip in all ages, and as he may be observed at any hour of the day or night, slimily engaged in his cowardly business. "Going to and fro in the earth, walking up and down in it," everywhere peering and listening, smiling and shrugging, here and there dropping a hint, sowing a seed, leering an innuendo; seldom saying, only implying; leaving everywhere trails of slime, yet trails too vague and broken to track him by, secure in his very cowardice.

"Doth Job fear God for nought?" He only asks, observe. Affirms nothing. Only innocently wonders. Sows a doubt, that's all—and leaves it to work.

The victim may possibly be set right in the end, as was Job; but meanwhile he has lost his flocks and his herds, his sons and his daughters, and suffered no little inconvenience from a loathsome plague of boils. Actually—life not being, like the Book of Job, an allegory—he very seldom is set right, but must bear his losses and his boils

with what philosophy he can master till the end of the chapter.

THE PERSECUTION OF JEWS AND WITCHES

The race to which Job belonged presents perhaps the most conspicuous example of a whole people burdened throughout its history with a heritage of malignant gossip. In the town of Lincoln, in England, there exists to this day, as one of its show places, the famous "Jew's House," associated with the gruesome legend of "the boy of Lincoln"—a child, it was whispered, sacrificed by the Jews at one of their pastoral feasts. Such a wild belief in child-sacrifice by the Jews was wide-spread in the Middle Ages, and is largely responsible, I understand, even at the present day, for the Jewish massacres in Russia.

Think of the wild liar who first put that fearful thought into the mind of Europe! Think of the holocausts of human lives, and all the attendant agony of which his diabolical invention has been the cause! What criminal in history compares in infamy with that unknown—gossip?

A similar madness of superstition, responsible for a like cruel sacrifice of innocent lives, was the terrible belief in witchcraft. Having its origin in ignorance and fear, it was chiefly the creation of hearsay carried from lip to lip, beginning with the deliberate invention of lying tongues, delighting in evil for its own sake, or taking advantage of a ready weapon to pay off scores of personal enmity. At any time to a period as near to our own day as the early eighteenth century, nothing was easier than to rid oneself of an enemy by starting a whisper going that he or she held secret commerce with evil spirits, was a reader of magical books, and could at will cast spells of disease and death upon the neighbors or their cattle.

You had but to be recluse in your habits and eccentric in your appearance, with perhaps a little more wisdom in your head and your conversation than your fellows, to be at the mercy of the first fool or knave who could gather a mob at his heels, and hale you to the nearest horse-pond. Statement and proof were one, and how ready, and indeed eager, human nature was to believe the wildest nonsense told by witless fool or unscrupulous liar, the records of such manias as the famous Salem trials appallingly evidence. Men high in the state, as well as helpless old women in their dotage, dis-

figured with "witch-moles" or incriminating beards on their withered faces, were equally vulnerable to this most fearful of weapons ever placed by ignorance in the hands of the malignant gossip.

In such epidemics of tragic gossip we see plainly that whatever individuals are originally responsible, society at large is all too culpably *particeps criminis* in this phenomenon under consideration. If the prosperity of a jest be in the ears that hear it, the like is certainly true of any piece of gossip. Whoever it may be that sows the evil seed of slander, the human soil is all too evilly ready to receive it, to give it nurture, and to reproduce it in crops persistent as the wild carrot and flamboyant as the wild mustard.

There is something mean in human nature that prefers to think evil, that gives a willing ear and a ready welcome to calumny, a sort of jealousy of goodness and greatness and things of good report.

THE ORIGIN OF RACE-HATRED

Races and nations are thus ever ready to believe the worst of one another. In all times it has been in this field of interracial and international prejudice that the gossip has found the widest scope for his gleeful activity, sowing broadcast dissensions and misunderstandings which have persisted for centuries. They are the fruitful cause of wars, insuperable barriers to progress, fabulous growths which the enlightenment of the world painfully labors to weed out, but will perhaps never entirely eradicate.

Race-hatred is undoubtedly nine-tenths the heritage of ancient gossip. Think of the generations of ill-feeling that kept England and France, though divided but by a narrow strait, "natural enemies" and misunderstood monsters to each other. In a less degree, the friendship of England and America has been retarded by international gossips on both sides. And as for races and nations more widely separated by distance or customs, no lies have been bad enough for them to believe about one another.

It is only of late years that Europe has come to regard the peoples of the Orient as human beings at all. And all this misunderstanding has largely been the work of gossip acting upon ignorance.

It is easy to see how in the days of difficult communication, before nations were able to get about in really representative

numbers to make mutual acquaintance, they were completely at the mercy of a few irresponsible travelers, who said or wrote what they pleased, and had no compunction about lying in the interests of entertainment. The proverbial "gaiety of nations" has always, in a great degree, consisted in each nation believing that it was superior to all others, and that the natives of other countries were invariably hopelessly dirty and immoral, to say the least. Such reports the traveler was expected to bring home with him, and such he seldom failed to bring.

Even at the present time, when intercourse is so cosmopolitan, and some approach to a sense of human brotherhood has been arrived at, the old misconceptions die hard. Nations need still to be constantly on their guard in believing all that the telegraph or the wireless is willing to tell them about other countries. Electricity, many as are its advantages for cosmopolitan *rapprochements*, is not invariably employed in the interests of truth, and newspaper correspondents, if not watched, are liable to be an even more dangerous form of international gossip than the more leisurely fabulist of ancient time.

"THOU SHALT NOT ESCAPE CALUMNY"

When we come to consider the operation of gossip in the lives of individuals, the disposition of human nature to relish discrediting rumor is pitifully conspicuous. We know *Hamlet's* opinion on the matter:

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

And again:

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

This, it is to be feared, is merely the sad truth, for mankind, while it admires both greatness and goodness, would seem to resent the one and only half believe in the other. At all events, nothing is more to its taste than the rumor that detracts from the great or sullies the good; and so long as the rumor be entertaining, it has little concern for its truth.

Froude, in writing of Cæsar, has this to say admirably to our purpose:

In ages which we call heroic, the saint works miracles, the warrior performs exploits beyond the strength of natural man. In ages less visionary, which are given to ease and enjoy-

ment, the tendency is to bring a great man down to the common level, and to discover or invent faults which shall show that he is or was but a little man after all. Our vanity is soothed by evidence that those who have eclipsed us in the race of life are no better than ourselves, or in some respects worse than ourselves; and if to these general impulses be added political or personal animosity, accusations of depravity are circulated as surely about such men, and are credited as readily as under other influences are the marvelous achievements of a Cid or a St. Francis.

The absurdity of a calumny may be as evident as the absurdity of a miracle; the ground for belief may be no more than a lightness of mind, and a less pardonable wish that it may be true. But the idle tale floats in society, and by and by is written down in books and passes into the region of established realities.

The proportion of such idle tales seriously printed as history can never, of course, be computed. Sometimes one is tempted to think that history is mainly "whole cloth." Certainly the lives of such men as Cæsar are largely made up of what one might term illustrative fictions rather than actual facts. The story of Cæsar and Cleopatra is probably such an "illustrative fiction," representing something that might very well have happened to Cæsar, whether it did so or not. At all events, it does his fame no great harm, unlike another calumny, which, as it does not seem "illustrative"—that is, not in keeping with his general character—we are at liberty to reject. Both alike, however, were the product of the gossip, the embodied littleness of human nature endeavoring then, as always, to minimize and discredit the strong man, who, whatever his actual faults, at least strenuously shoulders for his fellows the hard work of the world.

The great have usually been strong enough to smile contempt on their traducers—Cæsar's answer to an infamous epigram of the poet Catullus was to ask him to dinner—but even so, at what extra cost, what "expense of spirit in a waste of shame," have their achievements been bought, because of these curs that bark forever at the heels of fame!

THE MARTYRS OF GOSSIP

And not always have they thus prevailed against the pack. Too often has the sorry spectacle been seen of greatness and goodness going down before the poisonous tongues and the licking jaws. Even Cæsar

himself had to fall at last, his strong soul perhaps not sorry to escape through his dagger-wounds from so pitifully small a world; and the poison in the death-cup of Socrates was not so much the juice of the hemlock as the venom of the gossips of Athens.

In later times, no service to his country, no greatness of character, can save the noble Raleigh from the tongues determined to bring him to the block; and when the haughty head of Marie Antoinette must bow at last upon the scaffold, the true guillotine was the guillotine of gossip. It was such lying tales as that of the diamond necklace that had brought her there. All Queen Elizabeth's popularity could not save her from the ribaldry of scandal, nor Shakespeare's genius protect his name from the foulest of stains.

In our own time, the mere mention of the name of Dreyfus suffices to remind us of the terrible nets woven by this dark spinner. Within the last year or two, have we not seen the loved king of a great nation driven to seek protection from the specter of innuendo in the courts of law? But gossip laughs at such tribunals. It knows that where once it has affixed its foul stain, the mark remains forever, indelible as that imaginary stain which not all the multitudinous seas could wash from the little hand of *Lady Macbeth*. The more the stain is washed, the more persistently it reappears, like Rizzio's blood, as they say, in Holyrood Palace. To deny a rumor is but to spread it. An action for libel, however it may be decided, has at least the one inevitable result of perpetuating it.

Take the historical case of the Man with the Iron Mask. Out of pure deviltry, it would appear, Voltaire started the story, as mere a fiction as one of his written romances, that the mysterious prisoner was no less than a half-brother of Louis XIV; and, Dumas, seeing the dramatic possibilities of the legend, picturesquely elaborates it in "*Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*." Never, probably, was so impudent an invention, and surely never one so successful; for it is in vain that historians expose it over and over again. Learned editors have proved with no shadow of a doubt that the real man of the mask was an obscure Italian political adventurer; but though scholars may be convinced, the world will have nothing of your Count Matthioli; and, will probably go on believing Voltaire's story to the end of time.

"At least there must have been something in it" is always the last word on such debatable matters; and the curious thing is that, whenever a doubt of the truth is expressed, it is never the victim, but always the scandal, to which the benefit of the doubt is extended. Whatever the proven fact, the world always prefers to hold fast by the disreputable doubt.

NO ONE LISTENS TO REHABILITATIONS

All that is necessary is to find the dog a bad name. The world will see that he never loses it. In this regard the oft-reiterated confidence of the dead in the justice of posterity is one of the most pathetic of illusions. "Posterity will see me righted," cries some poor victim of human wrong, as he goes down into the darkness; but of all appeals, the appeal to posterity is the most hopeless.

What posterity relishes is rather new scandals about its immortals than tiresome belated justifications. It prefers its villains to grow blacker with time, and welcomes proof of fallibility and frailty in its immortal exemplars. For rehabilitation it has neither time nor inclination, and it pursues certain luckless reputations beyond the grave with a mysterious malignity.

Such a reputation is that of Edgar Allan Poe. One would have thought that posterity would be eager to make up to his shade for the almost criminal animus of Rufus Griswold, his first biographer. On the contrary, it prefers to perpetuate the lying portrait; and no consideration of the bequests of Poe's genius, or of his tragic struggles with adverse conditions, no editorial advocacy, or documentary evidence in his favor, has persuaded posterity to reverse the unduly harsh judgment of his fatuous contemporaries.

Fortunately, it all matters nothing to Poe now. It is only to us that it matters.

Saddening, surely, it is, to say the least, to realize that the humanity of which we are a part is tainted with so subtle a disease of lying, and so depraved an appetite for lies. Under such conditions, it is surprising that greatness and goodness are ever found willing to serve humanity at all, and that any but scoundrels can be found to dare the risks of the high places of the world. For this social disease of gossip resembles that distemper which, at the present moment, threatens the chestnut forests of America. It first attacks the

noblest trees. Like it, too, it would seem to baffle all remedies, and like it, it would seem to be the work of indestructible microscopic worms.

It is this vermicular insignificance of the gossip that makes his detection so difficult, and gives him his security. A great reputation may feel itself worm-eaten, and may suddenly go down with a crash, but it will look around in vain for the social vermin that have brought about its fall. It is the cowardice of gossip that its victims have seldom an opportunity of coming face to face with their destroyers; for the gossip is as small as he is ubiquitous—

Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.

In all societies, there are men and women who are vaguely known as gossips; but they are seldom caught red-handed. For one thing, they do not often speak at first hand. They profess only to repeat something that they have heard—something, they are careful to add, which is probably quite untrue, and which they themselves do not believe for a moment.

Then the fact stated or hinted is probably no concern of ours. It is not for us to sift its truth, or to bring it to the attention of the individual it tarnishes. Obviously, society would become altogether impossible if each one of us were to constitute ourselves a sort of social police to arraign every accuser before the accused. We should thus, it is to be feared, only make things worse, and involuntarily play the gossip's own game. The best we can do is as far as possible to banish the tattle from our minds, and, at all events, to keep our own mouths shut.

Even so, however, some harm will have been done. We shall never be quite sure but that the rumor was true, and when we next meet the person concerned, it will probably in some degree color our attitude toward him.

SCANDAL IN ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION

And with others, less high-minded than ourselves, the gossip will have had greater success. Not, of course, meaning any harm, they will inquire of some one else if what So-and-so hinted of So-and-so can possibly be true. And so it will go on *ad infinitum*. The formula is simple, and it is only a matter of arithmetical progression for a private lie, once started on its journey, to

become a public scandal, with a reputation gone, and no one visibly responsible.

Of course, not all gossip is purposely harmful in its intention. The deliberate, creative gossip is probably rare. In fact, gossip usually represents the need of a bored world to be entertained at any price, the restless ennui that must be forever talking or listening to fill the vacuity of its existence, to supply its lack of really vital interests. This demand naturally creates a supply of idle talkers, whose social existence depends on their ability to provide the entertainment desired; and nothing would seem to be so well-pleasing to the idle human ear as the whisper that discredits, or the story that ridicules, the distinction it envies, and the goodness it cannot understand.

The mystery of gossip is bound up with the mysterious human need of talking. Talk we must, though we say nothing, or talk evil from sheer lack of subject-matter. When we know why man talks so much, apparently for the mere sake of talking, we shall probably be nearer to knowing why he prefers to speak and hear evil rather than good of his fellows.

Possibly the gossip would be just as ready to speak well of his victims, to circulate stories to their credit rather than the reverse, but for the melancholy fact that he would thus be left without an audience. For the world has no anxiety to hear good of its neighbor, and there is no piquancy in the disclosure of hidden virtues.

"Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true; and the only poor consolation to be got out of it is that the victims of gossip may, if they feel so inclined, feel flattered rather than angered by its attentions; for, at all events, it argues their possession of gifts and qualities transcending the common. At least it presupposes individuality; and, all things considered, it may be held as true that those most gossiped about are usually those who can best afford to pay this tax levied by society on any form of distinction.

After all, the great and good man has his greatness and goodness to support him, though the world should unite in depreciating him. The artist has his genius, the beautiful woman has her beauty. "Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus; and if fame must have gossip for its seamy side, there are some satisfactions that cannot be stolen away, and some laurels that defy the worm.

LIGHT VERSE

MY MACHINE AND I

WITH my machine I love to speed at night
When weary of my toil; to take my flight

On through the evening air, so fresh and sweet,
That cools my brow, moist with the long day's heat.

No fear have I of people on my track;
No object I of cynical attack,
For that I heedless speed my course along,
Regardless of all thought of right or wrong.

Nay! At a gentle pace we go our way;
Not as the waves their mighty power display
With smash and crash and rush and roar and scream,
But rippling like some quiet mountain stream.

Behind, no track of oily-scented dust
Fills the beholder with a deep disgust;
No direful odor fraught of gasoline,
But a most fragrant bit of lovely green.

And on the evening air no raucous horn
Is used by us pedestrians to warn;
The whirring wheels—sweet music to my ear—
Sound forth the warning note politely clear.

Ah, yes! My dear machine and I are friends;
Each on the other constantly depends.
All thoughts of care, and worries all are gone
The while I push it up and down the lawn!

John M. Woods

A MEMORY AND A PRAYER

WHEN skies are drear and days are sad
I think of other times—and dad,
And all the things he was to me
In those dear days that used to be.

Were he a zoo,
He'd be the finest kangaroo
That ever jumped; and as a bear
He'd seek a den beneath the stair
And growl, and prowl with such a stir,
You'd almost think you saw his fur.
Sometimes he'd squeak just like a mouse;
And then he'd fairly shake the house,
Pretending that an elephant
Had come there looking for his aunt!

When horse we played, he'd cock his eye
At every paper we passed by,
And shy

From side to side, and kick, and rear,
Until he reached some pathway clear;
And then he'd bolt, and run away,
And toss me head first in the hay.

Of all the Alps man ever tried
To climb in all his strength and pride,
He was the tallest and the best,
The steepest and the slipperiest.
I'd climb half-way, and then with roar
Of laughter slip back to the floor,
To start again, until at last,
The glaciers of his shoulders passed,
I'd win the summit and the prize
That twinkled in his kindly eyes!

Dear daddy! How I pine to lay
My head against those locks of gray
Once more, and in those great, strong arms
Feel safe from all the world's alarms!

God grant that I may ever be
To my boy what he was to me!

John Kendrick Bangs

INSPIRATION

ONE seized his pen and paper,
And scribbled day and night;
He had impassioned notions
And messages to write.
He had his inspiration
Compelling, past a doubt,
For there was something in him
He felt he must get out!

Another took his paper,
And early wrote and late;
He tried his hand at grinding
All things both small and great.
He had his inspiration—
One which was bound to win—
For there were meals outside him
He felt he must get in!

McLandburgh Wilson

THE SUFFRAGETTE

I KNOW a little suffragette—
The finest one I ever met!
She has an eye one glance of which
Would place a pauper 'mongst the rich.
She has a smile that makes you feel
As if your arm were made of steel

With which to fight for her, and win
Whatever cause her heart was in.

Her welcome, when at eve you come
Back from your toil to joys of home,
Drives every anxious care away,
And turns your black nights into day.
And when this little lady bakes
Her daily meal of bread and cakes,
You wonder if Lucullus e'er
Sat down to dainties quite so rare!

'As mother—ah, that you might see
That mother and her children three!
You'd surely ask what's half as good
As that rare kind of motherhood;
In comradeship, at work, in play,
'Mid all that enters in the day,
In joy or sorrow, study, fun,
You'd almost think the four were one!

Ah, dearest little suffragette—
The fairest one I've ever met,
Whose unremitting care of me
Has made my life an ecstasy—
I hail you, and I pledge to you
Devotion deep, forever true—
And when for ballots you incline,
With all my heart I'll give you mine!

Blakeney Gray

THE BRIDE-TO-BE SPEAKS

I'VE read of Romeo's great love
For gentle Juliet;
I've read how Aucossin adored
The lovely Nicolette;
But though these storied love-affairs
Intense are said to be,
They pale to nothingness beside
The love of Jack for me!

Of Abelard and Héloïse
I've read the legend sweet;
Of Orpheus and Eurydice,
Of Faust and Marguerite.
Although they are affectionate,
To ours, their passion seems
As one compares a candle's light
To the sun's noonday beams!

They say Mark Antony did crimes
For Cleopatra's sake;
They say that brave young Lochinvar
Stayed not for brink or brake;
They say that for his Hero sweet,
Leander swam the sea;
But those are nothing to the deeds
My Jack would do for me!

And then their letters! Oh, I've read
Book after book of those;
They're utter twaddle—though they're meant
To thrill you, I suppose.

In each absurd, high-sounding phrase
No meaning I can see;
Oh, you just ought to read the notes
Jack daily sends to me!

Prove it? Well, yes, I guess I can!
Jack writes: "Sweetheart, I send
A kiss for that dear little smile
With a dimple at each end."
Now don't you think that sort of thing
Beats all their classic rimes?
Men never talked or wrote like that
In those old-foggy times!

Carolyn Wells

THE LOST CHORD

THE mindless inmate sat and played
Upon the sill, beneath the shade,
With many a flourish wild and free.
I said: "What might the matter be?"

"This here," the keeper made reply,
"Was a musician, 'way up high.
Alas, alack for him! One day
He played in Hackensack, N. J.

"Mosquitoes lit upon his score;
He played the creatures o'er and o'er.
He thought that they were notes, you see,
And marveled at the harmony.

"Enraptured at the lovely strain,
He sought once more the sweet refrain;
But the mosquitoes flew away,
And he has sought it since that day.

"Pianos here we can't allow,
He'd drive the keepers crazy now;
And so upon the window-sill
He seeks the combination still!"

Minnie J. Reynolds

MISSING

IN every paper that we see,
In magazines, besides,
And even in the specious ads,
Are brides and brides and brides,
All lovely in their filmy veils
And puffs and pearls and plumes
And orange-flowers, but where, oh, where
Are all the happy grooms?

The bridesmaids, too—a bevy bright
Of sweet and smiling girls—
Are pictured in their drooping hats,
Their ribbons, and their curls,
But lo, in not a photograph
Or print of all I scan,
Can I discover anywhere
The newly married man!

Minna Irving

THE STORY OF ADVERTISING

ITS RISE FROM A JUMP-IN-THE-DARK GAME TO A GREAT PROFESSION AND A MIGHTY MERCANTILE FORCE

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

IT is an interesting and in many ways a highly dramatic event when ten thousand prosperous men, representing a business of more than six hundred million dollars a year, suddenly get together for the cleaning up of their own profession and the general welfare of the public.

Talk about insurgency! Here comes the whole tribe of advertising men, insuring against themselves. Here comes a populous new profession, making war on its own faults and its own mistakes. Here comes a body of men who are not being prodded by any unfair law or any material hardship, whose gross business aggregates four tons of gold a day, and yet who are cheerfully swinging into line in the great procession of American progress and commercial improvement.

So amicable and so enthusiastic is this extraordinary insurgency among advertising men, that it can scarcely be said to have any leaders. It is so unanimous that it has not as yet required the vigor and the genius of a leader to drive it forward. Not even the initiative or the referendum seems necessary for the weeding out of old abuses. The advertising men, be it said to their credit, are straightening out their affairs because they are pretty nearly all agreed that the straight way is the best.

The fact is that a nation-wide movement for clean and efficient advertising is now under way. Just where it started, or when, no one can say precisely. It seems to have sprung up by a sort of general spontaneous combustion; and in the last few years it has taken shape in a big, loose-jointed organization called the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, a body which held its

annual convention last May in the Texan city of Dallas.

There are now ten thousand members in this association. Forty-four new clubs came into it last year. It has widened out until it reaches almost everything from a sandwich-man's union to a chamber of commerce. It includes women—one lone club from Boston. Advertising in papers and magazines, in street-cars and theaters, on buttons, badges, billboards and electric signs, no matter how or where, all find here an open door and a welcome.

The solid hub of this association is a picked corps of highly paid men, not more than one hundred and seventy-five in number, who handle the advertising of large corporations. These men have from fifty thousand dollars to a million apiece to spend on advertising in the course of a single year. They are buyers of skill and white paper. They have the ready knack of salesmen, besides half a dozen other knacks. They are, in a word, responsible men, who represent the national market for advertising efficiency.

Next to them come the advertising agents, three hundred or more. These men act as brokers or contractors between the advertiser and the publication. They suggest advertising and create it. They handle its details and plan its big campaigns. Many of them are at the head of powerful corporations, and a few are generally supposed to be very wealthy.

Then, in addition to the managers and the agents, there is a throng of advertising men who can only be classed as miscellaneous. There are solicitors of all grades and abilities, writers of "copy," artists and designers, experts, marketers, type special-

ists, and what not. Some of these men may have won fame and fortune, while others may have only one small success, if any, to their credit.

EVENTS OF A BUSY WEEK

An advertising convention, be it known, is a whirlwind week of oratory, banqueting, impromptu vaudeville, and parade. During the Dallas convention, for instance, that courageous city surrendered itself for seven days to twenty-four hundred "ad men," who sprang on the city, and in and out and all over it, like a host of excited grasshoppers. In they came, in a score of special trains—a hundred from New York, two hundred from California, sixty from Toronto, two from Quebec, and one from Honolulu.

Here and there the delegates ran, in streams of bubbling effervescence. Every hour had its event—an automobile parade, perhaps, with a thousand machines in line; an *al fresco* luncheon at a country club; a review of tall Canadians in kilts, led by a couple of pipers in full Scottish regalia; a glint of white-suited marchers from San Francisco, following the blare of a brass band; a sturdy little beribboned corps from Milwaukee or Muscogee, filling the night air with loud cries of civic pride; a barbecue out under the clear Texan sky, so dramatic that every ad man became for the moment a plainsman; and, as a grand finale, a thousand-mile swing, in a free special train, around the State of Texas, with a beach matinée at Galveston, a Mexican show at the historic city of San Antonio, and a real bull-fight over the border at Monterey.

There were eighty-two speeches and sixteen sermons on the program of this ebullient convention. The sermons came first. Most of the delegates arrived on Saturday night, and on Sunday the main churches of Dallas were packed to the sidewalks to hear ad men preach. Preach they did, with the vim and eloquence of bishops. Such an innovation had never been known before, but it was so instantaneously successful that the delighted ad men resolved to do it again, at every future conference.

So it ran, from sermon to bull-fight—a medley of kilts, preachers, Governors, pipers, boosters, ad men, and toreadors. But all the while, underneath the display and the shouting, big things were being done for the uplift of advertising. New

standards were set and new plans were pushed into effect.

Stories were told of ads that had produced magical results. A Pueblo man told how his city had advertised and become a center of manufacturing. An Ottawa man described an advertising exploit whereby the Canadian capital sprang into fame as one of the great water-power sites of the world. A Buffalo delegate announced that his city had gained ten thousand in population, at an advertising cost of less than two dollars per capita. And one Detroiter testified that three hundred thousand dollars spent on automobile advertising had brought down upon his company a veritable cloudburst of riches.

PROMOTING BUSINESS MORALITY

The money cost of the Dallas convention was not less than three hundred thousand dollars—fully three thousand dollars per speech; but it was generally believed to be worth the expense. Its results will be seen in more and better advertising, in a new spirit of team-play, and in a higher appreciation of the efficiency of advertising, by corporations and the general public.

As one of its most eloquent speakers declared, it marked "a step forward in the progress of business morality, compared with which all spectacular muck-raking and trust-breaking will in the end prove but an empty show."

As yet, there are no diplomas or degrees in the advertising profession. There is no advertising college, no authorized course of study, not even one authorized book. There is nothing but a beginning—a very small beginning in the shape of an educational committee, organized two years ago at Omaha.

This committee has already prodded forty of the ad clubs into action. It has started classes for the study of advertising and equipped several lecturers with lantern-slides. Best of all, it has changed the annual convention from a frolic to a legislative conference. Its work in this respect at Dallas was so successful that the *Dallas News* exclaimed in wonderment:

It appears that these men have come here, not on a junketing trip, but to develop a new science—that of making advertising clean, wholesome, and efficient in all its branches.

Less than seven years ago an advertisement of whisky, or of a patent medicine,

could be placed, as a matter of course, in the pages of the most reputable magazines. It is not so to-day. The publishers' house-cleaning has gone so far that advertisers are now politely requested not to call their goods "the best." They are advised to be accurate and precise. It is probably true to say that there is much less supervision of editorials to-day than there is of advertisements, in the pages of the best American magazines.

As to where this house-cleaning will stop, no one can tell. Some publishers have become more particular than the public itself. They almost compel an advertisement to give its pedigree and social standing before they consent to introduce it to their readers.

A new problem in this line was forced to the front at Dallas. The question arose—"What is an ad club, and who is eligible to membership?" It was thrust on the convention by several so-called ad clubs which were no more than "booster" organizations, designed to promote the interests and sing the praises of some optimistic community.

The Dallas ad men acted swiftly, and ruled out the boosters.

"We are here to study advertising, not to advertise," they said.

They did this in all friendliness and good humor, and with a keen sympathy for boosters. The point of conflict was that a booster represents a locality, while a real ad man represents a profession.

"Weed out"—this is one of the slogans of the new advertising. Weed out the mere booster and land-boomer. Weed out the mere broker and middleman. Weed out the papers and magazines that have no character and no self-respect. Weed out the false claims of circulation and the advertisement that defrauds the public. Weed out, for the simple reason that no garden was ever the worse, in the long run, for being carefully weeded.

TURNING ON THE LIGHT OF FACTS

The whole swing of the progressive movement in advertising is toward more efficiency and practical knowledge. The last act of the Dallas convention was to establish a central bureau of information, to gather and make known the data that all advertisers have a right to know. This bureau is the first of its kind, and promises to be of great value in developing adver-

tising out of theory and haphazard. Apparently, the key-note of the next ad convention, to be held in Baltimore, will be "facts."

I believe it was in 1899 that the publisher of this magazine sent out a little red booklet with the title "On Advertising." It was a straight-from-the-shoulder blow at the haphazard methods of those days, and, as I remember, it closed with the following pertinent question:

Just because advertising has been in the past a jump-in-the-dark game, is there any good reason why business men should allow it to go on as such forever?

So, to this very pertinent and important question the Associated Advertising Clubs are now giving a most complete and satisfactory answer.

The whole advertising business was at that time in a chaos of disorder. There was no standard rate of commission. Sometimes the agent kept one-tenth of his client's money, and sometimes he kept as much as two-thirds of it. The one-price store had arrived, but not the one-price advertising. Rebates abounded, and special rates and rake-offs. The advertiser was, for the most part, regarded as the legitimate prey of everybody else.

Against such conditions, in the last few years, the ad clubs have waged a persistent and successful warfare.

Advertising, like electricity, is a new force, partly known and partly appreciated. Already it has grown to be an art, a highly efficient art, but not a science. It can scarcely be claimed that the era of scientific advertising, when an advertiser can predict the exact results of his announcements, has yet arrived.

The element of chance has not been conquered, but it has been driven back. Here and there a little fort of certainty has been established. So much has been won in the last ten years that an advertiser can now act in the daylight and be fairly certain of square treatment from both agencies and publications.

WHAT A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT IS

It is now clearly seen that a good advertisement must contain certain elements. It must attract attention. It must please the eye. It must convey some fact or suggestion; and it must have some power of persuasion.

The bait, if you please, must be in the upper part of the advertisement, for the reason that the eye sees the top of a page first. And the hook, if you please, must be at the bottom of the page. Attention above; action below.

It is known, too, that an advertisement is effective in so far as it can represent the reader's own point of view. It is better to say "Cut down your soap bill" than to say "Buy your soap from me." It is better to converse with a man about his own needs than to shout at him about your own commodities. Make a suggestion; do not issue a command. Talk to the people about what they want, and about what you will be well pleased to sell them at a fair price—that is the *motif* of the modern advertiser who succeeds.

In every series of advertisements there must also be the two elements of novelty and repetition. There must be novelty, to attract attention; and there must be repetition, so that the reader will not forget. That advertisement is best, perhaps, which can combine most happily the old and the new, so that it attracts and pleases everybody, like "Home, Sweet Home," with variations.

We have traveled far from the old days when every advertisement was supposed to be as formal as a mortgage. A glance through the back pages of any first-class magazine will show that there are appeals to sentiment, to feeling, to human nature in all its phases. There is not much wit, as yet, nor much pathos; but there is no good reason why an advertisement, as well as a short story, should not compel laughter or tears.

THE EARLY DAYS OF ADVERTISING

The oldest of all advertisements, no doubt, was the story that gave a human interest to the merchandise. It was the touch of romance, such as the Armenian rug-dealer gives to his pretty fabrics. For the most part, it was a product of Oriental imagination, but it added a personal value to the intrinsic value, just as American history gives an incalculable worth to the tomb of Grant and the birthplace of Washington.

Advertising in its simplest form is as old as civilization. The oldest surviving advertisement is perhaps one which may be seen in the British Museum. It is a scrap of papyrus, upon which some Egyptian

wrote, three thousand years ago, a request for the return of a runaway slave.

But even after the discovery of printing, advertisements continued for centuries to be small and few. As late as 1836, in England, there was a tax of eighty-four cents upon every advertisement. Before our Civil War there was scarcely such a thing known as an advertisement that filled a whole page of a publication.

The first people who discovered the real money-making power of advertising were the owners of the quack remedy and the circus. Advertising, as we know it to-day, began with the pill and the elephant, and it succeeded. It sent the healthiest people to the drug-store and the most serious-minded to the circus. It succeeded so well that thousands of merchants and manufacturers were forced to take notice of it and to use it in the selling of their goods.

As might be expected, advertising began easy and first. It was little else in the beginning than a loud cry that "ours is the best." It was mainly glibness and reiteration. The ad man was a "rooter" who shouted the perfections of his employer's goods, and the two main virtues he was supposed to possess were fluency and plausibility.

Advertising was regarded as a weapon, rather than as a force. It had all the usual faults of youth and haste, and for years many solid merchants regarded it as a mere trick of the trade. It was undignified, they said, and untrustworthy.

THE ERA OF POPULAR MAGAZINES

Then, in 1893, the arrival of the popular-priced magazine—this magazine, by the way—put a new face on the whole situation. Here, for the first time, was a chance to reach all parts of the country and to put an advertisement before the eyes of several million people.

One benefit led to another. Big circulation meant higher cost of advertising, and higher cost meant a better quality. The half-tone engraving had now made artistic advertisements possible, and presently there was a race to see how handsome and how clever an advertisement could be made.

Fifty years ago there were no national advertisers; to-day there are fully a thousand, whose advertisements cost them from one hundred to ten thousand dollars apiece. There are at least three hundred advertising agencies, sixty of which are in New York.

And the number of men who derive their living directly from advertising is probably greater than the number who obtain their living by the practise of medicine, or theology, or law.

How to make goods, and how to sell them—these have been the two eternal problems of business; but in recent years the invention of machinery and the use of electricity have pretty nearly solved the problem of production. The main thing to-day is how to sell, not how to manufacture. The word that troubles business men most is not output, but *market*. Here we have at a glance the secret of the keen interest that is now being taken in the methods of sales and advertising. In a large measure, business success has grown to be a matter of display and publicity.

The old days of secrecy and localism are happily over. The age of news has arrived, when even the small boys of the streets can tell the business gossip of the hour, when even the silent ether over land and sea is all aquiver with the news of human life. And advertising at its best is simply news well told—the news of the world of trade, whereby we live.

What a poor thing a magazine would be without its advertising! Here you have, for one-fifth of the price of a cheap theater-ticket, an entertainment of stories and talks and poems and pictures. In addition to all this, and without a cent of expense, you receive a sort of industrial exposition. You are admitted to a pictorial display of the latest goods—a display which has cost at least seventy-five thousand dollars to produce, and which is put before you as a gift by the maker of the magazine.

THE CHEAPEST WAY TO SELL GOODS

Advertising came, in the first place, because it was cheaper and better than any other method of selling goods. Even in the days of its youth, it made fortunes for the pioneers who dared to use it. Clever merchants found that it was a short cut—that it would reach more people in a month than a salesman could reach in his lifetime. It did not, in the long run, add to the cost of the goods, for the reason that it increased the output and cut down the number of salesmen.

Advertising makes two customers grow where one grew before. It brings the producer and the consumer closer together. It eliminates a host of agents, canvassers,

peddlers, and middlemen. It creates better national habits, such as the use of automobiles, the installation of open plumbing, and the purchase of clean foods. It puts an end to the clumsy, wasteful ways that grew up in the days of homespun and log cabins. It awakens energy and ambition. It keeps the farms and villages in touch with the great cities, and levels the nation upward. It creates higher standards of living, and then holds them up before all the people.

What advertising has done for commerce and prosperity is a story that would fill volumes. It has created cities as well as trades. It has given us big sales with small profits, instead of small sales with big profits. It has helped the buyer and the seller alike. It has tensed the whole nation up to a finer sense of comfort and a higher conception of success.

THE FUTURE OF ADVERTISING

There will be more advertising in the future, not less, so the ad men believe. The big corporation will learn that it should advertise for good-will as well as for trade. It will use advertising to keep itself in touch with the public and to explain its vast industrial policies. Cities, too, and even States, will overcome the handicap of dumbness by the use of advertising. They will make known their wants and their opportunities.

The famous novelist, Ouida, expressed a general opinion, years ago, when she said that "there is nothing that you may not get the people to believe, if you will only tell it to them loud enough and often enough."

As a cynical jest, this was well enough; but as a slogan of advertising, it may be fairly said to represent the stone age. The real opinion to-day about the gullibility of the people is that they are not gullible. They know their own needs and tastes, and are not fooled by your loud talking. In fact, the people are in the long run the only arbiter of value and the only final authority on all matters whatsoever.

Slowly but surely the opinion is gaining ground among advertisers that the public is like the soil. You can never ultimately fool it. Sooner or later you will reap what you sow. If you plant thistles, you will not reap figs. If you plant thorns, you will not have grapes. You will get back, in the long run, just exactly what you deserve.

MIRABEL'S ISLAND*

A ROMANCE OF THE HEBRIDES

BY LOUIS TRACY

AUTHOR OF "THE WINGS OF THE MORNING," "THE SILENT BARRIER," ETC.

XXVII—(*continued*)

ATALL, somewhat attenuated man of middle age entered the cottage. His abundant hair was white, but his figure was erect as a lance, and the gray eyes which swept the room and its occupants in quick survey were keen and shrewd. Contrary to the habit of most men, he did not smile as he explained his errand.

"I had the rare good fortune to meet your sister, the Hon. Mrs. Beringer, in Edinburgh," he said. "She told me I would find you at Treshnish. Perhaps, when you have ended your meal, you will favor me with a few minutes' private talk, here or out of doors."

Before David could reply, Macdonald broke in.

"Ye said yer name was Mr. William K. Elwin?" he exclaimed.

"And that is the fact, my friend," was the good-humored but unsmiling reply.

"Frae New York?"

"Yes."

"Frae the Plaza Hotel, New York?"

"Yes."

The fisherman took an envelope from the breast-pocket of his coat.

"Here's a bit letter for ye, Mr. Elwin," he said. "A man named Hawley asked me tae post it. I'm thinkin' noo I'll be savin' the stamp."

But Mr. William K. Elwin, of the Plaza Hotel, New York, disregarded the letter which had reached its addressee under circumstances that might reasonably be described as miraculous. His glance had rested on the array of photographs spread

over the table, and the hand which he was in the act of extending to receive Hawley's missive helped instead to steady his tottering limbs by clutching the back of David's chair.

"Who is that?" he said, with a curious thickness of utterance, swaying a little, but continuing to devour the pictures with his eyes—especially, David noted, a snap-shot in which Mirabel, taken in profile, was glancing sidewise with that smiling droop of the eyelids which was so peculiarly captivating.

Yet he did not seem to want an answer.

David was in no hurry to make known Mirabel's name and whereabouts to a man he had never before seen, but the stranger gave not the slightest heed to the hush which had fallen on the others. His face, which was pale and care-lined, grew whiter, and the strong, closely compressed lips quivered with some great emotion.

When he spoke again, it was not to repeat the question.

"Thank God!" he said softly. "After twenty years! Still, I have found her; so, again, thank God!"

XXVIII

THERE are men and women of the Celtic and Latin races on whose lips such invocations as Mr. Elwin's are little else than an emotional outburst. But these fervent words came straight from the newcomer's heart. He could not have repressed them, even had he willed it. Nevertheless, hysteria was as foreign to one of his temperament as to either of the awe-stricken men who watched and listened in silence; for

* Copyright, 1912, by Edward J. Clode—Entered at Stationers' Hall. This story began in the April number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

the native-born American is deeply tinged with the grave and decorous spirit of Puritanism, and does not yield one jot to the average Briton in sensitiveness where phrases that jar and grate on the unaccustomed ear are concerned.

Indeed, he seemed to know, in a dazed way, that he had said something strange and bizarre, for he checked himself when about to give some explanation of his astonishing outburst, and evidently made a strong and partly successful effort to regain self-control.

David failed completely to extract any meaning from the newcomer's disjointed utterances. Whom had this man been seeking during twenty years? Surely not Mirabel? Twenty years ago she was a dimpled infant in her mother's arms. Yet he had thanked God for the mere sight of her in a photograph, and his broken words implied, if they meant anything, that his long search had ended in that moment!

His agitation was so marked that, after the first whiff of amazement had passed, David rose and asked him to be seated. It hardly needed a second glance to learn that Mr. Elwin was a man of distinction. If his clothes were in rags and his boots down at heel, one look at his worn, intelligent face would raise instant question as to how such a man could have sunk to the gutter. But he was dressed with a simplicity which was certainly not inexpensive, and his assured and self-possessed air on entering the cottage had shown that he counted on being well received when he made himself known.

David, though surprised beyond measure, did not allow his judgment to be warped by the phenomenon that a letter from Hawley intended for this very man should have been produced by Macdonald. He had no doubt that the mystery would soon be cleared up; meanwhile he urged his unexpected visitor to partake of some stimulant, and politely regretted that he could only offer whisky or beer.

Then Mr. Elwin smiled, for the first time.

"May I have a glass of water?" he said. "Perhaps, a little later, I may trespass further on your hospitality, as I have eaten nothing since the early morning. Pray excuse me—I was not prepared for this."

Resting an elbow on the table to support his head, he again examined that same photograph of Mirabel with an intensity

and wistfulness which went far beyond the bounds of mere interest.

"Will you not tell me this young lady's name, Sir David?" he went on, without lifting his eyes from the picture, though reverting in some degree to the quiet, precise tone of his earlier utterances.

"Mirabel Locksley," said David, deciding at once that, if a crisis were imminent, no good purpose could be served by withholding Mirabel's identity.

"Ah! Were these photographs taken recently?" Still retaining the one print, he glanced at the others.

"Seven days ago."

"Do you consider them fairly accurate?"

"I am an amateur photographer, so it is not to be expected that they should do her justice; still, they convey a fair notion of her appearance."

"Deed, Sir David, they're just her livin' image," put in Macdonald, and the homely Scottish accents helped to relax the strain.

"She is now on Lunga, I suppose, together with Mr. Locksley—and my correspondent, James Hawley"—and Mr. Elwin seemed to indicate the unopened letter which he had thrown on the table.

"Yes," said David.

"Is there any means of reaching Lunga to-night?"

"It all depends on the purpose for which you wish to go there."

Elwin looked up, and the eyes of the two met, not in contest, but rather in weighing, searching scrutiny.

"Does that mean that I can reach the island within a few hours, but only if you think fit, Sir David?"

"The thing is practically impossible to-night. It would entail crossing a reef-infested sea in the dark. Nothing short of a matter of life or death would justify the attempt."

"Not if one had waited twenty years for that one thing?"

"You speak in enigmas, Mr. Elwin. Let me set you a good example. If your visit to Lunga is calculated to annoy or harass Miss Locksley or her father, I shall certainly prevent your enterprise to-night, and endeavor to interfere with it very strenuously in the morning, or any other day—if necessary, for a second period of twenty years."

Again the faintest glimmer of a smile brightened the older man's drawn face.

"Good!" he said. "Your sister warned me that you were impetuous. Please, may I eat? And can I obtain a bed of any sort in this house, or in some neighboring cottage? You and I will probably sit up the better part of the night, for I have much to say, and to hear, but food and rest are not to be denied—at my age. If a bed is forthcoming, the man in charge of the horses and trap must find accommodation somewhere. I have hired the rig indefinitely, as it may be wanted for a variety of purposes."

David, in his way, was as masterful and self-contained as the American. He bade Mrs. Macdonald attend to Mr. Elwin's needs, and himself went out to arrange for a room which he knew was vacant in McDougall's house. He was followed by Donald.

"Wha the deevil is he?" inquired the fisherman, when the door had closed on them.

"The man whom Locksley has been avoiding ever since his daughter was born," said David, half unconsciously uttering his thoughts aloud.

"Gosh, Mr. Elwin didna fash hissel' i' the hunt. But whatt for will he no tak' a squint at yon bit letter? Hello, Johnnie Broon!"—this to a youth standing by a pair of steaming galloways. "Ye'll hae brocht the gentleman frae Tobermorey, I'm thinkin'?"

"Aye," said Brown.

"He'd cross by the ferry?"

"Aye."

"An' he'll hae feed ye weel tae haud yer tongue?"

For answer Brown whistled a couple of bars of a jig.

"Ye'll whistle a wheen different chune afore ye lap a gill o' whisky this side o' Treshnish, ma cannie lad," said Macdonald grimly.

Evidently, there was more in this piece of quiet sarcasm than met the eye, for Brown became communicative.

"I've tellt ye a' there was: tae tell," he grumbled. "Scarce a wor-r-d did the man speak the whole road frae Tobermorey."

David left them, after bidding Macdonald help the driver in regard to stabling for the horses. He was glad of the breathing-space afforded by the short walk to and from McDougall's dwelling.

The thought had suddenly leaped into his mind that Locksley, while shunning all the world, had placed a special ban on

Americans and photographers. What a sinister coincidence it was, then, that an American should arrive at remote Treshnish on an urgent errand to Lunga, and that the man should be moved so powerfully by sight of a photograph of Mirabel!

It was odd, too, that he himself should not hail the occurrence as of good omen. He felt ill at ease. His mind was weighed down by a sense of impending disaster. He was like a man groping in the dark, yet acutely conscious of being in the presence of some evil mystery. His hands might blunder at any moment on the evidences of its existence, yet his eyes might be blinded to its real significance.

He racked his brain vainly for a plausible theory which would account for Elwin's visit to Mull. To calm himself, and order his jumbled thoughts, he halted a while by the roadside.

The night was fine, and the moon, just rising above the hills, threw a faint radiance over the sea. The Carnburghs and Fladda were clean-cut cameos in the dark-blue expanse, but Lunga was hidden in a slight mist, luminous, yet opaque.

David wondered what Locksley was thinking of at that moment. Was he afraid lest some blaze of lightning should sear his gray life? Was Jove fashioning his thunderbolts even then, in a humble cottage on Haun Point? Lindsay could not guess—the irruption of this elderly American into the maze and muddle of affairs in Lunga was the most puzzling feature of a problem that bristled with difficulties.

When he returned to his own abode, the men had gone with vehicle and horses. Mr. Elwin was finishing a simple meal. He had eaten little, and drunk only water. Hawley's letter still lay where he had placed it, and the envelope remained closed.

"Do you smoke, Sir David?" asked the stranger, when Lindsay had told him that a fire was being lighted in a spare bedroom by Mrs. McDougall.

"Yes," said David, looking around for a box of cigars.

"Take one of these"; and the other held out a leather case. "They are excellent Havanas—the best of their leaf, I believe. I am not a smoker, but I carry the wherewithal for my friends."

Obviously, the best thing to do was to fall in with this singular person's mood.

David, himself somewhat of a connoisseur in tobacco, recognized with the first whiff that he had been provided with a cigar of a quality which can never be bought in shops.

"You cannot have sampled your own wares, Mr. Elwin, or you would certainly acquire one vice, at any rate," he said.

"Oh, I am only a converted sinner. I have neither smoked nor touched intoxicants for twenty years."

That particular period of time seemed to be an obsession with the man. He dwelt on the words as if they represented an epoch. He uttered them, too, with an air of finality. By this time David would hardly have been surprised if he had said:

"I vowed neither to smoke nor to drink for twenty years. I have kept my promise. Both restrictions cease to-night. Kindly pass the whisky—and—can you oblige me with a match?"

But Mr. Elwin did not carry realism so far. He seemed to become aware that David was waiting patiently for an explanation of his presence.

"I gather that the room in the other cottage is at our service," he said. "Suppose we go there? You will not have any qualms about coming out into the night air at a late hour, but I have to guard against such excesses. And I am sure Mrs. Macdonald will be glad to get rid of us."

He smiled very pleasantly at the worthy Meg, and she hastened to say:

"Deed, no, sir. I'll just side the plates an' things, an' the place will be at leeberthy."

But he stood up, and David helped him to don the heavy overcoat which he had discarded while at the table. It was a small matter, yet noticeable, that the coat should be lined with the finest quality of Persian lamb, such as is seldom seen except in the head-dress of Cossack officers; but not a scrap of the precious material appeared on collar or cuffs.

At the last moment, apparently as an afterthought, Mr. Elwin picked up Hawley's letter.

"Would you mind bringing those photographs? They will be illuminative," he said, and David obeyed in silence.

They spoke of the horses, the roads, and the weather as they walked the few yards to McDougall's house, but the American came quickly to the point, once they were seated by the fire and the door was closed.

"May I have that picture, the one in

which the young lady you call Mirabel Locksley is standing by the boat?" he began.

David was already aware which photograph among the twelve had specially interested his visitor.

"This is the one, I think," he said, and Elwin took it with a silent nod.

He looked at it for a full minute, but his face was now inscrutable. Ultimately he opened a pocketbook, produced a small package wrapped in silk, and David's attentive eyes dwelt on a faded, old-fashioned photograph almost of the same size as those which he had obtained of Mirabel. Mr. Elwin placed the old and the new side by side, scrutinized them steadfastly, and then handed them to David.

"The one picture was taken twenty-five years ago, the other within the past few days. Remembering that fact, tell me what relation those two bear to each other?" he said.

David, realizing that some tremendous issue was bound up with that simple request, looked at the photographs with an interest which forthwith yielded to something akin to amazement. At first he could not trust himself to speak. To gain time, he turned to a lamp on the table, and examined each picture in a stronger light. But he could not resist the testimony of his senses.

In each case a beautiful and graceful woman had posed in front of the camera while resting against the hull of a stranded yacht. In each case there was a background of sea and sky and rocky foreshore; and in each case it was Mirabel's shy, smiling underlook that peeped from below a mass of wavy hair. The fashions of the dresses differed—that was all. The woman of twenty-five years earlier wore a princess robe beneath a cloak thrown carelessly across her shoulders, but the dress was probably blue in color, and came out white in the print, so the illusion of a truly remarkable similarity was assisted by Mirabel's white blouse beneath a cloak adjusted almost in the same way.

"There would appear to be only one possible answer to your question," said David, in a hushed tone. "Those two are mother and daughter."

"That lady was my wife," said Elwin, resting both elbows on his knees and shading his face with his hands.

Even then David did not understand the

full purport of that astounding statement. But he was promptly enlightened.

"How old is your Mirabel?" said the other, after a pause which David found it difficult to break.

"Twenty-two," he said, almost unthinkingly.

But in a second came the memory of this man's curious reiteration of a period—an epoch in his life. Twenty years! And Mirabel was twenty-two! He must have emitted some inarticulate, gasping sound, for his bewilderment rendered speech impossible.

"Yes," said the bowed figure, bent forward in the chair. "You know now. The girl you call Mirabel Locksley is my daughter. Her real name is Miriam Isabel Elwin. She and her mother were stolen from me twenty years ago, and the man who robbed me of all I held dear on earth was Alexander John Forbes, a professor of philology at Harvard. He may pass under any *alias* he chooses, but, when I meet Alexander John Forbes, I shall know him. Oh, yes, even though one-half his body be shrunken and dead in paralysis, I shall know the other half, for I want to—ah, Heaven forgive me! I want to feel him writhing in his death-agony under my hands!"

XXIX

DAVID was no puling sentimentalist to shrink in horror from one who announced thus definitely a fixed intention to commit murder at some future time which might be measured by hours rather than by days. He, too, had acknowledged the sway of fierce and strong passions. If what this man said was true—and for some occult reason he was almost as sure of its truth as that the world turned on its axis—not a word of blame or censure could he utter.

At any rate, the present was no time for protest or counsel of moderation. His hand fell on the older man's shoulder in a friendly grasp, and his voice was gentle in its sympathy when he said:

"Since you have told me so much, Mr. Elwin, had you not better tell me all? Remember, I have seen her whom you claim as your daughter. She is dearer to me than aught else on earth. And, when you have taken me into your confidence, I have much to reveal to you. As it happens, I can bridge no small part even of that long gap of twenty years."

Elwin raised his head, and looked at David with eyes in which the flame of revenge still burned brightly. But he gave no other sign of the fire that was consuming him. His calmness was more terrible than anger.

"That is why I came to you," he said. "One of those chances which seem like the direct intervention of Providence led me to meet your sister in Edinburgh. A slight accident to a cab in London, the missing of a train, the inability of the first hotel I visited to provide me with a room—these things brought me, ultimately, to the hotel where your sister and her husband were staying for the night. Even then I should not have known she was there but for the fact that I inquired from the hall-porter the hour of departure of the Oban train next day. Seeing that I was a stranger in Scotland, he asked if I was interested in the Lunga romance, as your adventure is styled by the newspapers. Within five minutes I had sent up my card to Captain Beringer, and he brought me to his wife. She is a most excellent lady, warm-hearted and impulsive, though, so stupid are prepossessions, I feared to find her frigid and unbending when I realized that she was the Mrs. Philip Beringer whom I had seen at a ball in the American Embassy. Her eyes filled with tears when I showed her that photograph, for she had met your Mirabel, and was convinced instantly by the girl's likeness to her mother. Of course, I have other proofs of my story, printed and written. It was blazoned far and wide by the newspapers of the day, and, although public opinion ran somewhat against me in some respects, it was felt to be a cruel and dastardly thing that Forbes should steal my child as well as my wife. And I have her last letter—which no one has seen, but which I am prepared, if necessary, to show to you.

"Your sister is a good woman, Sir David. She told me all that you had made known to her, and much that her womanly intuition guessed, and she implored me to come here and be guided by you, for my quarrel with Forbes must be kept apart from my search for a daughter. Here is a letter Mrs. Beringer wrote. I am not aware of its contents, though she seems to have left it purposely unsealed. I did not give it to you earlier because it may allude to circumstances which will be better understood now."

But Doris was tactful as well as kind-hearted. She had not blurted out this stricken man's secret in a gush of long adjectives and notes of exclamation. The letter ran thus:

DEAR DAVID:

Mr. William K. Elwin, who will bring you this, has a moving and pitiful story to tell you. Pray listen to what he has to say, and help and guide him, and may Heaven direct you both along the path of wisdom and mercy! Mr. Elwin and I have met once already, it seems—a year ago last May, at a reception and dance in Park Lane—but Phil and I know of him well by repute, for he is one of New York's most liberal-handed patrons of young singers and artists.

You will be in great trouble, David, so I am remaining here. Phil must rush off to town, because the Admiralty may be getting restive, but, if you want me, send a wire on Saturday morning. In any case, let me hear from you, as I shall be consumed with anxiety during the next few days. That poor girl! But there, I must leave Mr. Elwin to give you his news in his own way.

Ever your loving sister,

DORIS.

David glanced at his watch. Nearly half past eight! It was possible that the telegraph-office at Calgary, though closed, might still call up some more important center, and thus get a message through to Edinburgh. Rising hastily, he explained his purpose. McDougall was a willing messenger, and, in the result, Mrs. Beringer received a telegram about ten o'clock that night. It read:

Your presence here invaluable. Come Oban to-morrow. Will wire you further particulars there, care station-master. Advise me before you leave Edinburgh.

DAVID.

On reentering the room, Lindsay found Mr. Elwin sitting as he had left him, and gazing sorrowfully into the fire. Sad memories were thronging into the man's soul; they had softened his expression, and the evil glint had passed from his eyes.

David had given him Doris's letter before going out, and Elwin said now:

"Your sister wrote just what I should have expected from such a dear woman, Sir David. She told me that my wife died fourteen years ago. Is her death a fact beyond dispute, do you think?"

"Mirabel herself told me that, and her—Mr. Locksley would have no reason for

misleading her as to the date. Indeed, she remembers her mother quite well. They were living in a secluded valley near Monte Carlo at the time."

"I knew it," said the other wearily. "I mean, that is, I had an intuition of something of the sort. Fourteen years ago last January I was engaged in a financial undertaking of the utmost importance to my own fortunes when I became aware of a call, an irresistible impulse, to go to the south of France. It seemed to be the maddest sort of thing to do, because all my resources were at stake; but I let the markets take their own way, and boarded the next steamer. When I landed, I was almost stupefied by the cablegrams awaiting me. During those few intervening days I had become a very rich man. People who knew nothing of my movements were praising my nerve; my adversaries were in despair because I would not unload my stocks; and my trusted secretary and clerks were frenzied with anxiety lest the market should break before I acted. Some reputations which stand high in the world of finance have been built up in that way, Sir David—just by accident. Had I remained in New York, with my finger on the pulse of Wall Street, I could not have withstood the strain. As it was, I cabled my instructions as a conqueror dictates terms. But the influence which summoned me to Europe had exhausted itself. It called me with a promise of news of my wife and child, and, when I obeyed, it seemed to mock at my folly by pouring undeserved wealth upon me. I persuaded myself that I had been the victim of some hallucination, with an extraordinary sequel in its money-making aspect, but absolutely negative in the one thing I sought. Yet now I believe that my dear wife, when lying at the point of death, may have longed to forgive—and be forgiven."

He stopped abruptly.

"This man, Forbes—you have met him. In your judgment, would he have treated her well?"

"I have every reason to think that the unhappy lady's early death served to darken and embitter his whole life," said David candidly.

"It was a marvelous thing that I could never hit upon the least trace of him," mused the other aloud. "I spent what to many men would be a fortune in searching the world, and my agents thought a hun-

dred times they had found him, but were invariably mistaken. You say he lived near Monte Carlo?"

"For some years, and in the Canton Ticino, in Switzerland."

"Oddly enough, I fancied I saw him once. After landing in France, I went by slow stages along the Riviera. One day, while staying at Ventimiglia, I drove to the famous gardens at La Mortola, and, while wandering through a long, vine-covered pergola, which gives constant shade to some rare species of fern, my eyes chanced on a man, dressed in black, who was stooping over a plant. Somehow, his appearance was vaguely familiar, almost startling. I did not see his face, and, as I hurried toward him, he ran down some steps and vanished. I made straight for the exit, and found, as I expected, that every person entering or leaving these gardens must use the gates abutting on the highroad. Accordingly, I sat in a little café on the opposite side of the way until the place was closed for the night, but the man whom I had seen did not come out. Then I caused inquiry to be made, and a janitor searched the whole of the gardens, but my specter was not to be discovered."

"I have read of La Mortola," broke in David. "It stands on a slope near the sea, does it not?"

"Yes."

"Is it close to the frontier?"

"Perhaps a couple of miles distant—on the Italian side, of course."

"Not far from the village of Garavan?"

"I believe that is the name of the frontier post."

"Then it was Locksley, or Forbes, whom you saw that day. He must have recognized you. He escaped by climbing along the cliff, but fell, and was badly injured, and he has never had the full use of his eyes since."

"But how can *you* be sure of that?" demanded Elwin sharply.

"I think it is a reasonable assumption. He met with an accident about that time and in that place—"

"Pardon me. I meant his supposed blindness. I suppose he wears dark spectacles? That, you know, is the simplest form of disguise."

"Possibly he exaggerates the defect, but I do honestly believe his sight suffered permanently, because Mirabel used to read his favorite classics to him."

"Mrs. Beringer said something of that. Is it true that my daughter can speak Greek and Latin?"

"Mr. Elwin, she is the most highly educated woman I have ever met. No matter what his faults, no one can withhold from Locksley the credit of having molded and perfected in Mirabel a character of a sort which is all too rare in these days."

"Yet he forced her to contract a marriage with this Hawley—a blackmailer, a feeble ruffian, whose lack of courage alone kept him from what one may almost term nobler crimes!"

"That is the astounding flaw in Locksley's nature," said David, with sad gravity. "He certainly impressed me as a scholar and a gentleman, and, hard as it may sound in your ears, he had won the full trust and love of the girl who regarded him as her father. Why he should ever have driven her into such an ill-assorted union—"

A queer groan broke from his companion, who flung out his hands in a sudden and passionate protest against fate.

"I know! I understand!" he wailed, in a thin, quavering voice wholly unlike his ordinary well-controlled utterance. "He loved her. He could not bear to part with her. She was her mother reincarnated, and, Heaven help me, my brutality and neglect drove my wife into his arms. But he need not have stolen my little girl. I cannot forgive him, even though he has devoted his life to the rearing of my daughter. Don't you see, man? Is not that infernal letter lying on the table the most damning testimony? Hawley—at the time my wife fled, a mere lackey at Harvard, a scullion, a cleaner of shoes—blundered upon Forbes's retreat in London—in all likelihood recognized the girl from her mother, and forced his presence on the father. Oh, the wretched history is plain enough! A little pretense, a display of bluff, an affectation of sympathy, and Forbes was at the fellow's mercy. Yet, all the time Hawley was laying his plans to sell him without scruple. First, he must secure the girl in marriage, and then restore her to her millionaire father. A sordid, pitiful intrigue, is it not? And I share in it! Against my better judgment, I entered into negotiations with this vile hound. He stirred me with such promises that I could not bear to remain inactive, but

crossed the Atlantic in order to be near him and investigate matters on the spot. That very letter would have been cabled in its entirety from New York. See how fate delights in torturing me! Even now, after all these years, she makes me a pawn in the miserable plotting which denies my daughter the love of an honest man, and will rob her even of the love she bestowed on the father who supplanted me."

"You must not blame yourself unjustly!" cried David, for Elwin had worked himself into a paroxysm of excitement, and his face was ivory in its wanless. "I believe most firmly and devoutly that Providence will yet right a good deal of the wrong which has been done, and, if some part seems to remain unredressed, it is not for us to judge the ways of the Almighty. Neither you nor I know what may have happened on Lunga this very day. I see now clearly into an abyss where before all was dark. You have been in correspondence with Hawley?"

"Yes," came the answer, in a laboring sigh of utmost pain.

"Then Locksley knows of it. He has known since yesterday."

After appealing to the other to calm himself and listen, David read aloud Mirabel's letter and related Macdonald's discovery.

Elwin's frenzied mood exhausted itself. When David had finished, he pointed contemptuously to the unopened letter.

"Now," he said, "let us hear what Hawley has to say. He will lie, of course, but we may extract some knowledge from the manner of his lying."

David broke open the envelope. The letter was dated that day, but it bore an address in London. It ran:

DEAR SIR:

My inquiries are tending to a definite issue. You must be prepared for an extraordinary and unexpected development, which, for reasons I hope soon to explain in person, I have not cared, or ventured, to indicate sooner. Anyhow, by the time this letter reaches you, you may receive a cablegram at any hour announcing that your daughter has been found. Of course, you must undertake to be guided by me in the final steps before you meet her. There are difficulties, but, with my help, and some patience, they will vanish. I assure you I am not mistaken. Within a fortnight, or less, you will know everything, and you will understand then why I have been unwilling to annoy and distress you earlier with informa-

tion which I was not then in a position to verify.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES R. HAWLEY.

"A very complete rogue!" murmured Elwin bitterly. "The 'extraordinary and unexpected development' is the fact that my daughter is his wife. When did the marriage take place?"

"On October 6."

"He first wrote to me on that identical day. His second and more specific letter was dated the 10th of October. I sailed from New York on the Mauretania on the 18th, the day on which that letter arrived. I reached London on the 24th, and the text of two more letters has been cabled by my secretary. Inquiries showed that the man was known at the address he gave, but had been absent for some time. Then, on the morning of the 29th of October, came the extraordinary statements in the newspapers. I controlled myself as best I could until my anxiety became simply unbearable. And here I am."

They talked long, in eager and critical investigation of every known fact and almost every possible theory, until some one knocked at the door, and McDougall entered, explaining that he was bringing a fresh supply of turf for the fire. It was nearly one o'clock.

Then David rose with a cheerful laugh.

"Let us sleep on our troubles, Mr. Elwin," he said. "Breakfast at eight. Will that suit you?"

The older man seemed to have brightened somewhat under the rays of David's optimism.

"Good night, Sir David," he said, extending his hand. "We go-ahead Americans sometimes affect a consciousness of superiority to you slow Britons. Let me assure you it is all nonsense. We are of the same breed, and blood will tell in the end. Why, even if we quarrel, it is a family row. As for myself, I am a man slow to give or receive friendship, yet I feel as if I had known you all my life. I was somewhat prepared for it when I left Edinburgh. That sister of yours is a fine woman!"

David admired and appreciated the Hon. Mrs. Philip Beringer very thoroughly, but, as he walked down the silent road, he could not help asking himself what Mirabel's father would think of Mirabel. Would he appreciate her at her true worth? For

where was there another to equal Mirabel? Doris was charming, of course; but Mirabel! And David sighed his vows to the moon, late risen, and sailing over Tiree among a few white clouds.

He was called back from communing with moon and stars by the joyous whine of a dog. He was unmistakably startled at finding a black Scotch terrier dancing about him in the roadway with every manifestation of delight.

"Good Lord!" he said aloud, "you can't be Carlo!"

"Oh, yes, he can, because he is," said a sweet though rather breathless voice. "I have just climbed the hill, David, after pulling all the way from Lunga, and I was wondering—"

But the wonderment ceased when Mirabel herself was in David's arms, and he had kissed her several times to make sure that she was no ghost, and that he had not stepped forth from the sleepy hamlet into some unknown realm of dreams and visions.

Yes, it was really his Mirabel. And what cared he for to-morrow when Mirabel was here to-night?

XXX

WITH the cooing, contented laugh of a woman caught up suddenly in her lover's arms, Mirabel wriggled herself free, for they were standing in the middle of the white road, and she knew not who might be peering through the window in which she had seen a light.

It might be imagined that she would bubble forth in instant explanation of her unlooked-for appearance, but it was not Mirabel's way to utter the thing that was expected.

"I have missed you, David — oh, so much!" she sighed. "But — I have not been wholly unhappy. Life is really what we make it, dear, and I think we are meant to be joyous, not sad."

"Then, why not be squeezed some more?" and he reached out for her.

"Because I have hardly any breath left in my body after rowing a boat six long miles and climbing a hill with the heather step."

Still, she allowed him to draw her nearer, for Mirabel was just a woman.

"And now, discourse," said practical David. "I give you one minute before we arouse Mrs. Macdonald."

Of course, she answered by asking a question.

"Why were you at McDougall's cottage so late? Is any one ill?"

"No. A visitor turned up to-day, and he and I talked till we lost count of time."

"A visitor—to Haum Point—at the beginning of November!" Mirabel's voice ran the gamut of interrogation, almost of incredulity.

"Yes. You will learn all about him in the morning. He is a very nice old chap, Elwin by name. I am sure you will like him. We have wasted that minute, so, perchance must take another."

David succeeded admirably in relegating Elwin's advent to Treshnish to the rank of an incident which might be unusual, but which could have no possible bearing on the drama then holding the stage for Mirabel. She looked up at him—tall and straight though she was, her eyes had to be lifted to gaze into David's at such close quarters. The moonlight gave her a fragile, ethereal, appearance. Her lovely face, illumined by those cold rays, might have been chiseled out of marble, but her lips smiled, and her eyes sparkled, and her bosom rose and fell with the slow, deep respirations of perfect health.

"My father sent me, and I am here," she said. "Other story, sir, I have none to tell—or little more than that. After Macdonald left the island to-day, Hawley became positively abusive. He threatened to signal in some way to a passing smack. Finally, dad pacified him by promising to start for the mainland to-morrow—which is to-day, now, I suppose, for it must be long after midnight. Hawley was tired, rather worn out by excitement, I fancy, and went to his room early. At ten o'clock I was about to close a book I was reading when my father beckoned me into the porch. His manner was rather mysterious, but I was absolutely thrilled with surprise when he whispered:

"'You have a boat hidden somewhere on the island?'

"'Yes,' I said, and I am sure I changed color quicker than any chameleon, for I thought no one knew of my skiff except you and Donald, and a few fishermen sworn to secrecy.

"'Can you reach Treshnish in safety to-night?' he went on.

"Then my heart leaped.

"'Yes,' I said again.

"Is your friend Lindsay there?" he asked.

"I think so," I said.

"Go to him," he said. "Give him this letter. Tell Donald to send the Hawk here to-morrow to take Hawley and me to Oban, but none of the crew must know that you are on shore. Take the dog with you, and go now, silently."

David, he seemed so forlorn and desolate that I refused. Yes, though he might be opening the door to freedom and to you, I could not bring myself to leave him. But he assured me that he was acting for the best, and that his letter to you would make everything clear. Finally, he said that unless I obeyed him, some scheme he has in mind for dissolving the marriage without any great fuss or difficulty would be wrecked. So I kissed him good-by, and took Carlo in my arms lest he should bark, and kissed dad again, and I end my story as I began it, by saying, "Here I am." Of course, being a woman, there is a postscript to my little speech. Here is your letter. No, there is nothing to pay for it. We really must be getting under a roof. What o'clock is it?"

Inside the cottage, David struck a match and lighted a lamp. His first act was to ransack a cupboard, in which reposed the remains of a meat pie. His visitors were in need of refreshment, for Mirabel's last meal had been eaten seven hours earlier, and Carlo agreed that he, too, was ready for a snack. David was hunting for a jug of milk when a door opened, and Macdonald appeared, in a fearsome state of dishabille.

"Gosh!" he ejaculated at sight of Mirabel, and vanished. They heard his stage whisper: "Meg, Meg! Up wi' ye! Here's a cure for sair een! Fecks, woman, wake up! It's no the whisky I'm seekin', but ma claes."

Meanwhile, David read the letter which was to "make everything clear." It ran:

DEAR SIR DAVID LINDSAY:

From what little I saw of you, I have no hesitation in entrusting Mirabel to your care. May I suggest that your sister be sent for, and that Mirabel should remain with her, preferably in London, until the present indeterminate state of affairs has ended? In any event, I am sure that my dear one is safe in your hands, and that you will provide her with a chaperon, and make sure of protecting her from any unreasonable interference in other

respects. Each of you will hear from me in a few days. I shall write to Mrs. Beringer's house in Clarges Street. By that time I hope to have so arranged existing difficulties that there will be no reason why you should not regard me as your sincere friend and well-wisher,

ARTHUR GEORGE LOCKSLEY.

David knew that Mirabel was watching his face as he read, and he strove, with passable success, to keep his vagrant thoughts within bounds. He galloped through the few straight-formed, almost stilted sentences in order to assure himself that they contained nothing calculated to alarm or perplex her.

When he asked if she wished to hear what Mr. Locksley had written, she nodded, being at the moment engaged on a piece of solid pie-crust; then, springing to his side with some return of her old-time vivacity, she leaned her chin on his shoulder while he deciphered, with more exactness, the delicate and angular, yet scholarly, script.

He was certain, in the absence of actual comparison, that the hand which wrote this letter had written "Alex. J. Forbes, Harvard Univ." in the Elzevir Vergil. Though prepared for the discovery, it shocked him to realize the nearness and identity of that other man, the lighted window of whose room in McDougall's cottage had aroused Mirabel's curiosity.

He noted, too, the peculiarities of phrase which struck him as intentional. Not only had Locksley alluded to Mirabel as his daughter, and the words "unreasonable interference in other respects" surely hinted at positive knowledge of Elwin's appearance on the scene, either immediately or in the near future. David owned to an uncanny feeling that the unhappy recluse was peering at him from out of the shadows beyond the table; that he could distinguish the pale, worn, intellectual face, with its masked eyes and air of waiting for the inevitable; that he could hear the unemotional voice saying:

"Mirabel, of course, will be anxious to learn what I have told you. You must maintain my deception for a little while. She will think I am alluding to Hawley, but you will know that I have her father in mind. The truth cannot be kept from her for very long, but she must be dealt with gently. I, too, want time—yet a little time—before—"

Before what? It was well for David that the girl's searching eyes could not scan his troubled features, for she was happily munching her crust, and her hair lay soft against his cheek, even while his steady accents belied the doubts and fears in his soul.

"Well," she said, when he had finished, "it is clear enough now that dad really means to save me from Hawley. But I wonder what his plan is? I shall be in a fever of impatience until I hear from him again. Do you think Mrs. Beringer will care to receive me? I feel like a waif and stray. Please may I stop in Edinburgh for a few hours and buy some clothes? Dad wouldn't let me go up-stairs at Argos to fetch my own money, but he gave me all this—look!"

And, with the delight of an emancipated schoolgirl entrusted with funds for her first glorious shopping expedition, she produced from a pocket a bundle of bank-notes.

David summarily shut down all further discussion till the morning. By this time, Macdonald and his wife were arrayed to receive company, but, as soon as Mirabel had given the fisherman his instructions with regard to the Hawk, David insisted that she should retire forthwith to his room, while he himself turned in on the kitchen "settle," an oaken bench which Mrs. Macdonald made fairly comfortable by emptying her linen-cupboard of its contents.

Donald and he were up betimes. The one sped away to Tobermorey on a bicycle; the other did not scruple to arouse Mr. Elwin from a sound if somewhat belated sleep, for the American had lain awake for many hours.

When David was quite sure that his new friend was in full possession of his faculties, he asked smilingly:

"Can you stand a shock, especially if it is a pleasant one?"

"Call it a tonic, and go right ahead," was the reply.

"Your daughter is here—at Haum Point. She crossed from the island last night, and you will meet her at breakfast."

The tiny window, facing the west, admitted scant light at that hour after dawn, and the expression of Elwin's face was hardly visible. He was sitting up in bed, but he neither moved nor spoke for several seconds.

"Is she alone?" he said at last, and his voice had become curiously indistinct.

"Yes. The others are leaving Lunga for Oban to-day. Locksley knows, or guesses, that you are close at hand. He has sent your daughter back to you, Mr. Elwin."

"To me?"

"That is what his action really amounts to. I cannot explain matters fully now, because Mirabel will soon be stirring, and she would be puzzled if she knew that you and I were holding conferences from which she was excluded."

"Who wants to exclude her, Sir David?"

"I do. This man is trying now to act fairly. He must have a chance. He has promised certain things, and I intend that he shall have an opportunity to carry them through."

"Does that imply that I shall be required to meet my daughter as a total stranger?"

"There is no help for it, Mr. Elwin. You have found her at last. You will never be parted from her again. But the building up of new relations must be gradual. I know her character and temperament well. The worst thing you could possibly do would be to disrupt her affection for Locksley by any display of violence or anger against him. He is the man she recognizes as her father, and the attachment between them is deep and real. I believe most firmly that, while you might convince her reason, you would only succeed in alienating her sympathies by any precipitate act to-day, or during many days to come."

"You must have some powerful motive for urging a course which you can hardly expect me to approve of."

"The best of motives, for it is unselfish. I want Mirabel to become your daughter in love and trust, as she is in fact. Locksley has written me a letter, in which he promises to arrange matters satisfactorily at an early date. He asks that Mirabel should be placed in my sister's care, and, irrespective of his past errors, I have every confidence now that he will make good his words. He even undertakes that her marriage shall be annulled, and you know how much that would mean to me. Come, now, Mr. Elwin, if you try to regard me as your prospective son-in-law, you will hardly suspect me of tendering advice which I cannot justify."

The slight, erect figure sitting bolt upright in the bed bent forward a little.

"Do I understand that you are asking me to forego my vengeance on this man,

Sir David?" came the cold-drawn words after another long pause.

"It amounts to that."

"And if I refuse?"

"You will wreck your own happiness, and perhaps Mirabel's as well. Locksley is broken-hearted and desolate to-day. You are on the threshold of a new era in your life. Greatly as you may have suffered, this is not the hour when you should think only of crushing your enemy."

"I am not one who forgives merely because a thief is compelled to disgorge!"

"You are using hard words. I am tempted almost to regard them as unwarranted. But you strike me as a man who dislikes argument. You would sooner yield to force than to expediency, and I myself am built on those lines. Now, you cannot help yourself, Mr. Elwin. You must either give me your bond that you will not press your claims for recognition on Mirabel until we hear further from Locksley, or I shall prevent you from meeting her."

"Indeed. How?"

David laughed grimly.

"I should hate to have to tell you, Mr. Elwin," he said.

"Pray don't spare my feelings. You have shown no marked reluctance in that respect by your earlier remarks."

"We are all wild Highlanders together at Haum Point, and you will simply be kept here until Mirabel and I are beyond your reach."

A dry laugh came from the indistinct form.

"David, my boy, I like the way you talk. You don't imagine that I would be such a thundering fool as to walk up to a young lady of twenty-two, who has never heard of me, and whom I have not seen since she was an infant, and tell her that she is my daughter? No, sir. It goes against the grain to let Forbes escape; but—I sought guidance on my knees last night, and I feel now that my quarrel with him doesn't amount to a row of pins where my future relations with Mirabel are concerned. And, somehow, I like that new name of hers. Probably her dear mother evolved it out of the first and last syllables of her real names—Miriam Isabel. That didn't occur to you, I suppose? Well, it couldn't, anyhow. What time is it? And when may I show up? And, seeing that you have fixed everything else, how do you propose to explain my presence here?"

"I have thought of that," said David, aware of a vast relief at Elwin's common-sense decision. "You are an old Bostonian, and, happening to be in England, on seeing the reports in the newspapers you ran up to Scotland to make the acquaintance of the daughter of a lady whom you knew many years ago."

"Thin ice, but it may carry us. Your sister will help, too. Are you bringing her here?"

"I think so," David said. "Wouldn't that be wise?"

"You can arrange matters exactly as you like, provided always that I am not cut off again from the girl I have lost for twenty years!"

Then David's heart went out to the father who had been so cruelly wronged, and he said humbly:

"In asking you to be patient yet a few days, Mr. Elwin, I am moved solely by regard for your own best interests. Mirabel is worth waiting for."

XXXI

WHEN the three met at breakfast Elwin was loyal to his pact. His manner was studiously correct, and neither by word nor by look did he convey a hint of any stronger feeling than the natural pleasure of a man who had found in that remote portion of Scotland the daughter of a valued friend last seen in Boston nearly a generation ago.

It was on the tip of Mirabel's tongue to say that she wished he could have met her father, but she remembered Locksley's peculiar habit of mind where Americans were concerned, and forebore. Nevertheless, she hit upon a topic that promised difficulties.

"I hardly remember my mother," she said. "She died in the south of France when I was only eight years old. I can recall her but dimly, yet sometimes, when I look in a mirror, I think I resemble her. Unfortunately, we do not possess a photograph, because—well—there is no harm in telling you that my father disliked photographs."

Elwin, despite his impassive air, moved uneasily, and was at a loss for words. David well knew why, and broke in instantly:

"By the way, Mirabel, you have not seen the pictures I took. Some of them are rather good. I was showing them to Mr.

Elwin last night, and left them in his room."

The older man rose. He thanked David with a look.

"Let me bring them," he said. "I can lay my hand on them at once."

"I like your friend, David," said Mirabel, when Elwin had gone.

"He is really *your* friend: he came to see *you*," said Lindsay, with a quiet smile at the literal truth of the remark.

"But isn't that charming of him? Don't you guess the real romance of it? Is he married?"

"He was, but his wife has been dead many years."

"Did he say how many?"

"I understood that he lost her nearly twenty years ago."

"Oh!" Mirabel pouted, for her theory was seemingly mistaken. "Then it couldn't be as I imagined. I was sure he was in love with mama when she was a girl, and that father was the favored one, so poor Mr. Elwin's hair turned gray prematurely, and his eyes acquired the pathetic look of one who may not find consolation elsewhere—just as you and I would look if— David, I am talking nonsense. Why don't you stop me?"

Luckily, a messenger from Calgary arrived with a telegram for Lindsay, and at the same moment Mr. Elwin reappeared with the photographs. Mirabel was delighted with them, and for a whole five minutes forgot her breakfast and David's telegram while she examined each picture.

Lindsay needed all his wits at this juncture, and he anticipated Mirabel's question by saying:

"My sister is coming here. She will be in Oban this evening, and will reach Treshnish as quickly as possible. I must inquire as to the best route and advise her."

Mirabel's blue eyes opened wide at that.

"How in the world could Mrs. Beringer know that she was in request at Haum Point?" she cried.

"Because the same wire which brought her message from Edinburgh to Calgary connects Calgary with Edinburgh," laughed David.

"But she told me she was returning to London with her husband."

"She exercised a woman's privilege and changed her mind."

"Oh, I see! You knew she was remaining in Scotland?"

"Yes. But the Hawk should be rounding Ardnamurchan Point by this time. Let us eat; then we can go out and look for her. Conversation during meals should avoid problems, and Mr. Elwin has nearly spoiled my appetite already by asking for details of your voyage from Lunga last night."

"I can answer that in one word—blisters," said Mirabel, showing her hands.

"Sir David told me that you came all that long way in a small boat, alone, and at midnight," said Elwin.

"Not alone, since I had Carlo to talk to, but you will be horrified when you see the boat. My father would never have allowed me to start if he had known its size. He cannot see very well, so any boat is a boat to him, whereas *my* boat is a cockle-shell."

Thus, with idle words which played around the grief and mystery of Mirabel's parentage like the twittering of birds before a thunder-storm, did those two men contrive to keep the girl's active mind from probing too deeply into the why and wherefore of the strange circumstances she had found in existence at Treshnish. It was no easy matter, and David had to remain alert and tongue-guarded all day. Here, however, Elwin's presence was a factor of the utmost value. With fine self-sacrifice—how fine and how rarely pathetic the girl could not know till later—he withdrew himself from the lovers' company when they went forth to follow the progress of the Hawk. Mirabel did not notice his absence at first, and she and David watched the little steamer cutting a long furrow in the smooth sea as it puffed its way to Lunga.

"Have you ever," said she, "thought how faithfully the ocean obeys the same laws as man?"

"I have often heard it compared with woman," said David, who fancied that his safest line was to be as light-hearted and inconsequent as possible.

"Don't be flippant. Have you never heard of the French academician's definition of woman as a 'female biped embraced by man'? Ah! I dare you! The combined forces of the Macdonald and McDougall households are watching us. Seriously now, David, that blue plain out there is just a map of our lives. It reflects the emotions of the heavens, it is swayed by immeasurable forces, it smiles and weeps and rages according to its mood. And it is

so blandly indifferent to the future, exactly as we are, despite all our pretense. Here am I, standing on Haum Point, who yesterday saw it from Lunga as an unattainable ridge humped above the line of the sea, and I am just as content and happy as a robin, who sings because the sun rises, and feels sure that Providence will provide him with a worm."

"I am glad your robin is of the masculine gender, or I should feel that you were calling me names. Come with me to Calgary, where we can concoct a telegram to Doris. The Hawk will not reach the island for a full hour."

Then Mirabel saw the white-haired man sauntering alone along the road, and her kind heart moved her to ask if he would accompany them. After that, they remained together nearly the whole day. There was a trace of awkwardness when the girl borrowed a telescope, which she knew was owned by a neighboring farmer, and watched Locksley and Hawley disembarking from the Corran.

"I wish I knew what dad meant to do," she said, and her lips quivered slightly.

(*To be concluded*)

"Is it wicked to feel as if you were holiday-making when your father is going away on a disagreeable business which you don't understand? Poor dad! He doesn't even realize that I am looking at him and sympathizing with him at this very moment."

"Wait till you hear from him, dear, and don't worry about troubles which may not exist," said David, though his conscience smote him as he uttered the words.

He knew the truth, and Mirabel did not, yet her sensitive nature had unconsciously seen behind the tragic screen which Locksley had dropped on his intentions and movements. The man was leaving his sanctuary for the wilderness, abandoning all that he held most precious and desirable. What a storm of grief and bitter regrets must be raging in his breast! How he must loath the plotter who had crept into his retreat and robbed him of peace and love! What strength of character he had displayed in sending Mirabel from the island without arousing the least suspicion of his purpose in her active brain, while he himself had the torturing conviction that he would never see her again!

"MY LOVE SPED LIGHTLY"

SOFTLY, oh, softly step, I pray!
My love sped lightly down this way;
And where her trailing garments swept,
The flowers for pleasure blushed,
The gentle woodland voices hushed,
And held their breath, enwrapped
In happy quiet, while she fled
Where'er this rambling pathway led.

Oh, softly, softly step, I pray—
My love sped lightly down this way!

The mosses deepened, touched with flame
Of orange, where some fungus-tree
Lifts up a rounded head to see
And greet her as she came.
Inch-high, the twin-leaved maples show
Their tender height; the budding brake,
Its croziers straightening in her wake,
Sways gently to and fro.

Oh, stranger!—thou with feet profane!
My love sped swiftly down this way,
With singing heart; tread lightly, pray,
Lest she come not again!

Ethel Hallett Porter

THE STAGE

MARIE TEMPEST AT HER BEST

If the London vaudeville houses surpass New York's in spaciousness and elegance, some of the regular playhouses of the English city are marvels for their stuffy interiors and subterranean mustiness.

Notable in the list is the Prince of Wales's Theater, where you are notified on your tickets that evening dress for the stalls is indispensable, and where a capital orchestra discourses good music in the intervals.

Here Marie Tempest has just reached her hundredth performance in a play by



GLADYS COOPER, WHO IS MURIEL PYM, IN THE LONDON COMPANY PLAYING "MILESTONES"

From a photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London

Anthony P. Wharton, author of "Irene Wycherley"—a success in London and a failure in New York some four years ago. His new offering, which he calls "an idyl in three acts," is named, rather lamely, "At the Barn." I would suggest "Whose Para-

where Maxwell, a well-known novelist, is entertaining two men friends.

The parasol belongs to *Mollie Blair* (Marie Tempest) of the *Frivolity*. She has been motoring with *Lord Clonbarry*, who has got her an opportunity on the stage,



MARGUERITE SKIRWIN, WHO IS KATHLEEN IN THE EASTERN COMPANY PLAYING THE FARCE "EXCUSE ME"

From a photograph by Marceau, New York

sol?" as a more interesting title. The story opens with the consternation of Maxwell's man at discovering so essentially feminine an article as a sunshade lying on the floor of the bachelor country place (The Barn)

for which he now expects her to pay. The machine has broken down; and pending repairs, *Mollie* walks through a gate marked "private," and so into the lives of the three bachelors, and incidentally into the heart



FRANCES RING, WHO PLAYED THE LEAD FOR TWO SEASONS IN "THE FORTUNE HUNTER,"
THE WINCHELL SMITH COMEDY THAT HAS BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL.

From her latest photograph by White, New York

of *Maxwell*. In the approved fashion of play heroes, the novelist repels the soft passion until the last act, when he locks *Lord Clonbarry* into the coach-house, and preaches to *Mollie* on the moral dangers that beset her.

Of course, being in a play, she is good

that the whisky provided by mine host of The Barn is better than his manners.

The part of *Mollie* fits Miss Tempest beautifully, and her support is of the first water, particularly on the male side. If the feminine rôles are less prominent, it is not so much the fault of the actresses as of



DOROTHY FOLLIS, WHO IS GWENDOLEN IN "THE ROSE MAID," THE MUSICAL COMEDY THAT HAS HAD AN ALL-SUMMER RUN IN NEW YORK

From her latest photograph by White, New York

at heart—so good, indeed, that any of the real Frivolity article who chance to see the comedy would probably be amazed at her virtue. After the mutual misunderstanding has been duly carried along to eleven o'clock, *Maxwell*, big, strong, and self-made, tells her to take off her hat so that he may gather her into his arms. The earl is let out of the coach-house in a disheveled condition, and departs peaceably, declaring

the playwrights, who of late appear inclined to give most of the work that counts to the masculine players.

ROYAL PRESENTATION OF ROYALTY

Although the theatrical profession in London is as loud as the New York Rialto in its lamentations over the inroads of the motion picture, or cinema, as they call it in England, it does not seem to me that the



JULIA SANDERSON, TO PLAY THE TITLE-RÔLE IN CHARLES FROHMAN'S AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF
THE ENGLISH MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE SUNSHINE GIRL."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York



MARGARET ILLINGTON, STARRING FOR HER SECOND SEASON IN CHARLES KENYON'S MUCH-DISCUSSED
PLAY OF MOTHERHOOD, "KINDLING"

From her latest photograph by the Straus-Pixton Studio, Kansas City

biograph house is as prevalent in the West End as it is on Broadway. On the other hand, the bioscope as a recorder of news events is at its best in London. For instance, on the very night of the day when the king and queen were rowed up and

dollar public. New York has had fresh proof of this, following on the popularity of the coronation and Durbar views, in the vogue of Paul Rainey's African hunting scenes, uncolored, but so full of the spirit of the wilds that their exhibition at the



CARRIE REYNOLDS, WHO WAS THE COUNTESS IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY,
"THE KISS WALTZ"

From a photograph by White, New York

down the Thames in the royal barge at Henley, you could see the whole thing reproduced on the screen at the Coliseum. And at the Alhambra they made an extra turn, in the middle of the performance, of a reel just received from France, picturing the motor-races at Dieppe, and showing a frightful spill at a bad corner.

After all, moving pictures of real events are the only ones that appeal to the two-

Lyceum Theater at one-dollar rates kept that house open into August, the run extending from April. Mr. Rainey is a man of wealth, with a hobby for hunting big game. He took photographers with him on his last expedition, sold the rights to the resultant films for a mere song, and the purchaser is now in a fair way to make a fortune from them, as they are decidedly worth seeing.



EMILY CALLOWAY, WHO IS CAROLINE IN THE FARCE, "OVER-NIGHT"

From a photograph by White, New York

In reviewing an English book, the *New York Times* remarks:

The moving picture triumphant—W. R. Titterton tells how the legitimate drama is fighting for its life against the moving-picture shows.

Nonsense! Film drama can never replace the real article. Reproduction of actual happenings is not drama, and interferes not one jot with the flesh-and-blood plays. The made-to-order shows seen in the five-cent and ten-cent theaters appeal to a five-cent and ten-cent public, who, if they ever went to the theater, bought gallery seats and demanded melodramatic fare.

Lurid melodrama, no doubt, is now dead as a door-nail, because of these nickel-odeons. Does that endanger the legitimate drama? To say that motion-picture plays will ever take the place of acting is the veriest nonsense.

The Durbar in Kinemacolor is still being shown twice daily at the Scala Theater in London, where it is called "With Our King and Queen Through India." Orchestra stalls are rated at a dollar and a quarter each, and they are worth it, for not only was the Delhi pageant the most striking of modern spectacles, but the accessories of its reproduction at the Scala, in the way of

music and effects, are notably fine. Indeed, the band is one of the best I have heard in London, where good orchestras are common. At the leading music-halls, the size and quality of the bands vie with those of operatic orchestras.

In view of the recent strike of theater musicians in America, I made some inquiries of an orchestra-leader with regard to the prevalent rates of pay.

In England, where nearly all of the bandsmen are English—with us they are mostly Germans—the pay varies with the relative importance of the different performers. The man who may be called on to beat the drum only a few times in the course of the evening does not receive by any means as much as a first violin, for example. In America, the union requires that every member of the band must receive the same flat sum. As a result of the settlement of the late differences, the men in New York theater orchestras are to receive thirty dollars a week.

The "differences," however, would appear to be not wholly settled even yet. In the non-musical houses, the managers are trying to do without the band entirely. At McVicker's, in Chicago, for example, there is an overture on the organ, while the intervals between the acts are filled by songs. At the Maxine Elliott, in New York, the last time I visited the theater, mandolins and banjos tinkled out tunes from the foyer, while at another Broadway house a mechanical contrivance combining piano and violin was attempting to fill the place of the musicians. I say "attempting," for I heard the audience break out into violent hand-clapping in an endeavor to drown the labored grinding out of these machine-made melodies.

THOSE TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHTS

In seeing "Bunty Pulls the Strings" at the Haymarket—where it celebrated a year's consecutive performances on July 18—I was naturally interested in making comparisons between the London and the New York casts. I found little to choose between them, although in London the *Susie Simpson* would have been improved by looking more sour and the *Eelen Dunlop* a little sweeter. The *Bunty*, played by Kate Moffatt, sister of the author, is altogether charming, and the play is still an enormous draw.

Your London playgoer dotes on eccentric

humor, especially when displayed by women, of whom they seem to have few in this particular line. Thus in "The Pink Lady" the gyrations of Alice Hegeman as *Mrs. Dondidier* appeared to afford more amusement than any other feature of the piece, which could have run even longer in England had Mr. Frohman been willing to cheapen the cast.

Theatrical salaries are much lower in London than New York. For instance, an understudy to Lewis Waller, playing an important rôle opposite to that eminent actor-manager when he was at his Shaftesbury Avenue theater, received only three pounds—something like fifteen dollars a week, an amount at which an American chorus-girl would turn up her nose.

Still on the subject of American plays in London—although I am writing this in New York, two weeks after my return—the cable brings news of a hit scored there by "Ready Money." It is explained that although Americans are really responsible for the production, the piece was presented in London by the English actor, Allan Aynesworth, who stated that "this was done in order to avoid any possibility of anti-American prejudice." And while the scene is laid in America, no attempt was made to have the actors try to speak with an American accent.

This is the most sensible thing I have heard in a long time in connection with managerial transatlantic flights. The English don't like our plays as well as they like their own, and there is no use in attempting to pretend that they do. If we happen to own a play that appeals to them, they are ready enough to spend their money on it; but it is absurd to imagine that they will be likely to care more for it if its Yankee origin is played up. For instance, of "Ready Money" the London *Standard* reviewer said:

It is tremendously American, but excellent.

Last month I told you what the London critics said about Charles Klein's "Third Degree," done there as "Find the Woman." The piece is still running, King George and Queen Mary have attended, so one may conclude that here is another case where American plays with English companies stand a better chance than the same plays with American actors. You see, the British playgoers are more loyal to their stage-

folk than we are, and the fact that Maude or Alexander or Tree or Bourchier is in a piece will help much more than would be the case with a mediocre offering with a well-known star over here.

E. A. Baughan, the dramatic critic of the London *Daily News*—who figures in Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play" as *Mr. Vaughan*—says, in an article on the past dramatic year in the English capital, that the results would seem to show that success perches oftenest on the banner of those plays which contain the most good acting parts. He instances "Bunty," "Milestones," and "Fanny's First Play." He claims that theatrical managers, as a rule, know less of what the public wants than anybody else.

A BIT OF ANCIENT HISTORY

While on the subject of the critics, I cannot forbear comment on a statement made by the man writing, under the name of "Exile," weekly letters on American theatricals to the London *Stage*. In descanting on the report that "Everywoman" was to be revised by Stephen Phillips previous to its production at Drury Lane, with H. B. Irving as *Nobody*, this autumn, he wrote:

This is a wise move, for I was rather wondering as to the reception of the play as a literary work. To be candid, the plot and treatment are extremely clever, but the literary merit is not of the highest order, for the verses do not scan in many places. This got by in this country, where the theatrical critics, as a rule, are not noted for their high literary attainments—though here and there one finds most able men filling this position; but in London the case is different.

When I read this, I wondered if "Exile" had forgotten that the New York première of "Everywoman" took place only a day or so after the sudden death of its author. In the circumstances, reviewers were not likely to pick flaws that were not actually glaring. Nevertheless, I was moved to look up the record of what they did say, and I find that they were tolerably frank, even as it was.

After commenting on the delicacy of the occasion, Adolph Klauber, the *Times* reviewer, summed up thus:

But the total result, when all is said and done, is a three-hour exposition of various platitudinous statements about life, without any special originality in the form of driving the lesson home.

Alan Dale, in the *American*, was particularly severe, as witness:

"Easy" verse gave place to the primitive prose. Pathos dogged bathos, and nobody seemed to know where he was at. The supreme juvenility of the thing made one gasp.

Louis De Foe, of the *World*, was more taken with the piece as an entertainment than were his confrères, but he added:

With many admirable qualities in its favor, it cannot also be said that the work possesses fine literary quality to any considerable degree. Its manuscript lapses into verse frequently, and it is seldom more than jingles—sometimes even haphazard rimes.

The *Sun* man, after remarking that "the scenes seemed to have guided the author's pen," and declaring that "it was only when the banality of the text assailed the ear that 'Everywoman' grew intolerable," went on to say:

Such a dramatic scheme, written in alternate blank verse and doggerel that recalls the old-fashioned rimed burlesque lines of Robson and the still earlier Vroughman, cannot be taken seriously in itself.

Charles Darnton, of the *Evening World*, who was in the minority so far as foreseeing the long life the piece has enjoyed, observed:

"Everywoman" moves with poetic feet that have a strange way of changing their gait, but move it does.

From the above showing I think I have demonstrated that the New York reviewers were not unmindful of the literary deficiencies in this play by Mr. Browne—who, by the by, was an Englishman—and were conscientious about saying so, even under the trying circumstances marking the occasion. The fact that the great popular vogue of the piece was a surprise to most of them is beside the mark.

In the London production of "Everywoman," Gladys Cooper, who originated the part of *Muriel Pym* in "Milestones," and whose portrait appears on page 149, is to enact *Beauty*.

A STORY ABOUT BESSIE ABOTT

With the revival of "Robin Hood" after its summer rest for the grand opera cast, Bessie Abott has been added to the roster as *Maid Marian*, also Herbert Waterous, late of the Metropolitan, where he never

had much of a chance, for *Will Scarlet*. These, with the people mentioned in the July issue, go to make up a singing force that has seldom, if ever, been equaled in light opera.

In connection with Miss Abbott I cannot forbear puncturing an absurdity that appeared in a Sunday paper just previous to the reappearance of the company. In speaking of her début as *Juliette* at the Paris Opéra on December 9, 1901, under the patronage of Jean de Reszke, the writer relates what he is pleased to call an interesting little story pertinent to the occasion. He tells how Gailhard, the director of the opera, in making his nightly round of the building stopped at Miss Abbott's dressing-room and found her sitting in perplexity before her dressing-table, "staring helplessly at the make-up materials, which she did not know how to use."

"Gailhard at once came to the rescue," proceeds the story. "Donning an apron, he acted as Miss Abbott's lady's maid, and prepared her for her entrance."

As a matter of fact, Miss Abbott had been on the stage at least a season before she and her sister Jessie went to London for drawing-room work. On a program of 1895 for the Garden Theater, New York, I found them down in the cast of "Little Christopher" as follows:

TWO WAIFS—The Twin Sisters Abbott.

I distinctly recall the success they made with one of their songs—"I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard." I met both sisters at the time, and their mother, Mrs. Pickens, of a well-known Southern family.

HATTIE WILLIAMS GOES BACK TO 1899

In hunting through old play-bills to verify the foregoing facts, I came across one of "1492," the predecessor of "Little Christopher," in which Hattie Williams is down as one of the "Six Daily Hints from Paris." Out of the half-dozen names, hers is the only one in the lime-light to-day. She was speedily promoted, I noticed, from a "daily hint" to a principalship as the *Infanta Catalina*.

Miss Williams is now undergoing the unique experience of appearing at the same theater in the same part, with music, where she made her début thirteen years ago as a star without any. In other words, her character in "The Girl from Montmartre" is the same as the one she filled in "The Girl

from Maxim's." This emphasizes anew the paucity of libretto material all over the world to-day. It will be recalled that at the very theater adjoining the Criterion, an all-summer run has been enjoyed by "A Winsome Widow," made out of "A Trip to Chinatown." Announcement is just made that Fritzi Scheff's new vehicle is to be fashioned out of the comedy from the Hungarian, "Seven Sisters."

"Farce with music" is the term under which "The Girl from Montmartre" is classified, and the American version of the book is credited to the brothers Smith, Harry and Robert B. As the scene has not been removed from Paris, and there is no wholesale departure from the original story, it would scarcely seem necessary to have set two men to work on the adaptation. However, we are not concerned with the manufacture of the piece, but with the results, which impressed me as a fairly diverting entertainment, of uneven quality, but much better toward the end than at the beginning.

The music, by Henry Bereny, composer of "Little Boy Blue," is so good that one wishes there was more of it. I feel certain, though, that one air—"Half Past Two," daintily sung by Alan Mudie and Moya Manning—belongs to the score of "The Arcadians," in which Mr. Mudie did such capital work, particularly with his rendering of the "Charming Weather" duet.

As to Miss Williams, she would no doubt feel more at home in a quieter part than that of the incorrigible *Praline*, but she carries off the rôle with a dash and a verve that convey realism without vulgarity. Her song "Ooo-ooo Lena" promises to become as popular as "Experience" in "The Little Cherub."

Richard Carle, co-starring with Miss Williams as *Dr. Petypon*, the derelict husband, has little occasion to use more than his ordinary methods, and possibly the large audiences "The Girl from Montmartre" has drawn would not care to have him do otherwise. He and Miss Williams add a touch of novelty to the performance by participating in a motion-picture chase, the film for which was made at Whitestone, Long Island, by the Kinemacolor people.

PAST PLAYS IN PLEASANT TRAVESTIES

Speaking of novelties, I heard some one remark of Ned Wayburn, noted for his staging of musical shows:

"He is the king of labored novelty."

This referred, no doubt, to Wayburn's persistent effort to evolve some new thing in his chorus posings and evolutions. He gets a big share of credit for the success of the very first offering of the autumn theatrical season in New York, which appeared as early as late July in the shape of "The Passing Show of 1912," at the Winter Garden. "A kaleidoscopic almanac in seven scenes" its devisers, George Bronson-Howard and Harold Attridge, call it. They have employed considerable dexterity in fusing such diverse elements as "The Quaker Girl," "Kismet," "Officer 666," and "Bought and Paid For," in a mélange that is further enlivened by such skilled vaudeville headliners as Howard & Howard, Moon & Morris, Harry Fox, and Grant & Greenwood.

In a two-a-day show we are constantly called on to endure mediocre stuff while waiting for the high-priced goods. In an entertainment such as the Winter Garden offers, it is only the best of the vaudeville programs that is picked; and this, interspersed with work by people like Charles J. Ross, Clarence Harvey, Trixie Friganza, and Shirley Kellogg, goes to make up a very big two dollars' worth. Constant shift, no encores, beautiful color-blends in costumes, and "The Ballet of 1830" from the London Alhambra, in addition to the review, make up a bill which lured the stay-at-homes in throngs to the Winter Garden during the midsummer nights.

Another travesty entertainment that caught on during August was "Hanky Panky," dubbed a "jumble of jollification." It is amusing to watch the changes rung by their authors in labeling these nondescript concoctions.

The book of "Hanky Panky" is by Edgar Smith, playwright in chief to Weber & Fields, and the music by A. Baldwin Sloane. It has already been presented in Chicago and Boston. A glance at the program would seem to indicate that it was a burlesque on "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," but in action its play qualities are practically nil, while its vaudeville turns are so carefully picked, and so neatly adjusted, that one scarcely notices the absence of plot.

Florence Moore, of the team from the varieties, Montgomery & Moore, carried everything before her when the piece reached the Broadway. Here is another

comedy actress altogether different from May Irwin, Blanche Ring, Alice Hegeman, Marie Dressler, and, in fact, any other you could name. Her method comprises a quick enunciation, nasal twang, and a characteristic way of taking the audience into her confidence.

In her duet, "Oh, You Circus Day," sung with her partner Montgomery, who enacts a college boy—Miss Moore is *Wallingford's* typewriter, with literary aspirations—she descends to the orchestra floor and kisses all the bald heads within reach of her aisle. Of course this vulgar performance causes a sensation, and creates a laugh, but it should not be countenanced in the legitimate theater. Since "Sumurun," last winter, introduced the lighted platform running from the stage to the lobby—a device which the Winter Garden continues to employ—I look to see music-hall entertainments extend their operations more and more into the audience-room itself. It may perhaps be that the competition of the films drives them to this. Here, at least, is an adjunct to the show with which the moving picture entertainment cannot compete.

ECHOES FROM THE NEW CHICAGO SEASON

Imagine Robert Edeson, Wilton Lackaye, and Rose Coghlan all in the same play, and nobody starred! Reminds one of the New Theater, doesn't it? But this is what Chicago saw in mid August, when "Fine Feathers" was staged at the Cort Theater.

Eugene Walter wrote the tragedy—for it ends unhappily, but I hear that Chicago likes it, although the only notice I have before me—Eric Delamarter's in the *Inter-Ocean*—declares that "what promises to be a really interesting play during the first two acts turns out the baldest melodrama. This," the critic adds, "is not the fault of the acting, which is admirable, but of the argument, which evaporates."

Some three paragraphs further down the same column, however, we find this pat on the back:

Now we come to the really masterly point about Mr. Walter's play—its effectiveness. The plot may branch out in wondrous and devious ways, but his craft is just as sure.

"Putting It Over," a comedy by Lee Arthur and Frank Hatch, the latter a manager, had a Chicago showing on August 1, and has neither mistaken identity, money, nor crime for its theme. What then is left,

you ask? Baseball. Whether it will outlast the close of the season on the diamonds, time alone will tell.

"The Charity Girl," a musical comedy with book by Edward Peple, author of "The Prince Chap," and score by Victor Hollaender, who wrote the music for "Sumurun," is reported to have pleased Loop theatergoers in the dog-days.

"READY MONEY" PLEASES NEW YORK

Speaking of Chicago, New York has just indorsed the Illinois city's approval of a comedy which, however, did not reach Broadway until after London had also declared in its favor. There was but a week's interval between the premières on two sides of the Atlantic. Earlier in this section I have commented on England's reception of "Ready Money," written by the American actor, James Montgomery. Like Winchell Smith, who also began as a mummer, Montgomery need no longer tread the boards, unless to direct rehearsals of his own plays.

Last year, in the August forecast for the season, I said:

In spite of "The Aviator's" failure, Cohan & Harris have faith enough in James Montgomery to accept from him two new comedies, "Ready Money" and "Jimmy, Jr."

So far as "Ready Money" was concerned, however, their faith didn't last as far as production, and Mr. Montgomery asked for his play back, with the result that is now well known. Cohan & Harris, meanwhile, made a ten-strike with another farce, "Officer 666," in which they likewise had little faith.

By the way, Winchell Smith, who helped prepare this farce for the boards, told me an interesting story in connection with its name.

"Why was 666 picked?" I asked him. "It's a number particularly hard to say."

"That's easy," was his reply. "You see, the idea was to have some number which could be read two ways. The policeman's shield was to be turned upside down, and another twist given to the plot thereby. The joke of it is, though," he added, "that we found the shield wouldn't lend itself to this maneuver, so the incident was never used. But we kept the number, which seems to have been a lucky one, after all."

"Officer 666" has run straight through the summer in Chicago. Douglas Fairbanks played in it there until Wallace Ed-

dinger was lost to the New York cast through matrimony, when Fairbanks took his place at the Gaiety for a few weeks pending rehearsals of the new play in which he is to star—"Hawthorne, U. S. A." by J. B. Fagan, who adapted "Bella Donna."

Now to "Ready Money," which held my interest from curtain lift to tag. One can but marvel at Mr. Montgomery's dexterity, for he had a doubly difficult task to perform—not only to keep up his action, but to skirt pitfalls of bad ethics which yawned for him on every side. For, say what you will, it is perilous to have one's hero display counterfeit money. But so cleverly has the playwright contrived matters that one never loses sympathy with *Stephen Baird*, who in real cash has never more than twenty-five cents in his pocket throughout the entire three acts.

In this play money doesn't have to talk; it only has to be looked at, after which it gathers unto itself other money, as if it were a magnet. *Baird* makes a brave effort to explain to his friends, who all want to invest, that his mine hasn't made good as yet; but they won't believe him, and think that he is trying to keep a "good thing" all to himself. When you begin to wonder what the author is going to do next to keep up the interest, he introduces the detectives on the trail of *Ives*, who has made the counterfeits. After that the comedy becomes a game of dexterity and manipulation, even such a small thing as a postage-stamp playing its part in bewildering the secret-service men.

The piece is capitally acted by a cast of nineteen, in which William Courtenay does the best work of his career as *Baird*, with Joseph Kilgour for a fine running-mate as the counterfeiter—whose business *Baird* describes as that of a "decorator."

NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES

Surely the New York managers can have little to complain of in the opening nights of the new season. I am writing this on August 22, and thus far, out of the half-dozen offerings, new to Broadway, that have been shown, only one, a farce, has failed. The weather, for the most part, has been cool enough to permit theatergoing with comfort, and the few playhouses open thus early have done a good business.

The sixth candidate for favor scored the most sweeping success yet recorded. It was

far from a novelty, being none other than the comic opera "Fledermaus," produced as long ago as 1873, and containing some of the most delicious music that the waltz king, Johann Strauss, ever wrote. Somebody in London conceived the idea of having the book brought up to date, and was brave enough to hand over the job to a woman, Gladys Unger, who has adapted so many of the French plays recently imported by Charles Frohman. Miss Unger made no half-way job of it, either, causing her hero to be very much of the present Georgian period by putting his arrest down to speeding.

The piece was first presented in London last December as "Nightbirds," and was later performed on tour in this country, under the same title, with Fritzi Scheff in the leading feminine rôle. The Shuberts now put it on at the Casino as "The Merry Countess," with an international company of players in which practically everybody is good, though nobody is starred.

Of the London cast, Maurice Farkoa, the Frenchman who has already made friends here in English musical comedies, is retained, as is also A. W. Baskomb, the new warder in the jail with all the modern improvements. The latter brings with him a novel kind of fun. The title-rôle is filled most acceptably by Jose Collins, late of the Winter Garden, and daughter of the music-hall singer, Lottie Collins. Martin Brown, by his acting of the eccentric Russian prince who defies anybody to make him laugh, proves that he has histrionic as well as terpsichorean ability.

The production includes some wonderful dancing by young Brown and the Dolly sisters, with music for it selected by Melville Ellis from other compositions by Strauss; so that the evening is a veritable Viennese feast for the ear, with nobody able to lay a finger on any particular tune and say, "There, he's stolen that!"—for it is in every case the original melody itself.

A bit of stage business in the second act, while Miss Collins is rendering the famous czardas number, deserves special comment. The countess has been asked to sing something really Hungarian. As she proceeds with the showy aria, first a few guests at the prince's ball appear from the left, and then others from the right. Presently still others stroll in from the back, all supposedly attracted by the song, until the room is filled just as it would naturally be under

such circumstances, and not at all after the usual stiff fashion of stage crowds.

THE VILLAINESS PURSUES HIM

About everything that can be wrong with a play afflicted "The Master of the House," which came along two nights after the brilliant "Merry Countess," to imprint the second disfiguring dent in the new season. Incidentally I may remark that the weakness of the thing also smirches the fair fame of Harvard as a trainer of playwrights, for I understand that Edgar James, the author, specialized in ancient and modern drama at that institution. He acknowledges indebtedness to a German source, for the basic idea of his "comedy-drama," as he calls the piece.

Into a suburban household there is introduced a young woman who, on the face of it, is of far more use to Mr. James—or the originator of the basic idea aforesaid—than she is to the *ménage* of the Hoffmans, for they already possess a housekeeper and a cook. If the audience is puzzled over this matter at the outset, you may imagine how they gasp when, before the first act ends, both *Mr. Hoffman* and his son fall in love with the young woman who obliged the playwright by coming to act as fifth wheel to this very wobbly dramatic vehicle.

But there is more and considerably worse to come. By the close of the second act, the elder *Hoffman* sends for his wife and tells her outright that he stagnates in her company, and that, in short, he wants to "live," and hence is going to divorce her and marry the fifth wheel aforesaid.

Having shown you how wicked old *Hoffman* can be, Mr. James devotes the last half of his "comedy-drama" to giving him his deserts. *Bettina*—capitally portrayed, I must admit, by Florence Reed—has "played him for a sucker," and when she finds that he wants her to economize, she boldly tells him that his money was all she married him for. The last act finds him reintroduced to his former family, who whimper over the returned prodigal as if he were a young wastrel just back from sowing his first crop of wild oats, instead of a ridiculous old sinner who should have been punished by being made to live with *Bettina* and her nagging mother till they drove him to the madhouse. As to Mr. James's punishment for perpetrating such stuff—well, the next-day reviewers saw to that.

Matthew White, Jr.

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST FRAUD

WHY the legitimate banking interests of the United States should have so long delayed the inauguration of a movement for the eradication of the awful evil of fraudulent promotion, will always remain a mystery. Of all men, none could have known better than the bankers the ravages and misery which springs from illegitimate finance; and no class, it would appear, could be more deeply concerned in devising protective measures than they. Yet it remains true that for years bankers as a class, made no organized effort to correct a grave abuse, while promoters of the get-rich-quick type, emboldened by apparent immunity, dived deeper and deeper into the public pockets until their toll reached the appalling sum of at least one hundred millions annually.

It would serve no good purpose to prosecute an inquiry further along these lines; nor is the matter mentioned here in a spirit of unfriendly criticism, but merely to keep the record straight. What is every man's business is no man's business. If bankers remained silent while plundering gangs plied their trade, they are no more blamable, and perhaps not so much, as others who were equally inactive.

Many factors have contributed their share to making fraudulent promotion so general and so profitable that it has become a national disgrace. Among them are the complication and diversity of the corporation laws of fifty-one commonwealths; the laxity of prosecuting authorities; the difficulty of proving "intent to defraud" under the Federal statutes; the absence of a Federal bureau of registration for corporations providing some general supervision over security issues; the acceptance by many newspapers and magazines of fraudulent and misleading advertisements.

Bad as the situation may be, however, we

do not despair of its correction. On the contrary, we are greatly encouraged in the belief that the country is at last well launched in a movement which, if it does not mean death to the fraudulent promotion industry, must result in greatly minimizing the evil, and in reducing the get-rich-quick promoter to his proper status—which is about that of a sneak-thief.

It is the progressive character of the warfare against these swindlers that leads us to the belief that real reform is at hand. The movement, as is well known, originated with a few newspapers and magazines. The stock swindlers laughed at first, believing that it would soon wear itself out. Some bankers, also, were disposed to treat the matter lightly. They deemed it a waste of space, and beneath the dignity of established publications, to mention a rifraff of mines, oil companies, and concerns exploiting absurd patented devices and unusual schemes. Who, they asked, bought such shares but simpletons, who deserved to be swindled for their gullibility?

But the writers of these early exposures were not to be bullied, bribed, or ridiculed out of their work. As they progressed, the evil unfolded itself, and they learned more of its magnitude and of its wickedness. The crying need for corrective and punitive measures became even more apparent.

They pointed out that aside from the cruelty of permitting widows, orphans, and feeble old men to be robbed of their slender savings, the annual loss to constructive investment was fully one hundred million dollars. They made it clear that this was too large a sum to go to waste. They also made it uncomfortably apparent that a newspaper or magazine which printed fraudulent announcements was *particeps criminis* in the swindling of its readers.

Interesting as it would be to trace the full course of the campaign against stock and bond swindlers, we have not the space to do

so. That it has awakened the public conscience and is bearing fruit, no one can doubt. This is evidenced, for one thing, by the voluntary exclusion of fraudulent and misleading advertisements by many papers which once accepted them, and by organized movements for "clean copy" by advertisers everywhere.

It is also evidenced by the fact that nine States have now placed a "prospectus law" on their statute-books, making false representations to effect stock sales a misdemeanor; and by the fact that at least two others have a "blue sky" law, compelling salesmen to register and explain their proposition before they can sell stock. These are strong indications of aroused public sentiment.

TWO NEW DEVELOPMENTS

WE come now to the latest and the most important developments in the campaign against fraudulent promotion. We refer, of course, to the formation last August of the Investment Bankers' Association of America.

As its name implies, this is an organization of the country's leading investment bankers. They have united for various purposes, one of which is to afford a better protection to investors against fraudulent and unworthy enterprises. They will surround themselves with safeguards that will inure to the benefit of the investment community, and to the protection of legitimate firms and institutions engaged in the investment business.

We also have in mind the action of the newly formed Progressive party in taking up the cause of the community against promoters of the get-rich-quick type.

Most of our readers, probably, are aware that one plank in the platform of the Progressive party deals with the evil of stock swindling, which the party pledges itself to combat; but the matter is of such great importance that we reproduce this formal contract with the public. It reads as follows:

The people of the United States are swindled out of many millions of dollars every year through worthless investments. These plain people, the wage-earners and the men and women with small savings, have no way of knowing the merit of concerns sending out highly colored prospectuses of stock for sale; prospectuses that make big returns seems certain and fortunes easily within grasp. We

hold it to be the duty of the government to protect its people from this kind of piracy. We therefore demand wise, carefully thought out legislation that will give us such governmental supervision over this matter as will furnish to the people of the United States this much needed protection, and we pledge ourselves thereto.

Our readers may or may not indorse every tenet of faith of the Progressive party; but, from our way of thinking, the determination of a militant political organization to make a national issue out of fraudulent company-promotion marks an important development in the campaign against stock and bond swindlers, and one that is worthy of universal indorsement.

The popular notion that the manufacture and sale of spurious stocks and bonds is a hit or miss affair is wholly erroneous. It is an organized industry. Some of those engaged in it reckon their fortunes in millions and enjoy their motor-cars, their yachts, and their fine country homes. They do not embark in the game blindly, but employ expensive counsel, who map out devious courses and keep their employers out of jail. Some of them are said to be prominent in political, social, and even religious circles. These are the men "higher up" in fraudulent business, and they seem to enjoy a singular immunity.

The evil is national in scope, the disgrace is national, and the enormous losses fall on the country as a whole. They are made possible largely through our divided system of State government, and through the failure of the Federal authorities to enact more rigorous laws, and to provide for some system of registration and control of newly formed corporations.

It is monstrous to permit criminals to use the United States mails to exploit the community. It is absurd to throw upon the Post-Office Department practically the entire burden of ferreting out the most resourceful swindlers in the world. Under the prevailing system, the postal inspectors, virtually, must permit these thieves to steal a few hundred thousands or a million before they can prove "intent to defraud." Was there ever such a travesty as this? Nowhere, we imagine, aside from "The Beggars' Opera," that famous Newgate pastoral which introduced *Captain Macheath* to a delighted nation.

Not only is it a national disgrace that the wage-earners of this country should be

plundered of one hundred million dollars annually, but it is also a distinct injury to legitimate industry and to legitimate finance to have so huge a sum diverted into the pockets of criminals. Realizing that the speediest and most effective corrective can be brought about only through Federal enactments, we are delighted that the subject of fraudulent promotion has been made a national issue by the Progressive party. We believe that this development will be fruitful of results; for when one party leads in such a matter, others are likely to follow, and we expect that reform will ensue, no matter who is elected in November.

THE BANKERS' ASSOCIATION

THE fact that a political party has taken up the cause of swindled investors against fraudulent promoters does not in the slightest detract from the efforts of investment bankers in the same direction. On the contrary, it justifies and strengthens the movement for honest finance.

There is no direct connection between the two developments, for the action of the bankers is, as of course it should be, wholly non-partizan. But when we find, at practically the same time, a new party pledged to political, economic, and social reform and a nation-wide group of bankers, both working with the same object in view—that of protecting investors—we may know that the necessity for action exists and is appreciated, and we have every reason to hope that the correction will come the quicker.

The organization of the Investment Bankers' Association of America is timely, coming as it does when, in consequence of new forms of financing and changing interest rates, a marked tendency has been noted toward the lowering of the old safe standards of investment. In its preamble, the association promises much. Its operations are to be both within and without the body. In addition to working in the interests of the community, "for protection against loss by crime, or through wilful and irresponsible dealers in investment securities," it is the purpose of the organizers "to surround the offerings of its members with greater safeguards, whereby they will enjoy the broadest markets possible, both at home and abroad."

One of the most gratifying features of the organization meeting of the Investment Bankers' Association was the recognition by the principal speakers of the grave responsibilities resting upon such banking-houses as theirs, and the manner in which they emphasized the necessity of preserving the high reputation they have won, and the great importance of maintaining the integrity of the forms of credit in which they specialize. When you realize, as one speaker pointed out, that "new forms of secured credits aggregating fifteen hundred million dollars a year, or one hundred and twenty-five millions a month, are analyzed, approved, created, and distributed by the banking-houses of the country that may be classified as investment bankers," the magnitude and dignity of the industry, and the obligations which the bankers owe to themselves and to the public become apparent.

No one familiar with the history of investment banking will question the accuracy of the statement made by George B. Caldwell, vice-president of the Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings-Bank of Chicago, when he said:

"To date, the integrity of this form of credit has been excellent, and the market has steadily broadened."

We believe that on the part of those who have followed recent tendencies, who realize the heavy losses occasioned by such failures as those of certain irrigation enterprises, and who are familiar with the scandalous details of the bankruptcy of the McCrum-Howell Company, there will be similar unanimity in indorsing another of Mr. Caldwell's assertions:

"The time is here when it is our duty to use every means at hand to improve our securities, to stand together as against an inviting field for the many houses daily springing up, having little or no capital and experience, and, what is more dangerous, little care for what they offer, beyond their ability to market and their immediate profit."

It is a splendid field of work upon which the investment bankers have entered. The movement comes none too soon, for financial tendencies are such that there is some danger lest the public may associate the business of investment bankers with that of promoters. Even now, under the guise of transacting an investment business, some promoting concerns are engaged in buying up and capitalizing public utility and in-

dustrial companies, and selling construction bonds and notes and stocks of enterprises in the formative and speculative stage as safe investment securities. It was this feature, probably, that Mr. Caldwell had in mind when he said:

"No one denies the value to the investing public of investigation and regulation of our great public utilities, and it is to be hoped that the subject may receive such attention as will prevent overcapitalization and inflation."

It cannot be denied that at the present time the general tendency is not in the way of conservatism in capitalization, and that the inflation of securities through the device of newly formed holding companies is a growing evil.

By securing, as the investment bankers hope, greater uniformity in State laws governing the issuance of municipal securities,

by standardizing the statutes creating public service commissions and regulating the issuance of public service securities, and by seeking to systematize the laws governing the emission of special assessment bonds, drainage bonds, levee and reclamation bonds, irrigation bonds, and the like, the association can do a world of good. If it establishes, as has been proposed, a national bureau of investigation for all promotion enterprises, such an institution would no doubt do most valuable work in saving the public from imposition.

Of course, the investment bankers must exclude from membership in their association all firms which have made a practise of selling questionable bonds. This is a first essential, for thereby alone can the investment houses furnish the public with safeguards which personal investors demand, and to which they are entitled.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE LATEST TELEPOST WRINKLE

Are the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company 6-per-cent bonds a desirable investment?
H. A. F., Providence, R. I.

If this correspondent has in mind the so-called "ten-year six-per-cent coupon collateral trust gold bonds" of the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company of Delaware, we have no hesitancy in saying that they are not desirable. The bonds are secured by a pledge of Telepost shares, and in effect they are merely the stock of that concern in another form and under a different name.

There is occasion for special caution in connection with this issue, in consequence of the fact that, in organizing the new concern, the Telepost has taken a name identical with that of an old-established enterprise—the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company of New York. This latter is an important subsidiary of the New York Telephone Company, and has outstanding an issue of first mortgage five-per-cent bonds. Experienced investors will not confuse the companies, but of course there is the possibility than an inexperienced person might be deceived by the similarity of corporate titles into buying transmogrified Telepost stock, under the impression that he was purchasing the gild-edged five-per-cent bonds of the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company of New York.

Disillusioned Telepost shareholders, and some persons who have never owned a share of the stock, are busily engaged in adding to my curio collection. I take this occasion to acknowledge four "warrants," entitling the

donors to subscribe in varying amounts to the "ten-year six-per-cent coupon collateral trust gold bonds of the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company of Delaware." One, contributed by C. H., of Pottsville, Pa., is for one thousand dollars; two others, for one hundred dollars each, are the free gifts of X. Y. Z., of Lyons, N. Y., and J. C. McN., of Artemus, Ky.; while I am indebted to H. A. G., of Pensacola, Fla., for a fourth, which is a little fellow of ten dollars.

I thank each of these correspondents for his gracious, thoughtful gift, but it really is an embarrassment of riches, for I cannot afford to increase my present investment in the Telepost by the considerable sum of twelve hundred and ten dollars. The one share I own is series C stock, par value ten dollars, which, with its "one convertible," cost me four dollars. This same issue has recently been offered for sale at a dollar and fifty cents.

I do not know what value attaches to the junior series, three millions of which, at par—ten dollars—form the collateral security of three millions in bonds of the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company of Delaware. Telepost A is quoted higher than B, and B is quoted higher than C, which, as I have said, is offered at one dollar and fifty cents a share. If the same descending scale applies to other letters of the alphabet, and these junior series are pledged for bonds, I doubt if the security for the issue is adequate.

According to market quotations, if made up of Telepost A, B, and C, the collateral would fall far short of the nominal value of the

bonds it is supposed to secure. The value of the other assets, assuming that the Telepost has such, is not given, nor are the serial issues specified; but it is apparent that if X, Y, and Z should by any chance underlie the bonds, it would be difficult to figure out any value whatever for the collateral security.

In sending out subscription warrants for the bonds of the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company of Delaware, the Telepost Company appears to have been very careful in some details and wofully lax in others. For instance, the warrants were mailed in registered letters, and the signatures of the recipients were requested in each instance—or, at least, such was the procedure with the correspondents who have sent us their warrants as things of no value. Yet two of these correspondents were not shareholders of the Telepost Company at the time when the warrants were received, and one of them asserts that he never was a shareholder at all.

One correspondent—X. Y. Z., of Lyons, N. Y., who admits that he was an "easy mark," and that he bought Telepost shares—writes as follows:

I know several shareholders who never received the referendum, and I am willing to gamble that the percentage given of shareholders said to approve the bond issue—ninety-five and nine-tenths per cent—is not accurate.

The experiences of our correspondent, C. H., of Pottsville, Pa., are unique. In sending us his thousand-dollar warrant, he says:

The enclosure explains itself; but it does not explain why it was sent to me, for I never sent the Telepost a penny in my life.

Some years ago I entered into correspondence concerning one thousand dollars' worth of the stock, but the same day I read one of your articles, and immediately canceled my reservation. The warrants seem like a gift or a bait, and may land some "suckers," but, thanks to you, they will get no investors who read MURSEY's.

Another correspondent, H. A. G., of Pensacola, Fla., in donating his ten-dollar warrant, writes thus:

I do not see why the Telepost carries me as a shareholder. I sold the only share I ever owned long ago, and I have no desire to buy any Telepost stock, or any bond secured by such stock. It seems to me that this warrant is simply a bid for funds to go on with the game, for it is clear that the Telepost is still an unfinished plant.

I have already explained that though a shareholder of the Telepost, I was not favored with a copy of the referendum, and of course I received no subscription warrant. That oversight, however, has been rectified by my kind correspondents, who have sent me more warrants than I know what to do with. Perhaps I shall have to follow the advice I have so frequently given to others, and use them for decorative purposes.

However, this does not explain why some persons, not Telepost shareholders, received referendums and subscription warrants to

which, under the stock corporation law, they were not entitled, and why some who are shareholders received no communication at all. It would appear as if the stock-books and mailing-lists of the Telepost Company must be in great confusion, and this raises the question as to the accuracy of the so-called referendum on the bond-issuing proposal.

However, I do not believe that it makes much difference in the shareholders' status whether the concern issues bonds or not.

"BEATING THE GAME"

I have always avoided stock speculation, under the belief that it was mighty risky business; but perhaps I am mistaken, for according to the choice assortment of literature I am enclosing, Wall Street seems to be a very easy game to beat.

Who are these "advisory counselors," "market analysts," "financial monitors"—guides, philosophers, and friends—who want to make me rich? How is it that I am getting all this stuff and nonsense, with hints of "sixty-point movements," of "eras of accumulation and distribution," and the like, all at once?

Has anything out of the ordinary happened in Wall Street, and is it possible that for the small and nominal sum of five or ten dollars a month—cut-rate figures, quoted for a "crucial test of the service"—I may command the innermost secrets of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller, and make my everlasting fortune?

May I ask which of these founts of knowledge you would recommend? Or, if you do not care to advise upon a matter of this kind, pray elucidate the game.

A. L., Patchogue, N. Y.

We suspect that our correspondent has greater familiarity with the methods and the business of professional stock-market tipsters than his letter implies; but a reference to the subject may prove instructive to uninformed readers who may be invited to subscribe to some one or other of the many bureaus of misinformation and false pretense which flourish in Wall Street. In addition, certain questions which the writer asks are of interest even to persons fairly well acquainted with the snares and pitfalls of the financial underworld.

Our correspondent says that he has been flooded with imitation typewritten letters, circulars, and booklets, all of which, according to the writers, will tell you how to "beat the game," augment your annual income largely, or make your fortune. This appears easy of accomplishment, for, according to the circular-writers, wealth is within the grasp of every one who subscribes to their bureau service. We, ourselves, have noted the recent awakening of "investment counselors," "financial advisers," "analysts," "expert tape-readers," "protective monitors," and the like, whose literature puzzles our correspondent. Under these appellations or disguises we recognize the professional stock tipster of old.

This revival of a time-honored industry marks a change in the late course of Wall Street affairs. As recently as January last, it became known that post-office inspectors were quietly investigating the tipsters and checking

up the claims and pretensions of the more notorious prophets and soothsayers. Coincident with this, the advertisements of alleged information bureaus which had for years played upon the credulity of inexperienced persons, taking their money under the pretense of foretelling stock movements, disappeared from the columns of the only conspicuous New York daily newspaper which still published such announcements.

Much satisfaction was expressed over this by interests who have been warring against misleading and fraudulent advertising. They felt that the casting out of tipsters from their last sanctuary marked the end of a business which had long been a public scandal in New York. As such, the tipping business was denounced by the committee which Governor Hughes appointed, some years ago, to investigate the financial and commodity markets, and to make suggestions for reform. It was in connection with "advertising evils," including "the vicious tipsters' cards," that the committee urged an amendment to the penal code, designed to reach both the fraudulent advertisers and the publishers who, by printing the announcements, made the swindles possible.

We notice that "investment counselors," "stock-market advisers," "protective monitors," or by whatever other names the prophets choose to be known, are reentering the columns of certain newspapers. Perhaps the tipsters have themselves received a tip to the effect that if they moderated their transports, and boasted a little less of "sure thing" winners, their money would be acceptable, and they might again enjoy the opportunity of swelling their depleted clientele from among the newspaper readers.

As the Hughes committee made clear, it is only by publicity that a business of false pretense can flourish; for new subscribers or victims must be recruited continually, to take the places of those who awaken from delusion upon realizing that they have been duped.

Our Patchogue correspondent waxes facetious in asking which of the bureaus whose literature he sends us we should recommend. We do not believe in speculation, or in margin trading. We urge against it always, and in favor of investment purchases for cash. We have no use for professional tipsters, no matter under what disguise they carry on their business.

Of course, we are not referring to certain well-known and entirely legitimate agencies or services which furnish statistical information and genuine investment news to bankers, brokers, and investors. These latter are important and necessary adjuncts to the work of the financial district. The line of demarcation between such concerns and the tipsters who seek their clients from among inexperienced persons, and induce them to buy on tips

and speculate on margins, is so clearly defined that no confusion between legitimate and spurious agencies is possible.

Speculation thrives best on rumor, gossip, and conjecture; on mysterious winks and suggestive nods. You are buttonholed at the corner and told that "they are going to put 'em up," or "they are going to put 'em down"; that "they are accumulating stock" or "distributing stock," and the like. "They" never stand still. "They" are always on the go, except at such intervals as "they" spend in peering through the glass domes of the tickers and fingering the tape, to watch the results of the plotting and planning with which "they" are accredited by tipsters and rumor-mongers.

Who "they" are, the credulous speculator rarely stops to inquire, but the identity of the mysterious aggregation is implied. "They" are the "big men," who, according to the self-appointed mentors, are always pulling wires and making wheels spin round.

The tipsters are ever ladling out this sort of stuff, some in cruder form than others, but always under the pretense that they know what the captains of industry are doing, and how stocks will move. So long as Wall Street is constituted as it is they will never be without subscribers for their guessing bureaus—that is, unless the authorities should step in and stop the continuous guessing performance.

Do the tipsters ever make good? Of course they do at times. They number a hundred or more, and some are predicting that stocks are a sale, while others, with equal confidence, are predicting that they are a purchase. It would be strange indeed if some guesses of men who make a business of guessing should not come true. It is certain that if a tipster predicts advances to one set of clients and foretells declines to another set, as is frequently the case, he is likely to be fifty per cent right, anyhow. This process is sometimes facilitated by one person conducting two bureaus, one of which is bulling stocks and the other bearing them at the same time.

It is easy for a clever tipster to qualify his statements. For instance, the "low-priced stock" which is to have a "sixty-point advance" may "decline first." If the "high-priced industrial" which is destined for "a wide-open break" should initiate that movement by advancing some ten or fifteen points, he is prepared for the contingency. He knew the program. "The insiders put the stock up first to establish a better selling level."

So the ridiculous performance goes on, the tipster hedging his predictions and confusing his client with a farrago of Wall Street jargon, out of which the unhappy victim can make no sense, but he will always be informed that he has been properly advised.

"If you sold your long stock and shorted double the amount, stopping your loss at two

points, and then reversed your position, as instructed, you would have come out all right," declares the infallible adviser. He himself, of course, did just that; so did his other clients, and they all made money. Or, again, if you had observed the "double top" or the "double bottom," or had followed the formula of the "alert system," you would be rolling in riches.

Sometimes a market manipulator—one of the status of a thimble-rigging gambler—hires a tipster to circulate information of a contemplated movement, generally in some unseasoned specialty; and at times such movements appear to make good. Loud, then, is the boast of the tipster. His smeary type-written letters proudly say:

What other bureau gave such information as this? One of our clients ran a shoe-string into a tannery. You can do the same thing. We have another certain winner for next week. Now is the time to subscribe!

But the manipulator has been sliding out of his stock all the time. That is why he sought the tipster's aid. The latter's clients, though they may possibly be successful in one or two such deals, will be landed in the end, usually with an unsalable stock bought at high prices.

All tipsters profess an intimate acquaintance with "important interests." They are forever hinting at sources of "inside information," and creating the impression that they are hand in glove with the "kings of finance" and the "master manipulators." All this is simply a pretense, like their claim of having foretold every bull market and every panic for years.

They would not be admitted to the offices of important banking-firms; and if some of them entered a bank, the cashier would feel like setting the time-lock. Most of them have not even a stock ticker in their offices, and are forced to study market quotations at some near-by thirst-quenching resort, where they absorb the fourth-hand or fifth-hand gossip of the street, and usually something else besides. For the most part, however, the wonderful inside information which they impart to subscribers "in plain sealed envelopes, mailed after the close of business," is evolved from their imagination, together with such current information as is published in newspapers and by financial news agencies, and is at the disposal of any one.

We have devoted more space to professional tipsters than we intended to, and more than we believe they are worth, unless our remarks serve as a warning. Even in the uncertain and risky game of stock speculation, their position is that of parasites, and very minute parasites at that, like the smallest members of the tribe mentioned by Jonathan Swift in his well-known lines:

So naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

It may be well for inexperienced readers to remember that if these little fleas which are biting other fleas in Wall Street possessed the knowledge that they profess, there would be no occasion for them to sell their "information" for a song to enrich others. To enrich themselves it would only be necessary to speculate on their own information.

The fact that they are always so importunately eager to get subscribers for their bureaus, usually at a cut rate for a "crucial test," is the best evidence that they know their pretenses to be false and their information valueless. Men would not grub about for five-dollar and ten-dollar notes if they could make a hundred or a thousand or a million dollars by using the "information" they want to sell.

THE "PEOPLE'S RAILROAD"

I am a small shareholder in the "people's railroad" of Minneapolis, U. S. A., otherwise known as the Dan Patch Railway. I should like to know if it is desirable to invest more money in this proposition, which I am urged to do by the officers.

Miss F. M., Notch Hill, British Columbia.

We cannot advise our correspondent in the matter of increasing her holdings in the Minneapolis, St. Paul, Rochester and Dubuque Electric Traction Company, which is the full corporate title of the concern about which she makes inquiry. Whatever may be the company's future, the stock at the present stage of its development is in no proper sense an investment.

The company was organized September 26, 1907, and the road is being built piecemeal. According to late advices, there are some forty miles in operation. From this one would infer that the property has belied its absurd appellation, for Dan Patch, the pacer, was a speedy animal, while an electric traction road of which only forty miles have been constructed in five years cannot claim to have made rapid progress.

Up to a very recent date, the Dan Patch proposition, while actively engaged in selling stock—one share of preferred and one of common, par value one hundred dollars, for the lump sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars—made no financial statement. Not long ago, however, it was compelled to file one with the Railroad and Warehouse Commission of Minnesota. A copy of this report has been furnished us by that body. It covers the operations of the year ended June 30, 1911, at which time the company had but 38.24 miles of single track, turnouts, and sidings. Its total rolling stock consisted of seven cars. Financially, the year's operations resulted in a deficit of \$5,414.45.

The most interesting feature in the report, however, deals with the company's huge capitalization and heavy promotion cost. The

Dan Patch Railway has an authorized capitalization of \$25,000,000, divided into \$15,000,000 common and \$10,000,000 preferred stock. Of this, on the date of the report, \$3,311,600 common and \$1,768,300 preferred were outstanding, making a total par value of \$5,079,900, or a capitalization per mile of line, less the turnouts and sidings, of \$136,045.

This is from three to four times the capitalization per mile of suburban electric railways in similar territory. For instance, the Minneapolis and St. Paul Suburban Railroad Company, owning about 74 miles of line, has a capitalization of about \$42,000 per mile.

The plan of financing the Dan Patch Company, mainly through "watered stock," is responsible for the excessive capitalization of the road. In the official report I find these explanatory remarks:

The item "miscellaneous" (in the statement of general expenditures) includes the following:

Cash commissions on sale of stock.....	\$ 488.526
Common stock commissions on sale of stock.....	<u>3,317.861</u>
Total.....	\$3,806.387

The total amount of common stock, \$3,317.861, which was given away as "commissions on sale of stock" exceeds by \$6,261 the par value of the entire common share capital reported as outstanding. It therefore appears that the only stock for which any money has actually been received is the preferred issue, of which, as stated, \$1,768,300 is issued.

These figures may possibly be susceptible of some different interpretation, but, as they stand in the report, they show that the Dan Patch Railway paid \$488.526 in cash and \$3,317.861 in common stock to effect the sale of \$1,768,300 preferred stock. Some proportion of this heavy promotion cost may apply to shares sold on instalments, and not yet fully paid or issued; but it would be peculiar to adjust stock commissions on such sales in advance of the payment and the formal issue of the stock sold.

The figures given above of the common and preferred capital outstanding, and of the commissions paid in cash and common shares, are as the company reports them under oath to the Minnesota Railroad and Warehouse Commission. It will be noted that the amount of common stock allotted as commissions is approximately twice that of the preferred stock outstanding. Yet I have never seen an offering of the company which mentioned a larger bonus than one hundred per cent of common with the preferred; and the usual procedure has been to offer two shares, one of each class, for a lump sum. What becomes of the other share of common—for two appear to be issued with each share of preferred—is not made clear.

The Dan Patch Company has been widely exploited as the "people's railroad." One of the principal arguments of the promoters has

been that every holder would share alike; that the company would be its own promoter; that no "Wall Street methods" would enter into the project; and that every dollar contributed by shareholders would go into the property direct. Yet the report shows heavier commissions paid in cash and common stock, to effect sales of preferred stock, than any legitimate Wall Street proposition with which I am familiar.

If I were a shareholder, before contributing another dollar, I should want to know all about the stock-selling arrangement, and who gets the commissions, particularly those of common stock, over and above what goes in the form of bonus to preferred holders. This is of primary importance, because the common stock of the Dan Patch Company alone has voting power, and will eventually control the concern, the preferred shares being denied that privilege.

THE PECAN CRAZE

Will you kindly give me your opinion on investing in the National Pecan and Orange Groves Company, of Sumter County, Georgia? I have been overwhelmed with literature of this enterprise, sent from an office in Washington, D. C. I should like to know if the special safeguards mentioned in the enclosed booklet guarantee the success of the undertaking, and if the cultivation of pecan-nuts is a proven and profitable industry.

Miss O. S., Yonkers, N. Y.

We cannot advise our readers upon an investment of this character. We have given our reasons in an article entitled "Farming on Shares," which we published last month, and to which we refer this correspondent and others who have asked about enterprises of the same general description. We have no special knowledge of the National Pecan and Orange Groves Company beyond what is contained in its literature, a large amount of which has reached us; but we have had many inquiries in regard to this proposition and other concerns engaged in the exploitation of pecan orchards. Indeed, the pecan-nut appears to be the most recent promotion craze.

I do not know why it is, but promoters seem to be very much like sheep, following one another slavishly whenever it comes to a special object for promotion. These things appear to run in cycles. About three years ago, everything turned in the direction of irrigation companies and the cultivation of eucalyptus-trees. Then followed a period of satsuma oranges and figs. This was succeeded, in turn, by a flood of literature dealing with the wonderful profits derived from red apples; and now we have reached pecan-nuts. There must be fully one hundred companies, and perhaps more, which are flooding the mails with literature calling attention to the huge profits that may be won from the cultivation of pecan-trees.

Whether the cultivation of pecan-nuts is "a proven and profitable industry" it is difficult to say. The highest authority on the subject in this country, we presume, is the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture. As recently as July last, the bureau issued a monograph on the subject, entitled "The Pecan." This booklet mentions the unusual interest which is being manifested in pecan-culture, and speaks of investments which are large "for an industry which is still in its infancy." It notes that these investments are being made "in spite of the fact that few pecan orchards are as yet of sufficient age to furnish reliable data upon which to make safe estimates as to the probable yields of a given variety at any stated age."

This official statement is a direct contradiction of the claims made by the promoters of such propositions. Without exception, their prospectuses assert that pecan-trees start to bear a certain number of years after planting, and they figure out with mathematical precision the yield of each tree for a series of years. They base their entire estimates of wonder-working profits on these computations, the "fallacy of which is apparent," according to the government expert.

Another particular in which the Bureau of Plant Industry is at variance with the promoters of pecan propositions is the matter of possible injury to the trees through insect pests and extreme weather. Instead of being virtually immune, as the prospectus-writers assert, the government expert notes that pecan-trees have many serious enemies, among which are insects that attack the fruit buds, girdlers, web-worms, shuck-worms, borers, and others. There are also fungus diseases which are detrimental to the trees or nuts, and there is danger from long-continued rain in blossoming-time, late spring frosts, sudden drops of temperature in winter, subtropical storms, and drought in summer.

I find nothing in the special safeguards "mentioned in the literature of the National Pecan and Orange Groves Company" which "guarantees the success of the enterprise," or guards the project against the contingencies mentioned above. What I do find is an assurance that the present intentions of the company are to continue the cultivation of pecan-trees on its tract in Sumter County, Georgia, for a period of seven years. This is evidenced by an arrangement which provides each purchaser of five acres, costing fifteen hundred dollars, with a contract bond for one thousand dollars, binding the company to plant one hundred pecan-trees on the five acres, to cultivate them for seven years, and to turn over to the purchaser, when he completes the payment, his tract with one hundred living trees. At the same time he will receive a clear title to his property. The bond does not guarantee that

the trees will be seven years old or in bearing at that time.

I believe that all persons interested in pecan-culture should read bulletin No. 251 of the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture, which can be obtained by writing to the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, and enclosing ten cents. It contains information of great value to any one contemplating an investment in a pecan proposition.

For instance, in view of the extravagant claims of promoters, it is interesting to know that up to the present time orchard-grown pecans have not been produced in sufficient quantity to affect the general market for these nuts. According to the official expert, the very large specimens so attractively pictured in the literature of promoting concerns are sold, to a large extent, "to individuals engaged in land sales of orchard property." It would appear from this that the huge nuts which make such fine illustrations, and which appeal to you so strongly when received as samples, do not necessarily grow on the land that is offered for sale. Usually they are specimens from some other fellow's land, and you cannot have any certainty that such nuts will ever be produced on yours.

WHAT A "GOLD BOND" IS

What is the precise meaning of the term "gold bond," and is such a bond any better than any other kind of bond? If not, why is the term employed?

L. A. B., Detroit, Mich.

A "gold bond" is one which states specifically that the principal and interest are payable in gold coin, in contradistinction to a bond which is silent as to the precise form of money in which it will be redeemed, or which specifies that the payment will be in "legal tender," in "currency," or in "coin."

The wording of that portion of a typical gold bond, setting forth the terms of payment, is substantially as follows:

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS that the Blank Railroad Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of New York (hereinafter called the Corporation), for value received, promises to pay to the bearer, or, if registered, to the registered holder of this bond, ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in gold coin of the present standard of weight and fineness on the first day of September, 1950, at the office or agency of the Corporation in the City and State of New York, and to pay interest thereon at said office or agency in like gold coin, as hereinafter provided.

There have been occasions when a clause like the above meant a great deal to a bondholder. This was the case during the Civil War, when specie payment was suspended, and the settlement of a debt in gold could not be enforced unless it was expressly set forth in the agreement. It happened again during the agitation for "free silver," when many persons feared that the unit of value might be changed,

and that outstanding obligations might be settled in debased money.

To-day, however, such a clause has much less significance. This is due to the formal adoption of the gold standard on March 14, 1900, in connection with the measure for refunding the national debt, which declares:

That the dollar, consisting of 25.8 grains of gold, nine-tenths fine, as established by Section 5511 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, shall be the standard unit of value, and all forms of money issued or coined by the United States shall be maintained at a parity of value with the standard, and it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to maintain such a parity.

Bankers and investors in this country do not attach as much importance now as in the past to the fact that a security is a "gold bond," and a poor issue is not made better or safer by being so designated. In connection with a high-grade issue, the phrase is employed more as a descriptive detail than anything else; and when a company proclaims loudly that it is offering a "gold bond," you will often find that the security is of a doubtful character. In fact, it may be said that any undue emphasis laid upon the fact that a bond is payable specifically in gold is regarded with suspicion.

There is, however, this to be said about the matter. The United States, in adopting the gold standard, left it with the Secretary of the Treasury to maintain all our various forms of circulating medium at a parity with gold, without providing for each and every contingency under which, without additional legislation, it may be difficult or even impossible for that official to do so. In consequence, during the life of a long-term bond—many of them run for one hundred years—conditions might again arise where the wording of the contract, making specific provision for payment in gold, would become of great importance. One should bear this in mind when buying bonds, even of high character.

Though it adds little or nothing to the marketability of a security in America to specify that it is a "gold bond," it does figure to some extent in Europe. The bonds of American corporations are slow of sale there unless they are "gold bonds."

THE PROMOTION OF MINES

Would you please give the name and address of one or more of the best mine-promoters' companies that are looking for good prospects to develop into mines of rare metals? If you know of any that are business from start to finish, please hand them my card, and if I sell with your aid, I will give you five per cent. I have both gold and copper.

W. A. P., Pinehurst, Idaho.

We are not engaged in company-promotion, and a consideration of five per cent, or any other part of what this correspondent might obtain for his prospects, would not induce us to become an intermediary between a prospector and a mine-promoter. Established mines

are risky and hazardous enough, and we do not recommend them for an investment; but a mining prospect or undeveloped mine, as a rule, is about the poorest thing in the world in which any one could put his money.

This opinion is by no means original with us. For instance, Adam Smith, known as the father of modern political economy, whose theories have served as a basis for all other writers on the subject, has much to say on mines and mining. In his famous work "An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations," this great authority expresses the following views on prospects, or undeveloped mines:

Of all those expensive and uncertain projects which bring bankruptcy upon the greater part of the people who engage in them, there is none, perhaps, more perfectly ruinous than the search after new silver and gold mines. It is perhaps the most disadvantageous lottery in the world, or the one in which the gain of those who draw the prizes bears the least proportion of the loss of those who draw the blanks; for though the prizes are few, and the blanks many, the common price of a ticket is the whole fortune of a very rich man.

Projects of mining, instead of replacing the capital employed in them, together with the ordinary profits of stock, commonly absorb both capital and profit. They are the projects, therefore, to which, of all others, a prudent lawgiver, who desires to increase the capital of his nation, would least choose to give an extraordinary encouragement, or to turn toward them a greater share of that capital than what would go to them of its own accord. Such is the absurd confidence which almost all men have in their own good fortune, that wherever there is the least probability of success, too great a share of it is apt to go to them of its own accord.

But though the judgment of sober reason and experience concerning such projects has always been extremely unfavorable, that of human avidity has commonly been quite otherwise. The same passion which has suggested to so many people the absurd idea of the philosopher's stone has suggested to others the equally absurd one of immense rich mines of gold and silver.

The dream of Sir Walter Raleigh concerning the golden city of El Dorado may satisfy us that even wise men are not always exempt from such strange delusions. More than a hundred years after the death of that great man, the Jesuit Gumila was still convinced of the reality of that wonderful country, and expressed with great warmth, and, I dare to say, with great sincerity, how happy he should be to carry the light of the Gospel to a people who could so well reward the pious labors of their missionary.

"The Wealth of Nations" was first published in 1776, the year of the American Declaration of Independence, but Adam Smith's views on mining prospects and exploitation are as sound, as accurate, as fresh, and as applicable to the case to-day as they were one hundred and thirty-six years ago.

During the intervening period, however, and starting long before "The Wealth of Nations" was turned off the presses, men have been searching for their El Dorado—either the fabled one of Sir Walter Raleigh, or others equally elusive. Much treasure has been wrested from the earth in that time, no doubt; but for each dollar gained, perhaps five other dollars have been lost in the quest for precious metals.

It is estimated that seventeen thousand cor-

porations, the bulk of them mines, go out of business in the United States annually, and probably one hundred thousand mining prospects and undeveloped mines have been exploited and abandoned in a space of twenty years alone, entailing a tremendous loss of capital.

STOCKS OR BONDS?

Is it not preferable for a young man, say, in the early thirties, who has a fair income from his business, to invest his surplus money in stocks rather than bonds? In other words, do not stocks pay a larger return and present greater possibilities of enhancement than bonds, without, if the stocks are well selected, entailing greater risks?

C. L. P., New Bedford, Mass.

It is difficult to answer a general question like the above. Between bonds and stocks there is a fundamental difference which we have repeatedly endeavored to make clear. We will essay to do so again, using for the purpose an extract from a booklet entitled "Judging Securities," which is published by a New York investment house, which puts the matter in a clear and understandable way, as follows:

When a man buys a bond, he is loaning money to a business enterprise.

When he buys a share of stock, he makes himself a partner in a business enterprise.

For a man who contemplates an investment, the choice of debtor or partner is difficult, inasmuch as it usually lies between large corporations, the real value of whose securities is hidden beneath a mass of figures and technical terms, usually understood only by experts.

Even if securities were standardized, like pure food, it would be difficult to decide, without knowing all the circumstances of the case, whether an individual should buy stocks or bonds, and thus become either a partner or a creditor in an enterprise. As it is, however, there are many varieties and classes of stocks and bonds, just as there are numerous breeds of dogs, and there are some good specimens and some mighty poor specimens of each variety and class. In any event, therefore, one must discriminate, and this renders a generalization inadvisable.

We believe that every individual must determine something about an investment for himself, for he knows his own circumstances better than any one else can possibly know them. If our correspondent should ask us about a specific bond or a specific stock, we would try to aid him by expressing an opinion upon it; but we do not feel called upon to decide for him, or for any one, whether he should buy stocks or bonds. He will have to decide that matter for himself.

It is quite true that a young man in active business can take risks that an older man or a dependent person should not assume; but there is no assurance that a stock will enhance in value. Stocks fluctuate much more extensively than bonds, but the very fact that a stock may largely enhance implies that it may depreciate in like proportion.

Our correspondent speaks of investing his "surplus money" in stocks. If by "surplus money" he means funds not required in his business or for immediate living expenses, he would be on the safe side in buying a good stock, for he assumes, probably, no greater risk than if he became a partner in a well-established business. On the other hand, if a man buys securities strictly for investment—that is, where he counts on the income for his livelihood—all experience goes to show that bonds are far preferable to stocks; and the bonds should be of high character at that.

THE TROUBLES OF THE D. AND R. G.

I have had some Denver and Rio Grande common for about two years. There is a big loss in it. What are the prospects with the company, and do you think the stock will sell around 30 soon? Please say what you know about the road.

R. A. A., Woodbury, N. J.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad guarantees the interest on bonds of the Western Pacific Railway to the amount of nearly fifty millions, which calls for an annual disbursement of \$2,496,200. The Western Pacific is a well-built and finely equipped road, but it is a new property, and its earnings have not been satisfactory. It is estimated that its net income for the fiscal year now ending will not greatly exceed \$800,000, so that the Denver and Rio Grande may be called upon to make up a deficiency of nearly \$1,700,000.

The heavy burden imposed by the Western Pacific upon the Denver and Rio Grande reduced the surplus of the latter road, in the first ten months of the present fiscal year, to \$631,941, compared with a surplus of \$1,712,911 for the same period a year ago. In fact, the Denver and Rio Grande is earning little more than enough to meet the Western Pacific guaranteed and its own fixed charges. In June, 1911, it was forced to pass the dividend on its preferred stock, which had been maintained since 1893. Recently, it offered for sale seven-per-cent adjustment bonds to the amount of ten million dollars in order to provide for equipment and improvements, and to meet the payments called for by the Western Pacific guarantee.

The problem involved in the future of the Denver and Rio Grande and the Western Pacific is one of the most interesting and puzzling that financiers have had to deal with in years. How it will work out, I cannot say. That the Denver road paid dividends on its preferred stock for so many years shows rather conclusively that the difficulty is not fundamentally with that property. The question is whether the Western Pacific will develop earnings sufficient to pay its own way, and whether the recent financing will bridge the interval until the road secures a sufficient volume of business.

This department does not know and will not guess as to the future price of a stock. All that we can say is that at the present time Denver and Rio Grande issues, both common and preferred, are wholly speculative. The latest computations show that the company is earning an amount equal to but 1.3 per cent on the preferred stock. Affairs will have to change materially to permit a resumption of dividends on the preferred, and until such payments are resumed it would be a waste of words to discuss the possibility of dividends on the common stock.

A TRUST COMPANY AS EXECUTOR

Will you kindly inform me as to the advisability of appointing a savings and trust company as administrator of one's estate, in preference to a relative? What would be the probable effect on the estate in case of the failure of said savings and trust company?

H. L. H., Smuggler, Col.

A proper answer to a question like the above, applicable to a specific case, would require an intimate knowledge of the savings and trust company, the relative whose merits or demerits as an executor are under consideration, and the amount and character of the estate. We should also have some information regarding the age, sex, and habits of life of the heirs, and the testator's intentions toward them. We think, in consequence, that our correspondent should consult a lawyer on the subject before making his will and naming his executor.

As a general proposition, however, the reasons in favor of selecting an institution to act as an executor or administrator are that the life of a corporation is perpetual, while that of a man or woman is limited. There is no assurance that any particular individual will live to execute the trust, or will keep in such condition of health as to insure proper attention to the estate. He may have affairs of his own to look after, or may be absent from the country at a critical time. He may have no experience in estate affairs. An institution, on the other hand, is chartered, is especially equipped for the business of an administrator, is familiar with estate work, and some of its officials are always on hand to deal with knotty problems.

We cannot, of course, consider every possible contingency which might arise out of the failure of an institution; but in the event of an honest failure—that is, one caused by circumstances which could not be foreseen—a misfortune of this kind should have little or no effect on an estate committed to its charge. The estate funds would have been invested separately from the several banking funds, in accordance with the terms of the testator's will or the statutes of the State.

An individual acting as executor may give a bond for the faithful execution of a trust, but

close supervision of his dealings is not assumed by the appointing power, and he may prove faithless. Similarly, there may be some shocking breach of trust on the part of a banking officer; but institutions acting as executors, administrators, or trustees are under closer scrutiny than individuals.

FRAMING A STOCK CERTIFICATE

Will you please advise me what you think of the International Banana Food Company of Chicago? I bought one hundred shares at one dollar a share four or five years ago, but it can be purchased at a few cents now. Has the stock any speculative possibilities and would you advise holding it, or selling it, if I can?

C. L. M., Norfolk, Neb.

We do not think that the stock of the International Banana Food Company has either speculative possibilities or investment value. Still, we shall not advise this correspondent to sell, for that would be to counsel him to unload dubious stuff, and thus two persons would be victimized instead of one. If he does succeed in selling his shares, we trust that no reader of this department will be simpleton enough to buy them.

Our suggestion to C. L. M. is that he should take his certificate and have it neatly but not expensively framed. The cost ought not to exceed fifty cents, for it would be extravagance to have a frame of greater value than the picture. Then he should hang it in a conspicuous place, and invite the neighbors in. No doubt they would flock from far and near to view his art treasure. It might serve to educate the community in many ways, but more particularly in art, inasmuch as it could be used to show how styles change, so that a picture which cost its owner one hundred dollars may now be acquired for perhaps the same number of cents.

A FIRE INSURANCE PROMOTION

I am solicited to subscribe for stock in the First National Fire Insurance Company of Washington, D. C., and I would like to ask if you consider this a desirable investment.

N. M. S., Des Moines, Iowa.

The company is not an established enterprise in the commercial or financial sense, but a project in the development stage, which is sending out circulars and soliciting capital. Under such conditions, the stock cannot be an investment, in the sense in which this department treats of investment. The project may be successful in fire underwriting, or it may not be. Time alone can determine that question.

We cannot undertake to say that any company which has not as yet secured its capital and embarked in business will be successful. Our readers will have to make their own guesses, and determine for themselves the desirability of putting their money into enterprises in the formation stage.

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND*

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

AUTHOR OF "BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK," "TRUXTON KING," ETC.

XLII—(continued)

THE next day, early in the morning, Brandon called up Sara on the telephone. He knew her habits. She was abroad in her garden by eight o'clock. He remembered well that Leslie, in commenting on her absurdly early hours, had once said that her "early bird" habit was hereditary; she got it from Sebastian Gooch.

"What put it into your head, Sara, that Vivian was saying anything unpleasant about you last night?"

"Magic," she replied succinctly.

"Rubbish!"

"I have a magic tapestry that transports me hither and thither, and by night I always carry Aladdin's lamp. So you see I see and hear everything."

"Be sensible!"

"Very well. I will be sensible. If you intend to be influenced by what Vivian or her mother said to you last night, I think you'd be wise to avoid me from this time forward."

Prepared though he was, he blinked his eyes and said something she didn't quite catch. She went on:

"Moreover, in addition to my attainments in the black art, I am quite as clever as *Sherlock Holmes* in some respects. I really do some splendid deducing. In the first place, you were asked there and I was not. Why? Because I was to be discussed. You see—"

"Marvelous!" he interrupted loudly.

"You were to be told that I have cruel designs upon you."

"Go on, please."

"And all that sort of thing," she said sweepingly, and he could almost see the inclusive gesture with her free hand.

He laughed, but still marveled at the shrewdness of her perceptions.

"I'll come over this afternoon and show you wherein you are wrong," he began, but she interrupted him.

"I am starting for the city before noon, by motor, to be gone at least a fortnight."

"What? This is the first I've heard of it."

Again she laughed.

"To be perfectly frank with you, I hadn't heard of it myself until just now. I think I shall go down to the Homestead with the Carrolls."

"Hot Springs?"

"Virginia," she added explicitly.

"I say, Sara, what does all this mean? You—"

"And if you should follow me there, Vivian's estimate of us will not be so far out of the way as we'd like to make it."

True to her word, she was gone when he drove over, later on in the day. Somehow, he experienced a queer feeling of relief; not that he was oppressed by the rather vivacious opinions of Vivian and her ilk, but because something told him that Sara was wavering in her determination to withhold the secret from him, and had fled for perfectly obvious reasons.

He had two commissions among the rich summer colonists. One, a full-length portrait of young Beardsley in shooting-togs, was nearly finished. The other was to be a half-length of Mrs. Ravenscroft, who wanted one just like Hetty Castleton's, except for the eyes, which she admitted would have to be different. Nothing was said of the seventeen years' difference in their ages. Vivian had put off posing until Lent.

The Wrandsalls departed for Scotland, and other friends of his began to desert the country for the city. The fortnight passed,

and another week besides. Mrs. Ravenscroft, when her portrait was half finished, decided to go to Europe.

"You can finish it when I come back in December, Mr. Booth," she said. "I'll have several new gowns to choose from, too."

"I shall be busy all winter, Mrs. Ravenscroft," he said coldly.

"How annoying!" she said calmly, and that was the end of it all.

She made the unpleasant discovery that the portrait wasn't going to be in the least like Hetty Castleton's, so why bother about it?

Booth waited until Sara came out to superintend the closing of her house for the winter. He called at Southlook on the day of her arrival. He was struck at once by the curious change in her appearance and manner. There was something bleak and desolate in the vividly brilliant face. She had the tired, wistful, harassed look of one who has begun to quail, and yet fights on.

"Will you go out with me to-morrow, Brandon, for an all-day trip in the car?" she asked.

They stood together before the open fireplace on this late November afternoon. Her eyes were moody, her voice rather lifeless.

"Certainly," he said, watching her closely. Was the break about to come?

"I will stop for you at nine." After a short pause, she looked up and said: "I suppose you would like to know where I am taking you."

"It doesn't matter, Sara."

"I want you to go with me to Burton's Inn."

"Burton's Inn?"

"That is the place where my husband was killed," she said, quite steadily.

He started.

"Oh! But—do you think it best, Sara, to open old wounds by—"

"I have thought it all out, Brandon. I want to go there—just once. I want to go into that room again!"

XLIII

AGAIN Sara Wrandon found herself in that never-to-be-forgotten room at Burton's Inn. On that grim night in March, she had entered without fear or trembling, because she knew what was there. Now she quaked with a mighty chill of terror, for she knew not what was there in the quiet, now sequestered room.

Burton had told them, on their arrival after a long drive across country, that patrons of the inn invariably asked which room it was that had been the scene of the tragedy, and, on finding out, refused point-blank to occupy it. In consequence, he had been obliged to transform it into a sort of storeroom.

Sara stood in the middle of the murky chamber—for the shutters had long been closed to the light of day—and looked about her in awe at the heterogeneous mass of boxes, trunks, bundles, and rubbish, scattered over the floor without care or system. She had closed the door behind her, and was quite alone. Light sneaked in through the cracks in the shutters, but so meagerly that it only served to increase the gloom.

A dismantled bedstead stood heaped up in the corner. She did not have to be told what bed it was. The mattress was there, too, rolled up and tied with a thick garden rope. She knew there were dull, ugly blood-stains upon it. Why the thrifty Burton had persevered in keeping this useless article of furniture, she could only surmise. Perhaps it was held as an inducement to the morbidly curious, who always seek out the gruesome and gloat even as they shudder.

For a long time she stood immovable, just inside the door, recalling the horrid picture of another day. She tried to imagine the scene that had been enacted there, with gentle, lovable Hetty Glynn and her whilom husband as the principal characters. The girl had told the whole story of that ugly night. Sara tried to see it as it had actually occurred.

For months this present enterprise had been in her mind—the desire to see the place again, to go there with old impressions which she could leave behind when ready to emerge in a new frame of mind. It was here that she meant to shake off the shackles of a horrid dream, to purge herself of the last vestige of bitterness, to cleanse her mind of certain thoughts and memories.

Down-stairs Booth waited for her. He heard the story of the tragedy from the surly innkeeper, who crossly maintained that his business had been ruined. Booth was vaguely impressed, he knew not why, by Burton's description of the missing woman.

"I'd say she was about the size of Mrs. Wrandon herself, and much the same figure," he said, as he had said a thousand

times before. "My wife noticed it the minute she saw Mrs. Wrandall—same height and everything."

A bell rang sharply, and Burton glanced over his shoulder at the indicator on the wall behind the desk. He gave a great start, and his jaw sagged.

"Great Scott!" he gasped. A curious grayness stole over his face. "It's—it's the bell in that very room. My soul, what can—"

"Mrs. Wrandall is up there, isn't she?" demanded Booth.

"It ain't rung since the night he pushed the button for—oh, gee! You're right. She is up there. My, what a scare it gave me!"

He wiped his brow. Turning to a boy, he commanded him to answer the bell. The boy went slowly, and as he went he removed his hands from his pockets. He came back an instant later, more swiftly than he went, with the word that "the lady up there" wanted Mr. Booth to come upstairs.

She was waiting for him in the open doorway. A shaft of bright sunlight from a window at the end of the hall fell upon her. Her face was colorless, haggard. He paused for an instant to contrast her as she stood there in the pitiless light with the vivid creature he had put upon canvas so recently.

She beckoned to him and turned back into the room. He followed.

"This is the room, Brandon, where my husband met the death he deserved," she said quietly.

"Deserved? Good Heavens, Sara, are you—"

"I want you to look about you and try to picture how this place looked on the night of the murder. You have a vivid imagination. None of this rubbish was here; just a bed, a table, and two chairs. There was a carpet on the floor. There were two people here, a man and a woman. The woman had trusted the man. She trusted him until the hour in which he died; then she found him out. She had come to this place, believing it was to be her wedding night. She found no clergyman here. The man laughed at her and scoffed. Then she knew. In horror, shame, desperation, she tried to break away from him. He was strong. She was a good woman—a virtuous, honorable woman. She saved herself."

He was staring at her with dilated eyes. Slowly the truth was borne in upon him.

"The woman was — Hetty?" came hoarsely from his stiffening lips. "My God, Sara!"

She came close to him, and spoke in a half whisper.

"Now you know the secret. Is it safe with you?"

He opened his lips to speak, but no words came forth. Paralysis seemed to have gripped not only his throat but his senses. He reeled. She grasped his arm in a tense, fierce way, and whispered:

"Be careful! No one must hear what we are saying." She shot a glance down the deserted hall. "No one is near. I made sure of that. Don't speak! Think first—think well, Brandon Booth. It is what you have been seeking for months—the truth. You share the secret with us now. Again I ask, is it safe with you?"

"My God!" he muttered again, and passed his hand over his eyes.

His brow was wet. He looked at his fingers dumbly, as if expecting to find them covered with blood.

"Is it safe with you?" for the third time.

"Safe? Safe?" he whispered, following her example without knowing that he did so. "I—I can't believe you, Sara. It can't be true!"

"It is true."

"You have known—all the time?"

"From that night when I stood where we are standing now."

"And—and—she?"

"I had never seen her until that night. I saved her."

He dropped suddenly upon the trunk that stood behind him, and buried his face in his hands. For a long time she stood over him, her interest divided between him and the hall, wherein lay their present peril.

"Come!" she said at last. "Pull yourself together. We must leave this place. If you are not careful, they will suspect something down-stairs."

He looked up with haggard eyes, studying her face with curious intentness.

"What manner of woman are you, Sara?" he questioned, slowly, wonderingly.

"I have just discovered that I am very much like other women, after all," she said. "For a while I thought I was different, that I was stronger than my sex; but I am just as weak, just as much to be pitied, just as much to be scorned, as any one of my sisters. I have spoiled a great act by stoop-

ing to do a mean one. God will bear witness that my thoughts were noble at the outset; my heart was soft. But, come! There is much more to tell that cannot be told here. You shall know everything."

They went down-stairs and out into the crisp autumn air. She gave directions to her chauffeur. They were to traverse for some distance the road that she had taken on that ill-fated night a year and eight months before. In course of time the motor approached a well-remembered railway crossing.

"Slow down, Cole," she said. "This is a dangerous place—a very dangerous place."

Turning to Booth, who had been sitting grim and silent beside her for miles, she said, lowering her voice:

"I remember that crossing yonder. There is a sharp curve beyond. This is the place. Midway between the two crossings, I should say. Please remember this part of the road, Brandon, when I come to the telling of that night's ride to town. Try to picture this spot—this smooth, straight road, as it might be on a dark, freezing night, in the very thick of a screaming blizzard, with all the world abed save—two women."

In his mind he began to draw the picture, and to place the two women in the center of it, without knowing the circumstances. There was something fascinating in the study he was making, something gruesome and full of sinister possibilities for the hand of a virile painter. He wondered how near his imagination was to placing the central figures in the picture as they actually appeared on that secret night.

XLIV

AT sunset they went together to the little pavilion at the end of the pier which extended far out into the Sound. Here they were safe from the ears of eavesdroppers. The boats had been stowed away for the winter. The wind that blew through the open pavilion, now shorn of all its comforts and luxuries, was cold, raw, and repelling. No one would disturb them here.

With her face set toward the darkening east, Sara leaned against one of the thick posts, and, in a dull, emotionless voice, laid bare the whole story of that dreadful night and of the days that followed. She spared no details, she spared not herself in the narration.

Brandon did not once interrupt her. All

the time she was speaking, he was studying the profile of her face, as if fascinated by its strange immobility. For the matter of a full half-hour he sat on the rail, his back against a post, his arms folded across the breast of the thick ulster he wore, staring at her, drinking in every word of the story she told.

A look of surprise crept into his face when she came to the point where the thought of marrying Hetty to the brother of her victim first began to manifest itself in her designs. For a time the look of incredulity remained, to be succeeded by utter scorn as she went on with the recital. Her reasons, her excuses, her explanations for this master-stroke in the way of compensation for all that she had endured at the hands of the scornful Wrangalls—all of whom, without exception, were hateful to her—stirred Brandon deeply. He began to understand the forces that compelled her to resort to this Machiavellian plan for revenge on them.

She admitted everything—her readiness to blight Hetty's life forever; her utter callousness in laying down these ugly plans; her surpassing vindictiveness; her reflections on the triumph she was to enjoy when her aims were fully attained. She confessed to having felt, from the beginning, a genuine pity for Hetty Castleton; but it was outweighed by that thing she could only describe as an obsession. How she hated the Wrangalls!

Then came the real awakening, when the truth came to her as a revelation from God. Hetty had not been to blame. The girl was innocent of the one sin that called for vengeance so far as she was concerned. The slaying of Challis Wrangler was justified.

All these months she had been harboring a woman whom she believed to have been his mistress, as well as his murderer. It was not so much the murderer that she would have foisted upon the Wrangalls as a daughter, but the mistress!

She loved the girl, she had loved her from that first night. Behind it all, therefore, lay the stern, unsuspected truth—from the very beginning she instinctively had known this girl to be innocent of guile. Her house of cards fell down. There was nothing left of the plans on which it had been constructed. It had all been swept away, even as she strove to protect it against destruction, and the ground was strewn with the ashes of fires burned out. She was

shocked to find that she had even built upon the evil spot.

Almost word for word Sara repeated Hetty's own story of her meeting with Challis Wrandall, and how she went, step by step and blindly, to the last scene in the tragedy, when his vileness, his true nature, was revealed to her. The girl had told her everything. She had thought herself to be in love with Wrandall. She was carried away by his protestations. She was infatuated. Sara smiled to herself as she spoke of this. She knew Challis Wrandall's charm!

The girl had believed in him implicitly. When he took her to Burton's Inn, it was to make her his wife, as she supposed. He had arranged everything.

Then came the truth. She defended herself.

"I came upon her in the road on that wild night, Brandon, at the place I pointed out. Can you picture her as I have described her? Can you picture her despair, her hopelessness, her misery? I have told you everything, from beginning to end. You know how she came to me, how I prepared her for the sacrifice, how she left me. I have not written to her. I cannot. She must hate me with all her soul, just as I have hated the Wrandalls, but with greater reason, I confess. She would have given herself up to the law long ago, if it had not been for exposing me to the world as her defender, her protector. She knew that she was not morally guilty of the crime of murder. In the beginning she was afraid. She did not know our land, our laws. In time she came to understand that she was in no real peril, but then it was too late. A confession would have placed me in an impossible position. You see, she thought of me all this time. She loved me as perhaps no woman ever loved another. Was not I the wife of the man she had killed, and was not I the noblest of all women in her eyes? And to think of what I had planned for her!"

This was the end of Sara's story. The closing words of her recital died away in a sort of whimpering wail, falling with the wind, to be lost to Brandon's straining ears. Her head drooped, her arms hung limply at her sides.

For a long time he sat there in silence, looking out over the darkening water, unwilling—unable, indeed—to speak. His heart was full of compassion for Hetty,

mingling strangely with what was left of scorn and horror. What could he say?

At last Sara turned to him.

"Now you know all that I can tell you of Hetty Castleton—or Hetty Glynn. You could not have forced this from me, Brandon. She would not tell you. It was left for me to do so in my own good time. Well, I have spoken. What have you to say?"

"I can only say, Sara, that I thank God for *everything*," he said slowly.

"For *everything*?"

"I thank God for you, for her, and for everything. I thank God that she found him out in time, that she killed him, that you shielded her, that you failed to carry out your devilish scheme, and that your heart is very sore to-day."

"You do not despise me?"

"No. I am sorry for you."

Her eyes narrowed.

"I don't want you to feel sorry for me."

"You don't understand. I am sorry for you because you have found yourself out, and must be despising yourself."

"You have guessed the truth. I despise myself. But what could be expected of me?" she asked ironically. "As the Wrandalls would say, blood will tell."

"Nonsense! Don't talk like that! It is quite unworthy of you. In spite of everything, Sara, you are wonderful. The very thing you tried to do, the way you went about it, the way you surrendered—all this makes for greatness in you. If you had gone on with it, and had succeeded, that fact alone would have put you in the class with the great, strong, virile women of history. It—"

"With the Medicis, the Borgias, and—" she began bitterly.

"Yes, with them. But they were great women, just the same. You are greater, for you have more than they possessed. You have a conscience. I wish I could tell you just what I feel. I haven't the words. I—"

"I only want you to tell me the truth. Do you despise me?"

"Again I say that I do not. I can only say that I regard you with—yes, with awe."

"As one might think of a deadly serpent!"

"Hardly that," he said, smiling for the first time. He crossed over and laid his hand on her shoulder. "Don't think too meanly of yourself, Sara. I understand it all. You lived for months without a heart, that's all."

"You put it very gently."

"I think I'm right. Now, you've got it back, and it's hungry for the sweet, good things of life. You want to be happy. You want to love again, and to be loved. You don't want to be pitied. I understand. It's the return of a heart that went away long months ago, and left an empty place that you filled with gall. The bitterness is gone. There is something sweet in its place. Am I not right?"

She hesitated.

"If you mean that I want to be loved by my enemies, Brandon, you are wrong," she said clearly. "I have not been chastened in that particular."

"You mean the Wrändalls?"

"It is not in my nature to love my enemies. We stand on the same footing as before, and always shall. They understand me, I understand them. I am glad that my project failed, not for their sake, but for my own."

He was silent. This woman was beyond him. He could not understand a nature like this.

"You say nothing. Well, I can't ask you to understand. We will not discuss my enemies, but my friends. What do you intend to do in respect to Hetty?"

"I am going to make her my wife," he said.

She turned away. It was now quite dark. He could not see the expression on her face.

"What you have heard does not weaken your love for her?"

"No. It strengthens it."

"You know what she has done. She has taken a life with her own hands. Can you take her to your bosom, can you make her the mother of your children? Remember, there is blood on her hands."

"Ah, but her heart is clean!"

"True," she said moodily. "Her heart is clean!"

"No cleaner than yours is now, Sara."

She uttered a short, mocking laugh.

"It isn't necessary to say a thing like that to me."

"I beg your pardon!"

Her manner changed abruptly. She turned to him, intense and serious.

"She is so far away, Brandon—on the other side of the world, and she is full of loathing for me. How am I to regain what I have lost? How am I to make her understand? She went away with that last ugly

thought of me, with the thought of me as I appeared to her on that last enlightening day. All these months it has been growing more and more horrible to her. It has been beside her all the time. All these months she has known that I pretended to love her as—"

"I don't believe you know Hetty as well as you think you do," he broke in. "You forget that she loved you with all her soul. You can't kill love so easily as all that. It will be all right, Sara. You must write and ask her to come back. It—"

"Ah, but you don't know!" Then she related the story of the liberated canary. "Hetty understands. The cage door is open. She may return when she chooses, but—don't you see?—she must come of her own free will."

"You will not ask her to come?"

"No. It is the test. She will know that I have told you everything. You will go to her. Then she may understand. If she forgives, she will come back. There is nothing else to say, nothing else to consider."

"I shall go to her at once," he said resolutely.

"She may refuse to marry you, even now, Brandon."

"She *can't* refuse!" he cried. An instant later, however, his face fell. "I—I suppose the law will have to be considered now. She will at least have to go through the form of a trial."

Sara whirled on him angrily.

"The law? What has the law to do with it? Don't be a fool!"

"She ought to be legally exonerated," he said.

Her fingers gripped his arm fiercely.

"I want you to understand one thing, Brandon. The story I have told you was for your ears alone. The secret lives with us and dies with us."

He looked his relief.

"Right! It must go no farther. It is not a matter for the law to decide. You may trust me."

"I am cold," she said. He heard her teeth chatter distinctly as she pulled the thick mantle closer about her throat and shoulders. "It is very raw and wet down here. Come!"

As she started off along the long, narrow pier, he sprang after her, grasping her arm. She leaned rather heavily against him for a few steps, and then drew herself up. Her

teeth still chattered, her arm trembled in his clasp.

"By Jove, Sara, this is bad!" he cried, in sympathetic distress. "You're chilled to the marrow!"

"Nerves," she retorted, and he somehow felt that her lips were set and drawn.

"You must get to bed right away. Hot bath, mustard, and all that. I'll not stop for dinner. Thanks, just the same. I will be over in the morning."

"When will you sail?" she asked, after a moment.

"I can't go for ten days, at least. My mother goes into the hospital next week for an operation, as I've told you. I can't leave until after that's over. It isn't anything serious, but—well, I can't go away. Of course, I shall write to Hetty to-night, and cable her to-morrow. By the way, I—I don't know just where to find her. You see, we were not to write to each other. It was in the bargain. I suppose you don't know how I can—"

"Yes, I can tell you precisely where she is. She is in Venice, but leaves there to-morrow for Rome."

"Then you have been hearing from her?" he cried sharply.

"Not directly. But I will say this much—there has not been a day since she landed in England that I have not received news of her. I have not been out of touch with her, Brandon, not even for an hour."

"Good Heavens, Sara! You don't mean to say you've had her shadowed by—by detectives?" he exclaimed, aghast.

"Her maid is a very faithful servant," was Sara's ambiguous rejoinder.

XLV

BRANDON walked home swiftly through the early night, his brain seething with tumultuous thoughts. The revelations of the day had been staggering. The whole universe seemed to have turned topsy-turvy since that devastating hour at Burton's Inn.

Somehow he was not able to confine his thoughts to Hetty Castleton alone. She seemed to sink into the background, despite the absolution he had been so ready, so eager, to grant her on hearing the story from Sara's lips. Not that his resolve to search her out and claim her in spite of everything was likely to weaken, but that the absorbing figure of Sara Wrangell stood out most clearly in his reflections.

What an amazing creature she was! He could not drive her out of his thoughts, even when he tried to concentrate them on the one person who was dearest to him of all in all the world, his warm-hearted, adorable Hetty.

Strange contrasts suggested themselves to him as he strode along, head bent and shoulders hunched. He could not help contrasting the two women. He loved Hetty; he would always love her—of that he was positive. She was Sara's superior in every respect—infinitely so, he argued. And yet there was something in Sara that could crowd this adored one, this perfect one, out of his thoughts for the time being. He actually found it difficult to concentrate his thoughts on Hetty Castleton!

How white and ill Sara had looked when she said good night to him at the door! The memory of her dark, mysterious eyes haunted him; he could see them in the night about him. They had been full of pain; there were torrents of tears behind them. They had glistened, a. if burnished by the fires of fever.

Even as he wrote his long, triumphant letter to Hetty Castleton, the picture of Sara Wrangell encroached upon his mental vision. He could not drive it out. He thought of her as she had appeared to him early in the spring; through all the varying stages of their growing intimacy; through the interesting days when he vainly tried to translate her wonderful beauty by means of wretched pigments; up to this present hour, in which she was revealed, and yet not revealed, to him.

Her vivid face was always before him, between his eyes and the thin white paper on which he scribbled so eagerly. Her feverish eyes were looking into his. She was reading what he wrote before it appeared on the surface of the sheet!

His letter to Hetty was a triumph of skill and diplomacy, achieved after many attempts. He found it hard not to say too much, and quite as difficult not to say too little. He spent hours over this all-important missive.

At last it was finished. He read and re-read it, searching for the slightest flaw, for a fatal word or suggestion that might create in her mind the slightest doubt as to his sincerity. She was sure to read this letter a great many times, and always with a view to finding something between the lines—such as pity, resignation, and en-

forced conception of loyalty, or even faith! He meant that she should find nothing there but love. It was full of tenderness, full of hope, full of promise. He was coming to her with a steadfast, enduring love in his heart; he wanted her now more than ever before.

There was no mention of Challis Wrändall, and but once was Sara's name used. There was nothing in the letter that could have betrayed their joint secret to the most acute outsider, and yet she would understand that he had wrung everything from Sara's lips. Her secret was his.

He decided that it would not be safe to anticipate the letter by a cablegram. It was not likely that any message he could send would have the desired effect. Instead of reassuring her, in all probability it would create fresh alarm.

Sleep did not come to him until after three o'clock. At two he got up and deliberately added a postscript to the letter he had written. It was in the nature of a poignant plea for Sara Wrändall.

Even as he penned the lines, he shuddered at the thought of what she had planned to do to Hetty Castleton. Staring hard at the black window before him, the pen still in his hand, he allowed his thoughts to dwell so intimately on the subject of his well-meant postscript that her ashen face, with its burning eyes, seemed to take shape in the night beyond. It was a long time before he could get rid of the illusion. Afterward he tried to conjure up Hetty's face, and to drive out the likeness of the other woman; but he found that he could not recall a single feature in the face of the girl he loved!

When he reached Southlook in the morning, he found that nearly all of the doors and windows were boarded up. Wagons were standing in the stable-yard, laden with trunks and crates. Servants without livery were scurrying about the halls. There was an air of finality about their movements. The place was being desolated.

"Yes, sir," said Watson, in reply to his question, "we *are* in a rush. Mrs. Wrändall expects to close the 'ouse this evening, sir. We all go up this afternoon. I suppose you know, sir, we 'ave taken a new apartment in town."

"No!" exclaimed Booth.

"Yes, sir, we 'ave, sir. They've been decorating it for the past two weeks. Seems like she didn't care for the old one we 'ad.

As a matter of fact, I didn't care much for it, either. She's taken one of them hexpensive ones looking out over the park, sir. You know we used to look out over Madison Avenue, sir, and it wasn't hinspirin'. Yes, sir, we go up this afternoon. Mrs. Wrändall will be down in a second, thank you, sir."

When she entered the room, a few minutes later, Booth was actually startled by her appearance. She looked positively ill.

"My dear Sara," he cried anxiously, "this is too bad! You are making yourself ill. Come, come, this won't do!"

"I shall be all right in a day or two," she said, with a weary little gesture. "I have been nervous. The strain was too great, Brandon. This is the reaction—the relaxation, you might say."

"Your hand is hot, your eyes look feverish. You'd better see your doctor as soon as you get to town. An ounce of prevention, you know!"

"Well," she said, with a searching look into his eyes, "have you written to her?"

"Yes. Posted it at seven o'clock this morning!"

"I trust you did not go so far as to—well, to volunteer a word in my behalf. You were not to do that, you know."

He looked uncomfortable.

"I'm afraid I did take your name in vain," he equivocated. "You are a—a wonderful woman, Sara," he went on, moved to the remark by a curious influence that he could not have explained any more than he could have accounted for the sudden gush of emotion that took possession of him.

She ignored the tribute.

"You will persuade her to come to New York with you?"

"For your sake, Sara, if she won't come for mine."

"She knows the cage is open," was her way of dismissing the subject. "I am glad you came over. I have a letter from Leslie. It came this morning. You may be interested in what he has to say of Hetty—and of yourself." She smiled faintly. "He is determined that you shall not be without a friend while he is alive."

"Les isn't such a rotter, Sara. He's spoiled, but he is hardly to be blamed for that."

"I will read his letter to you," she said, and there was no little significance in the way she put it.

She held the letter in her hand, but he had failed to notice it before. Now he saw that it was a crumpled ball of paper. He was obliged to wait for a minute or two while she restored it to a readable condition.

"He was in London when this was written," she explained, turning to the window for light. She glanced swiftly over the first page until she found the place where she meant to begin. Then she read:

"I suppose Hetty Castleton has written that we met in Lucerne two weeks ago. Curious coincidence in connection with it, too. I was with her father, Colonel Braid Castleton, when we came upon her most unexpectedly. I ran across him in Paris just before the aviation meet, and got to know him rather well. He's a fine chap, don't you think? I confess I was somewhat surprised to learn that he didn't know she'd left America. He explained it quite naturally, however. He'd been ill in the north of Ireland, and must have missed her letters.

"Hetty was on the point of leaving for Italy. We didn't see much of her. But, by Jove, Sara, I am more completely gone on her than ever! She is adorable. Now that I've met her father, who had the misfortune to miss old Murgatroyd's funeral, I can readily see wherein the saying 'blood will tell' applies to her. He is a prince. He came over to London with me the day after we left Hetty in Lucerne, and I had him in to meet mother and Vivian at Claridge's. They like him immensely. He set us straight on a good many points concerning the Glynn and Castleton families. Of course, I knew they were among the best over here, but I didn't know how fine they were until we prevailed on him to talk a little about himself.

"You will be glad to hear that he is coming over with us on the Mauretania. She sails the 27th. We'll be on the water by the time you get this letter. It had been our intention to sail last week, but the colonel had to go to Ireland for a few days, to settle some beastly squabbles among the tenants. Next year he wants me to come over for the shooting. He isn't going back to India for two years, you may be interested to hear. Two years' leave! Lots of influence, believe me!"

"We've been expecting him back in London since day before yesterday. I dare say he found matters worse than he suspected, and has been delayed. He has been negotiating for the sale of some of his property in Belfast—factory-sites, I believe. He is particularly anxious to close the deal before he leaves England. Had to lift a mortgage on the property, however, before he could think of making the sale. I staked him to four thousand pounds, to tide him over. Of course, he is

eager to make the sale. Gad, I almost had to beg him to take the money. Terribly proud and haughty, as the butler would say. He said he wouldn't sleep well until he has returned the filthy lucre.

"We are looking for him back any hour now; but if he doesn't get here by Friday, we will sail without him. He said he would follow by the next boat, in case anything happened to prevent his catching the Mauretania."

Sara interrupted herself to offer an ironic observation:

"If Hetty did not despise her father so heartily, I should advise you to look farther for a father-in-law, Brandon. The colonel is a bad lot. Estates in the north of Ireland! Poor Leslie!"

She laughed softly.

"He's not likeiy to show up, eh?" Brandon suggested.

"Not a bit of it," she said. "He may be charged to profit and loss in Leslie's books. This part of the letter will interest you," she went on, as if all that had gone before was of no importance to him.

"I hear interesting news concerning you, my dear girl. My heartiest congratulations, if it is all true. Brandy is one in a million. I have hoped all along to have him as a full-fledged brother-in-law, but I'm satisfied to have him as a sort of stepbrother-in-law, if that's the way you'd put it. Father writes that every one is talking about it, and saying what a fine thing it is. He has a feeling of delicacy about approaching you in the matter, and I fancy it's just as well until everything is settled.

"I wish you'd let me make a suggestion, however. Wouldn't it be wise to let us all get together and talk over the business end of the game? Brandy's a fine chap—a corker, in fact; but the question is, has he got it in him to take Challis's place in the firm? You've got to consider the future as well as the present, my dear. We all do. With his artistic temperament, he might play hob with your interests, and ours, too, for that matter. Wouldn't it be wise for me to sound him a bit before we take him into the firm?

"Forgive me for suggesting this, but, as you know, your interests are mine, and I'm terribly keen about seeing you get the best of everything. By the way, wasn't he a bit gone on Hetty? Passing fancy, of course, and not deep enough to hurt anybody. Good old Brandy!"

"There is more, Brandon, but it's of no consequence," Sara said, tossing the letter upon the table. "You see how the land lies."

Booth was pale with annoyance.

"By Jove, Sara, what an insufferable ass he is!"

"The shoe pinches?"

"Oh, it's such perfect rot! I'm sorry on your account. Have you ever heard of such gall?"

"Oh, he is merely acting as the family spokesman. I can see them now in solemn conclave. They think it their indisputable right to select a husband for me, to pass upon him, to accept or decline him as they see fit, to say whether he is a proper man to hang up his hat and coat in the offices of Wrandon & Co."

"Do you mean to say—"

"Let's not talk about it, Brandon. It is too silly!"

They fell to discussing Sara's plans for the immediate future, although the minds of both were at work with something else.

"Now that I have served my purpose, I suppose you will not care to see so much of me," she said, as he prepared to take leave of her.

"Served your purpose? What do you mean?"

"I should have put it differently. You have been most assiduous in your efforts to force the secret from me. It has been accomplished. Now do you understand?"

"That isn't fair, Sara," he protested. "If you'll let me come to see you, in spite of what the gossips and Mr. Redmond Wrandon predict, you may be sure I will be as much in evidence as ever. I suppose I have been a bit of a nuisance, hanging on as I have."

"I admire your perseverance. More than that, I admire your courage in accepting the situation as you have. I only hope you may win her over to your way of thinking, Brandon. Good-by!"

"I shall go up to town to-morrow, kit and bag. When shall I see you? We have a great deal left to talk about before I sail."

"Come when you like."

"You really want me to come?"

"Certainly."

He studied her pale, tired face for a moment, and then shook his head.

"You must take care of yourself," he said. "You are unstrung. Get a good rest, and—and forget certain things, if you can. Everything will come out all right in the end."

"It depends on what one is willing to accept as the end," she said.

The next morning, Sara received an expected visitor at her apartment. Expecting him, she made a desperate effort to appear as strong and unconcerned as she had been on the occasion of a former meeting. There was little in her appearance to suggest anxiety, illness, or alarm when she entered the rather unsettled little library and confronted the redoubtable Mr. Smith.

The detective had dropped her a line earlier in the week, asking for an audience at the earliest possible moment.

"You are worried, madam," he said, after he had carefully closed the door leading to the hall; "and so am I."

"What do you want now?" she demanded. "You have received your money. There is nothing else that we—"

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Wrandon, but there is something else. I'm not after more money, as you may suspect. The size of the matter is, I'm here to put you wise to what's going on without your knowing anything about it. Right or wrong, I'm still interested in this case of yours. Understand me, I haven't lifted a finger since that day in the country. I've quit cold, just as I said I would. The trouble is, other people are still nosing around."

"Sit down, Mr. Smith. Now, tell me what you are here for."

Smith followed her example and sat down, drawing a chair quite close to hers. He lowered his voice.

"Well, I've got next to something I think you ought to know. Maybe old man Wrandon is back of it, but I don't think he is. You see, so far as outsiders are concerned, that reward still stands. A murder's a murder, and that's all there is to it. There are men in this business who are going to hunt for that woman until they get her. See what I mean?"

"Please go on. I suppose some one else suspects me, and may have to be bought off," she said so significantly that he turned a bright red.

"Now don't think that of me, Mrs. Wrandon. I am not in on this, I swear. You paid me of your own free will, and I laid down on the job. I don't deny that I expected you to do it. I'm not what you'd call a model of virtue and integrity. I served time in the pen a good many years ago. They say it takes a thief to catch a thief. That's not true. A detective has to be dead honest, or the thief catches him. I think most of the men in my business are

honest. They have to be. You may not agree with me, but I thought I was doing the square thing by you last summer. I had a theory, and I was honest in believing it was the right one. I thought you'd pay me to drop the matter. I'm now dead sure I was wrong in suspecting you for a minute. I'm no fool. I—"

"Will you be good enough to come to the point, Mr. Smith?" she said coldly.

"Well," he said, leaning forward and speaking very deliberately, "I've come here to tell you that the police haven't quit on the job. They're about to make a worse mistake than I made."

She felt herself turn pale. It required a great effort of the will to suppress the start that might have betrayed her to the keen-eyed observer.

"That would scarcely be possible, Mr. Smith," Sara said, shaking her head and smiling.

"They've been watching that Ashley girl you sent out West just after the—er—thing happened. The show-girl, you'll remember."

He must have observed the swift look of relief that leaped into her eyes.

"What arrant stupidity!" she cried, unable to choose her words. "Why, that unhappy girl is dying a slow and awful death. Surely they can't be hounding her now. Her innocence was clearly established at the time. That is why I felt it to be my duty to help her. She went out to her old home, to die or to get well. They must be fools!"

"I'm just telling you, Mrs. Wrangell, that's all," Smith said. "Maybe you can call 'em off, if you know for a certainty that she's innocent."

There was something accusing in his manner. She became very cautious.

"My opinion was formed upon the girl's story, and by what the police said after investigating it thoroughly."

"It's a way the police have, madam. They were not satisfied at the time. They simply gave her rope, that's all. All this time they've had men watching her, day by day, out there in Montana. They say they've got new evidence, a lot of it."

"It is perfectly ridiculous!" she cried, very much distressed. "It must be stopped. I shall see the authorities at once."

"You may be too late. I heard last night that she is to be rearrested out there and put through a fierce examination.

They believe she's weakening, and will confess if they go after her hard enough."

"Confess? How can she confess when she knows she is innocent?" she said sharply.

"You don't know much about the third degree, Mrs. Wrangell. I've known innocent people to confess under the bullying they—"

"It must be stopped! Do you hear me? This thing cannot go on." She began to pace the floor in her agitation. "Yes, I have heard of those third degree atrocities. You are right, they may browbeat the poor, sick thing into a confession. Does she know they have been watching her?"

"Sure. That's part of the game. They make it a point to get on a person's nerves. Something is bound to give, sooner or later. They've got her scared to death. She knows they're simply waiting for a chance to catch her unawares and trip her up. I can tell you, madam, it's a fearful strain. Strong men have gone down under it time and again. What must it be to this half-dead girl, who hasn't much to be proud of in life at the very best?"

"Tell me what to do," she cried, sitting down again, her eyes suddenly filling with tears.

"I don't know, ma'am. You see, if we had a grain of proof to work on, we might be able to turn 'em back, but there's the rub. We can't say they're wrong without having something up our sleeve to show that we are right. See what I mean?"

"But I tell you she is innocent!"

"Can you positively swear to that, Mrs. Wrangell?"

"I—I believe I can," she said, and then experienced a sharp sense of dismay. What had possessed her to say it? "That is, I could stake my—"'

"All that won't count for anything, if they get a signed confession out of her. Now we both know she is innocent. I'm willing to do what I can to help you. Turn about is fair play. If you want to send me out there, I'll try to spike their guns. Maybe I can get there in time to put fresh heart in the girl. She's safe if she doesn't go to pieces and say something she oughtn't to say."

"Oh, this is dreadful!" Sara cried, harassed beyond words.

"It sure is. You see, the police work on the theory that some one's just got to be guilty of that crime. If it ain't the girl

out yonder, then who is it? They know her private history. She said enough when she was in custody last year to show that she might have had a pretty good reason for going after your husband—begging your pardon. You remember she said he'd given her the go-by not more than two days before he was killed. They'd been good friends up to then. All of a sudden he chucks her, without ceremony. She admits she was sore about it. She says she would have done him dirt if she had had the chance. Well, that's against her. She did prove an alibi, as you remember, but they're easy to frame up if necessary. I don't think she was clever enough to do the job and get away as slick as the real one did. She was a booze-fighter in those days. They always mess things up. A mighty smooth party did that job—some one with a good deal more at stake than that poor, reckless girl who didn't care much what became of her. But the trouble is here—they've got her half crazy with fear. First thing we know, she'll go clear off her head and *believe* she did it. Then the law will be satisfied. She's so far gone, I hear, that she won't live to be brought to trial. There's some consolation in that."

"Consolation!" cried Sara bitterly. "She is bad, as bad as a woman can be, I know, but I can't feel anything but pity for her now."

"I guess it was your husband that made her what she was," said Smith deliberately. "I don't suppose you ever dreamed what was going on."

She regarded him with a fixed stare.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Smith," she said, and it was his turn to stare. "Come back this evening at six. I must consult Mr. Carroll. We will decide what action to take."

"I'd advise you to be quick about it, Mrs. Wrändall. Something's bound to happen soon. The time is ripe. I know for a positive fact that they're expecting news from out there every day. It'd be a God's blessing if the poor wretch could die before they get a chance at her."

She started.

"A God's blessing!" she repeated dully.

"Pretty hard lines, though," he mused, fumbling with his hat near the door. "Even death wouldn't clear her of the suspicion. Pretty tough to be branded a murderer, no matter whether you're in the grave or out of it. I'll be back at six."

Sara stood perfectly still, and, although her lips were parted, she allowed Smith to go without a word in response to his somber declaration.

Half an hour later, Mr. Carroll was on his way to her apartment, vastly perturbed by the call that had come to him over the telephone.

While waiting for him to appear, Sara Wrändall deliberately set herself to the task of concocting a likely and plausible excuse for intervention in behalf of the wretched show-girl. She prepared herself for his argument that the police might be right after all, and that it would be the part of wisdom to shift the burden to their shoulders. She knew she would be called upon to discount some very sensible advice from the faithful old lawyer. Her reasons would have to be good ones, not mere whims. He was not likely to be moved by sentimentality. Moreover, he had once expressed doubt as to the girl's innocence.

It did not once occur to her that it was Mr. Carroll's business to respect the secrets of his clients.

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To Sara's secret amazement, the old lawyer did not offer a single protest when she repeated her conviction that the girl was innocent, and should be protected against herself, as well as against the police. There was something disquieting in the way he acquiesced. She began to experience a vague, uneasy sense of wonder and apprehension.

"I am beginning to agree with that amiable scoundrel, Smith," he said, fixing his inscrutable gaze on the snapping coals in the fireplace. "A cleverer woman than this Miss—er—What's-Her-Name managed that affair at Burton's Inn!"

She watched his face closely. Somehow she felt that he was about to mention the name of the woman he suspected, and it seemed to her that her heart stood still during the moment of suspense.

He lifted his eyes to her face. She saw something in them that set her to trembling.

"Why not be fair with me, Sara?" he asked calmly. She stared at him, transfixed. "Who killed Challis Wrändall?"

She opened her lips to protest against this startling question, but something rushed up from within to change the whole course of her conduct—something which she could not explain, but which swept away every

vestige of strength, and left her weak and trembling, open-mouthed and pallid, with the liberated truth surging up from its prison to give itself into the keeping of this stanch, loyal old friend and counselor.

Carroll heard her through to the very end of the story, without an interruption. Then he crossed over and laid his hands on her shoulders. There was a gleam of relief and satisfaction in his eyes.

"I am sorry you did not come to me with all this in the beginning, Sara. A few words from me—kindly words, my dear—would have shown you the error of your ways, and you would have cast out the ugly devils that beset you. You would not have planned the thing of which you are so much ashamed to-day. Together we could have protected Hetty, and she would not be your accuser now. You began nobly. I am sorry you have the other part of it to look back upon. But you may rest assured of one thing—you and Miss Castleton have nothing to fear. We will keep the secret, if needs be; but if it should come to the worst, no harm would result to her through the law. The main thing now is to protect that unhappy girl out West against the inquisition."

When Smith returned, at six o'clock, he found not only Mr. Carroll waiting for him, but Brandon Booth as well. His instructions were clearly defined and concise. He was to proceed without delay to Montana, where he was to bolster up the frail girl's courage. Moreover, he was to assure her that Challis Wrandall's wife forgave her, and would contest every effort made by the police to lay the crime at her door. He was empowered to engage legal counsel on his arrival in the Western town, and to fight every move of the police, not only in behalf of the girl herself, but in behalf of Sara Wrandall, who thus publicly pronounced her faith in the young woman's innocence.

It was all very cleverly thought out, and Smith went away without being much wiser than when he came. Before departing, he offered this rather sinister conclusion for Sara's benefit:

"Of course, Mrs. Wrandall, you understand that the police will wonder why you take such an interest in this girl. They're bound to think, and so will every one else, that you know a good deal more about the case than you've given out. See what I mean?"

"They are at liberty to think what they like, Mr. Smith," said she.

After Smith had gone, the three discussed the advisability of acquainting Hetty Castleton with the deplorable conditions that had arisen.

"I don't believe it would be wise to tell her," said Booth reflectively. "She'd be sure to sacrifice herself, rather than let harm come to this wretched girl. We couldn't stop her."

"No, she must not be told," said Sara, with finality.

"She is almost sure to find out for herself some time," said the lawyer dubiously. "I think we'd better take her into our confidence. It is only right and just."

"Not at present, not at present," said Sara irritably. "It would ruin everything!"

Booth appreciated her reasons for delay much more clearly than did the matter-of-fact lawyer.

"The girl may die at any time," he explained, addressing Mr. Carroll, but not without a queer thrill of shame.

"That is not what I meant, Brandon," she exclaimed. "I want Hetty to come back with but one motive in her heart. Can't you see?"

As Booth and the lawyer walked down Fifth Avenue toward the club where they were to dine together, the latter, after a long silence, made a remark that disturbed the young man vastly.

"She's going all to pieces," Booth. Bound to collapse! That's the way with these strong-minded, secret, pent-up natures. She has brooded all these months, and she's been living a lie. Well, the break has come. She's told you and me. Now, do you know what I'm afraid will happen?"

"I think I know what's in your mind," said the younger man seriously. "You are afraid she'll tell others?"

The lawyer tapped his forehead significantly.

"It may result in *that*," he said.

"Never!" cried the other emphatically. "It will never be that way with her, Mr. Carroll. Her head is as clear as—"

"Brain fever," interrupted Carroll, with a gloomy shake of his head. "Delirium, and all that sort of thing. Haven't you noticed how ill she looks? Feverish, nervous, irritable? Well, there you are."

"It is a dreadful state of affairs," groaned Booth.

"Not especially pleasant for you, my friend."

"God knows it isn't!"

"I believe, if I were in your place, I'd rather have the truth told broadcast than to live forever with that peril hanging over me. It would be better for Miss Castleton, too."

"I am not worrying over that, sir," said the other earnestly. "I shall be able and ready to defend her, no matter what happens. To be perfectly honest with you, I don't believe she's accountable to any one but God in this matter. The law has no claim against her, except in a perfunctory way. I don't deny that it is only right and just that Wrandall's family should know the truth, if she chooses to reveal it to them. If she doesn't, I shall be the last to suggest it to her."

"On that point I thoroughly agree with you. The Wrandall family should know the truth. It is—well, I came near to using the word 'diabolical'—to keep them in ignorance. There is something owing to the Wrandalls, if not to the law."

"Of course they would make a merciless effort to prosecute her," said Booth, feeling the cold sweat start on his brow.

"I am not so sure of that, my friend," was the rather hopeful opinion of the old man.

He appeared to be weighing something in his mind, for, as they walked along he shook his head from time to time and muttered under his breath, the while his companion maintained a gloomy silence.

The perceptions of the astute old lawyer were not far out of the way, as the developments of the next day were to prove. When Booth called in the afternoon at Sara's apartment, he was met by the news that she was quite ill and could see no one—not even him. The doctor had been summoned during the night, and had returned in the morning, to find that she had a very high temperature. The butler could not enlighten Booth further than this, except to add that a nurse was coming in to take charge of Mrs. Wrandall, more for the purpose of watching her symptoms than for anything else, he believed. At least, so the doctor had said.

Two days passed before the distressed young man could get any definite news concerning Sara's condition. He unconscious-

ly began to think of it as a malady, not a mere illness, due, of course, to the remark that Carroll had dropped. It was Carroll himself who gave a definite report of Sara. He met the lawyer coming away from the apartment when he called to inquire.

"She isn't out of her head, or anything like that," said Carroll uneasily; "but she's in a bad way, Booth. She is worrying over that girl out West, of course, but I'll tell you what I think is troubling her more than anything else. Down in her heart she realizes that Hetty Castleton has got to be brought face to face with the Wrandalls."

"The deuce you say!"

"To-day I saw her for the first time. Almost immediately she asked me if I thought the Wrandalls would treat Hetty fairly, if they ever found out the truth about her. I said I thought they would. I didn't have the heart to tell her that their grievance undoubtedly would be shifted from Hetty to her, and that they wouldn't be likely to forgive her for the stand she'd taken. She doesn't seem to care, however, what the Wrandalls think of her. By the way, have you any influence over Hetty Castleton?"

"I wish I were sure that I had!" said Booth.

"Do you think she would come if you sent her a cablegram?"

"I am going over—"

"She will have your letter in a couple of days, according to Sara, who seems to have a very faithful correspondent in the person of that maid. I shudder to think of the cable tolls in the past few months! I sometimes wonder if the maid suspects anything more than a loving interest in Miss Castleton. What I was about to suggest is this—couldn't you cable her on Friday, saying that Sara is very ill? This is Tuesday. We'll be having word from Smith to-morrow, I should think."

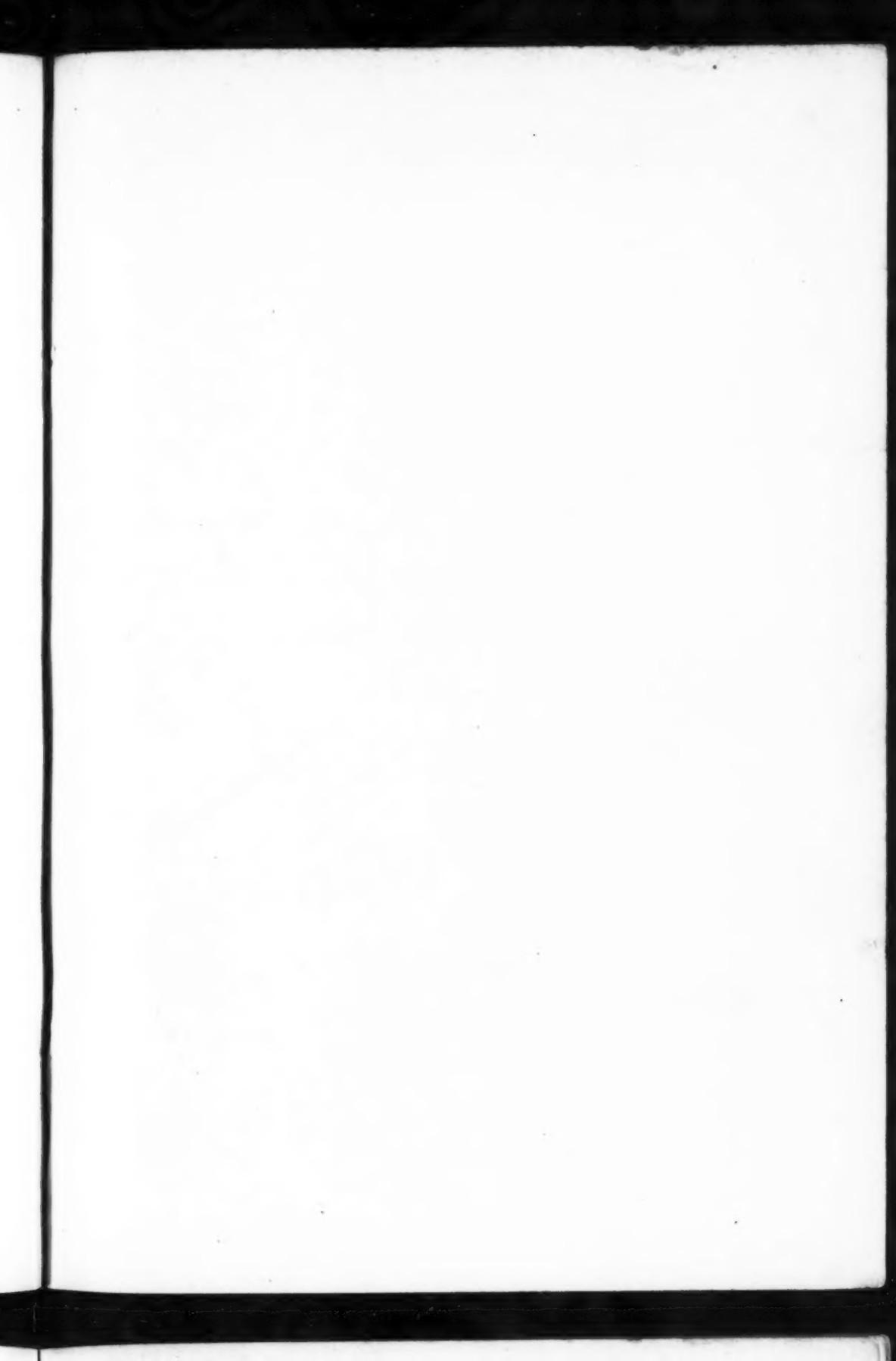
"I will cable, of course, but she must not know that I've done it."

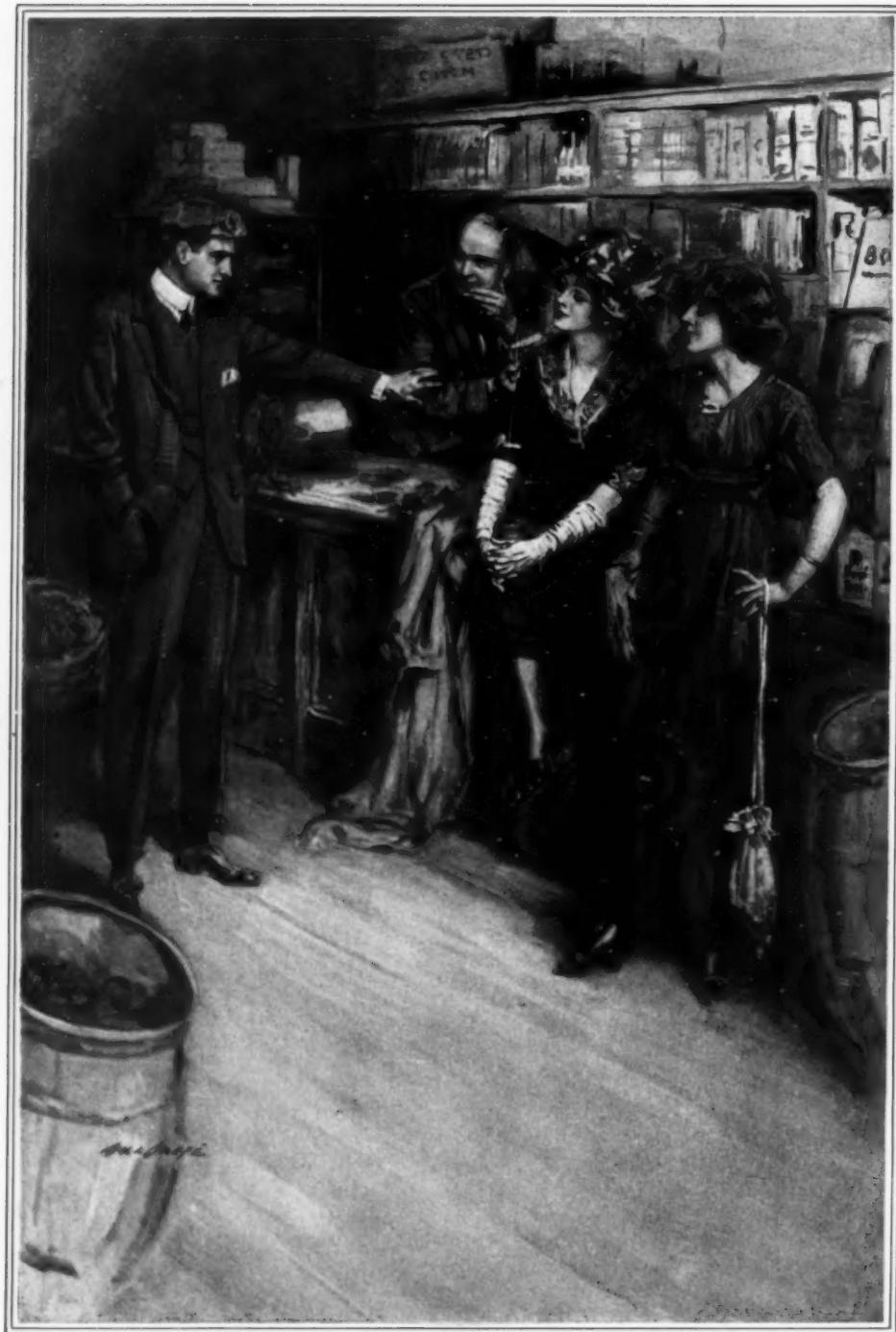
"Can you come to my office to-morrow afternoon?"

"Yes. To-morrow night I shall go over to Philadelphia, to be gone till Friday. I hope it will not be necessary for me to stay longer. You never can tell about these operations."

"I trust everything will go well, Brandon!"

(To be continued)





"THEY MAKE ME THINK OF RAMBA'S ON LEXINGTON AVENUE. DON'T THEY YOU, CLARICE?"

[See story, "Buddy Finds Bohemia," page 227]